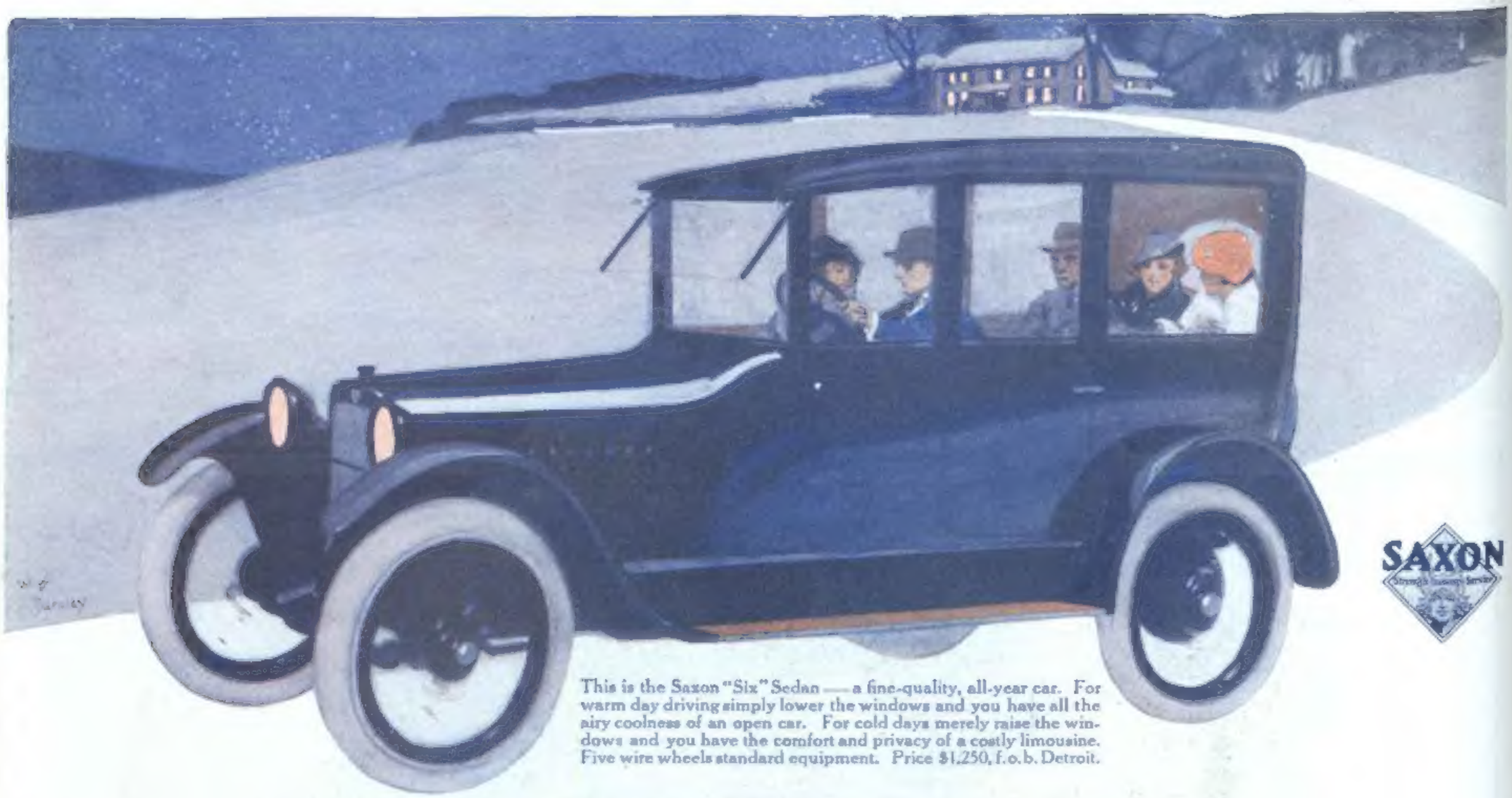
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An [illegible]ated Weekly
Founde[illegible]nj. Franklin

JAN. 20, 1917 5c. THE COPY

MORE THAN TWO MILLION A WEEK



This is the Saxon "Six" Sedan — a fine-quality, all-year car. For warm day driving simply lower the windows and you have all the airy coolness of an open car. For cold days merely raise the windows and you have the comfort and privacy of a costly limousine. Five wire wheels standard equipment. Price $1,250, f.o.b. Detroit.

There Is a Strong Public Belief In the Superiority of Saxon "Six"

At last it has dawned upon motor car buyers in general that, strictly speaking, there is no rivalry between a car of less than six cylinders and Saxon "Six."

It has become obvious, even to those uninitiated in engine intricacies, that the "six" motor is inherently superior to the motor of fewer cylinders.

Why this is true is easily grasped.

With less than six cylinders propelling the car there are bound to be slight intervals between explosions.

With six cylinders, as in Saxon "Six," these intervals between impulses are eliminated and the power-stream produced is of practically perfect continuity.

Necessarily, then, in the "less than six" with fewer impulses at any given time the force of each impulse must be **more severe** upon all moving parts.

In Saxon "Six," for instance, as compared with one of the best known "less-than-six-cylinder" cars of like price, there are nearly 98% more impulses per minute at 20 miles per hour.

So naturally each impulse at any given time is far **less severe** upon moving parts.

Another disappointing feature of this "less than six" is the fact that there is considerable vibration. This is caused by the intervals between impulses spoken of before.

And this vibration causes friction, which is the greatest enemy of the motor. It spells greatly shortened efficiency, and far higher repair and replacement costs.

And it means impaired performance in every phase of motor car work.

A gradual awakening to these disadvantages of the "less than six" has incited buyers to a more careful investigation before purchasing.

And investigation has usually terminated in the same clear-cut conclusion — that Saxon "Six" is unmatched by any less-than-six-cylinder motor of like price.

So that public preference has swung strongly toward Saxon "Six" as the best car at less than $1,200.

To such an extent that production has never proved quite great enough to satisfy the demand.

This in the face of the fact that each year has seen double the number of Saxon "Sixes" built.

Saxon "Six," of course, has other very material advantages.

For one, it accelerates with unusual rapidity, going from standing start to 45 miles per hour in 23 seconds. That is 22% faster than the time of the best "less than six" we know of.

For another, Saxon "Six" is so amazingly flexible, by virtue of its highly perfected six-cylinder motor, that it relieves you of the necessity of gear shifting to an unheard-of extent.

And another is the tremendous speed and power of Saxon "Six." There is a greater amount than you are ever likely to require. It is there so that no set of road conditions can ever balk you.

Lastly, there is the economy of Saxon "Six" in the matter of repairs, and gasoline, too. 206 stock-model Saxon "Sixes" in a 300 mile non-stop run established an average of 23.5 miles per gallon of gasoline.

Saxon "Six" is $865, f. o. b. Detroit.

(647)

SAXON "SIX"

A BIG TOURING CAR FOR FIVE PEOPLE

SAXON MOTOR CAR CORPORATION, DETROIT

Big Ben

A *Westclox* Alarm

To Beat the Time Clock

BIG BEN men are *all there* men, when the day begins at the works.—They make the time clock *boost* their game—put them in strong with the boss.

For, everywhere, it's factory talk that Big Ben starts the day—he gives the boys their breakfast call long before the whistle toots. They used to pound the pillow right up to the last dot—till Big Ben showed 'em a better way—as the paymaster soon found out.

Just give Big Ben a trial, *yourself;* make *your* roll-over-time pay, have extra time about the house, and beat the last-minute bunch.

You'll like Big Ben face to face. He's seven inches tall, spunky, neighborly—downright good all through. He rings two ways—ten half-minute calls or steadily for five minutes.

Big Ben is six times factory tested. At your jeweler's, $2.50 in the United States, $3.50 in Canada. Sent postpaid on receipt of price if your jeweler doesn't stock him.

Westclox folk build more than three million alarms a year—and build them well. All wheels are assembled by a special process—patented, of course. Results—accuracy, less friction, long life.

La Salle, Ill., U. S. A. **Western Clock Co.** Makers of *Westclox*

Other Westclox: Baby Ben, Pocket Ben, America, Bingo, Sleep-Meter, Lookout and Ironclad

Office Building of Nashville, Chattanooga and St. Louis Railroad, Nashville, Tenn. The owners are protected by the Barrett 20-Year Guaranty Bond.

Barrett Specification Roofs

This is the Bond that guarantees your roof for 20 years.

Why We Can Afford To Give a 20-Year Guaranty Bond—

Many people have asked: "How can you afford to give a 20-Year Guaranty on thousands of roofs all over the country laid by hundreds of different local roofers?" Well, the answer is simple.

First, We know the materials are right because we manufacture them.

Second, The Barrett Specification, while it may seem complex to a layman, is straightforward, plain-sailing to experienced roofers.

Third, Under the guarantee plan the roof must be constructed under our supervision and receive our O. K. both as to materials and workmanship.

We further know from 50 years' experience that a Barrett Specification Roof, properly laid, will last a good deal longer than twenty years *without maintenance or repairs.*

A Barrett Specification Roof is constructed of five plies of Specification Felt, with a liberal quantity of Specification Pitch (the greatest waterproofing material known) between each layer.

No other type of roofing approaches a Barrett Specification Roof in the amount of protective waterproofing material used in its construction.

The weight of this waterproofing is not less than 235 lbs. to 100 sq. ft. compared with 75 to 125 lbs., at most, in other types of roofs.

And on top of all this waterproofing material is laid a wearing surface of gravel, slag, tile or vitrified brick.

That's why it lasts. That is why we can safely guarantee it for 20 years.

How to Secure the 20-Year Guaranty Bond

The 20-Year Guaranty is now given on all Barrett Specification Roofs of 50 squares and over in all towns in the United States and Canada with a population of 25,000 and over, *and in smaller places where our Inspection Service is available.*

Our only requirements are that The Barrett Specification dated May 1, 1916, shall be strictly followed and that the roofing contractor shall be approved by us.

Further information promptly furnished upon request.

A copy of The Barrett 20-Year Specification, with roofing diagrams, sent free on request.

Largest Manufacturers in the World of Roofing and Roofing Materials

The Barrett Company

Largest Manufacturers in the World of Roofing and Roofing Materials

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ONE EVERY MINUTE

By Edwin Lefèvre

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

WHEN the war broke out in Europe, Wilberforce Shadd had worked for the grocery jobbing firm of Morris & Cunningham sixteen years. He had been married twelve. Before his marriage he did not know what it was to fear anything or anybody. Unfortunately, Mrs. Shadd's childhood was a series of daily humiliations which made it impossible for her ever to forget her dear dead mother's ceaseless prayer: "If I only had five dollars that I could call my own I'd feel independent!" Mrs. Shadd's father was honest though improvident, and as he was always in debt and always was trying to pay, there was never any cash in the house that any member of the family could call her own.

Ann Elizabeth grew up to be a pretty girl, sun-crowned, but pathetic by reason of a slenderness suggestive of under-feeding, and a look in her beautiful blue eyes as though the world were a bill collector to whom she was saying: "I'm sorry. You'll have to come another time!"

She was not at all mercenary, being too unaggressive for that, but it certainly was not Wilberforce's good looks or his kindly and considerate ways that made her marry him. What happened was that she accepted her mother's association of earthly happiness with financial independence and of financial independence with five dollars in cash. Shadd, who was a nice, likable chap, was paid every Saturday and always had money in his pocket—actual cash. It was inevitable that she began to associate Shadd with happiness, and finally with that happiness that needs a home to complete it. As for the worshiping Wilberforce, he saw in Ann Elizabeth a beautiful girl bound to become more beautiful by becoming exclusively his; and, moreover, one whom it would be wisdom to wed since she was a wonderful manager. To have an improvident father is an excellent training for a bride, and Wilberforce clearly saw—it was in the month of May—that there was no need to wait to save up. They could economize after they were married.

Hen Did All the Talking Because He Was Full of Wall Street and Had to Talk

And so Ann Elizabeth Page and Wilberforce Shadd were married and began to save. They paid for the furniture on the installment plan. It made saving compulsory and, therefore, relatively frictionless. But Ann Elizabeth saved a little more than the furniture money. To feel that within the little luster cream jug on the mantelpiece snugly reposed one five-dollar bill and two ones gave her a feeling of both comfort and security. It was great to have something she did not have to hand to the collector every Thursday!

After they had paid in full for the furniture, Wilberforce suggested a little theater party in celebration of their emancipation; but Mrs. Shadd said very earnestly:

"Darling, if we got along so comfortably without spending this money foolishly, we can keep on not spending it. I can't forget how it was the constant worriment that shortened mamma's life ——"

"All right, ducky," quickly interrupted Shadd, who had heard the story many times, and kissed her. Nevertheless, she told him all about her mother's unanswered prayer.

She had her way, and the little hoard grew until it was so large that she was afraid to leave it at home, thinking of burglars, and afraid to carry it abroad with her, mindful of footpads. There was also the danger of dropping dead from heart failure or of being run over by an automobile. After several months of insomnia and dyspepsia she let Wilberforce have his way and deposit it in a savings bank, only to regret it the very next day—it was such a comfort to have the money in cash within physical reach! But inventive, like all women when they wish to do what they should not and at the same time not do it, she adopted the plan of laying aside a fixed sum every week but of depositing it only once a month. After twenty-nine days of hoarding she could afford to suffer one day for the sake of safety.

Wilberforce could not bear to make his pretty young wife unhappy by refusing to do as she wished, especially when it was for their own good. In the beginning when she carried her thrift to the extreme of interfering with his pleasures he remonstrated with her. But just as he gave up smoking at her suggestion, in order that both of them could feel they could afford the expensive neckties he liked, so did he give up his Sunday trips to Coney Island, in order to pay for an easy chair without which no home-body can be happy. They bought the dining-room rug by giving up his Thursday night bowling club. He had fondly dreamed of doubling the pleasure of his mild dissipations by sharing them with his wife. Instead, he increased her happiness by giving up his own.

And yet the worm half-turned at times. Whereupon, tragedy visible in her startled eyes, she would ask: "Suppose you lost your position?"

"I'd get another!"

"You can't pick up a good steady position everywhere. And even if you did get another, what would we live on until you found the other job? No, Wilberforce, darling, after you've got something laid by you can be as independent as you please."

And rather than see the azure skies of her eyes cloud over with the prescience of famine, he would give up the reckless purchase of a new suit and, instead, give her the money to put in the savings bank.

That dream of hers beat him—the dream of a golden independence to be acquired by force of habit. It is the tragedy of life that whoso lives by habit perishes by habit. If this were not so, the wise would be both happy and immortal; instead of which, as Solomon discovered, "How dieth the wise man? as the fool."

To be sure the poison worked so slowly that Wilberforce Shadd did not become aware of his own condition in time to swallow the antidote. After four or five years of regular hours for eating, drinking, working and loving—that is, of happy married life—he capitulated to the obvious necessity of regularly laying by a portion of his salary. The power to do so became in due time one of the blessings which Providence vouchsafes to the lucky ones who get regular wages. Wherefore, his fear grew that he might lose the job which enabled him to save money every week in order that he might not be afraid of losing his job!

Occasionally the young couple enjoyed the luxury of trembling together over the one tragical possibility of their lives. But they would get their bank book and look therein,

and assure each other that if it were not for their savings they might indeed be afraid of losing his position. And then Mrs. Shadd reduced her hopes to one: That she might always have some money in cash that she could call their own. Whereupon he hoped that he might never lose his job.

And Shadd did not see that in becoming a slave to one habit he developed the far worse habit of forming habits. The friction of the unexpected makes some people unhappy. Shadd was the kind of man who wished all his days to be alike. He found comfort in making himself regularly miserable every morning by looking on his desk for a notice of dismissal. The failure to get the notice regularly gave him something to be grateful for during the rest of his working day and kept his nature sweet. Whenever Lipps, the office manager, approached, Shadd braced himself to hear the fatal words. When Lipps walked away without having uttered the death sentence, Shadd relaxed delectably. There was more comfort for Wilberforce Shadd in expecting the worst than in hoping for the best.

Old Mr. Morris and young Mr. Cunningham, his employers, took less and less notice of the clerk who insisted upon turning himself into a bit of office furniture. But that same clerk reflected on the safety of inconspicuousness, and became reconciled to the thought of not getting an increase in salary if, on the other hand, it meant not losing his job. After a few years his very face took on a peculiar expression—the look of a man forever afraid but forever telling himself that Fate, which always threatened him with dire things, was only jesting.

His fellow employees liked him, since there was nothing about him to arouse envy or contempt. He was kindly and considerate by nature, and he had additionally cultivated a dislike of violent emotions. Every morning he made it a point of greeting cordially two of his co-workers. One was William Ross, whose father had worked fifty-two years for old Mr. Morris' father, and then, according to the office legend, had died of a broken heart after Mr. Morris the First died of pneumonia. William himself was so old that he was utterly useless. He received eighteen dollars a week, ostensibly for keeping people from committing suicide by being crushed to a pulp at the bottom of the freight-elevator shaft. Of course everybody knew this was merely an excuse for giving the old chap regular wages without hurting his feelings. To Shadd old Ross gave comforting evidence that Morris & Cunningham were not addicted to the ruthless dismissal of faithful employees.

The other habitual friend was James Molloy, who, after being a promising lightweight, took the count and became a truck-driver for Morris & Cunningham. After five years the firm promoted him by raising him in the social scale. They made him chief packer and paid him five dollars a week more, but he got one hundred dollars a week more work out of his men. He could lick any two of them.

The reason why Shadd liked Molloy was that years before James had replied to a question:

"Afraid o' gett'n' fired? Aw, hell! Dere's more jobs lookin' for me than I kin fill in nineteen mont's and t'ree days, if I tried 'em out at de rate of six a week. Fergit it!"

And Wilberforce found pleasure in being brave by proxy. The firm would not summarily discharge him—as William Ross and his salary showed. And if it did, there was James Molloy to prove that better jobs were waiting for a good man to fill at the rate of six a week—for nineteen months and three days.

II

WILBERFORCE SHADD, three months after the fall of Liège, was so sick of war news that he took to reading the scientific articles in his Sunday newspaper. On this Sabbath an eminent professor, of whom Wilberforce had never heard, had consented to be interviewed, and thus enabled the newspaper to prove that success could be won by anyone who went about it scientifically.

"A full-grown man's consciousness of himself has very little to do with that same man's success or failure. It is all a matter of his compulsions. He yields and is pushed upward or downward, as the case may be. A strong desire produces a soul deafness to everything else. The big captains of industry, the empire builders, the successful careerists everywhere, all have it. They get what they desire because they simply cannot hear arguments, threats, entreaties or moans. On the other hand, a given fear begets a fixed habit, and that habit drills a hole into the soul reservoir of his dynamic force.

"A man ceases to be a man when he ceases to have the potentiality of success within him. If a failure could diagnose his own case, he could cease being a failure and become at least a potential success by the simple expedient of ceasing to do that which made him a failure. But few men will acknowledge to themselves that they are failures, just as most men deny that they are henpecked when it is a fact that all American husbands are henpecked. A man whose life is not his own is a failure. Let such a man slay the tyrant—his fear of his wife which has engendered so many other fears, all of them success destroying! When she insists upon a Yes, let him say 'No' and stick to No!

"For a failure to realize he is a failure, he must ascertain the particular fear which made him one, and then determine honestly how that fear came to be born. Somebody planted the seed—his grandfather, his wife, his only child. Don't swat the individual mosquito within reach and think you have done away with malaria. Drain the breeding-pool!' Don't fight your one dominating fear. Fight the source of all your fears. Be honest with yourself and learn who caused your failure. Then be ruthless!"

Wilberforce Shadd put down the newspaper with an unconvinced look. Was this writer right?

"Be honest with yourself!" he read again. To do this he frowned. The frown made him feel aggressive, and that made him ruthless toward everybody, and most of all toward himself.

The trouble with him was that same vision of a destitute old age which so stupidly benumbs all classes of men to-day. Financial fear; that is, the fear of losing his position—whence came that fear? He did not have it before he married. He did not have it immediately after he married. It came after he had been married some years. It came from his wife's constant harping on the need of saving a little every week, in order to have money in order not to fear the present or the future. Instead of valor, what came of that fear was the fear of everything.

Wilberforce Shadd saw clearly what had happened. His wife was to blame for his failure. His salary had not been raised in five years. The cost of living had gone up, and still he had not asked for a raise. And he was doing more work too. Half the time he acted as cashier. He had the work but not the pay—nor, to be just, the responsibility.

But how could he cease being afraid of his fear? The fear of years would die hard. All American husbands were henpecked. He had not realized it before. He had done what he had because he would not hurt his wife's feelings. In doing so he had become what he was.

He thought over his life and hers and determinedly went back to first causes, until he saw that his failure was due to that fixed idea of his that he must not be dismissed because he must save something every week.

By George, hereafter he must not save something every week!

Of course he had to live with Ann Elizabeth. She was a good and loving wife. He must not hurt her feelings. It would be much better to be fired! He felt like the man who committed suicide rather than run the risk of being killed in a duel. Death—that is, dismissal—offered the only solution.

What would he tell his wife? She would give him the money on the first of the month—on the very next day. He must be ruthless with her! The article said so. He was a rank failure because he was afraid, afraid of everything and everybody. He must not be afraid. He would ask for a raise. The worst that could happen was to be refused. No, they might dismiss him!

He must think calmly. There was time enough to be resolute in. Besides, why should asking for more salary and being refused necessarily mean that he must lose his position? He would sleep over it. A man always acted more wisely after sleeping on his perplexities.

On the next morning he decided that he was not yet really a failure, but that he was in danger of becoming one if he did not stop being afraid of everything and everybody. He was afraid of losing his job, and yet he had money enough in the bank to keep him and his wife two years.

Yes, but not enough to keep her silent two days! Poor thing, she worried so! He felt so sorry for her that he forgot himself for five minutes. He then decided to ask for the raise that same day, provided the opportunity offered.

He began to think that he ought to make his opportunity, instead of waiting for one to arrive of its own free will and accord. That is why, after breakfast, just before he left for the office, he said to his wife:

"I may have some news for you to-night."

He looked so serious, not to say menacing, that her face turned gray.

"Not—not—you're not afraid you—they ——" she stammered.

"I've been afraid too blamed long!" he accused her loudly. He regretted he had not said "damned," like a man, instead of "blamed," like a woman. Therefore, he slammed the door as he went out.

His anger grew as he walked, so that when he took the subway at Eighty-sixth Street he did not feel like reading the newspaper. From force of habit he glanced at the front page.

"STOCKS SCORE GAINS!" he read in one headline. That was it! People who gambled, damn 'em! made money, and those that worked faithfully got poorer and poorer!

Yes, but those that gambled were reckless devils. No, they simply were brave men, and those who meekly took what was given them and said thank you were cowards and deserved no better than they got from their employers.

He would be different!

And yet Wilberforce Shadd could not help his customary shudder in anticipation of his dismissal, as he looked on his

"No, Wilberforce, Darling, After You've Got Something Laid by You Can be as Independent as You Please"

To Feel That Within the Little Luster Cream Jug Reposed One Five-Dollar Bill and Two Ones Gave Her a Feeling of Comfort and Security

desk for the fatal missive. And then he called himself names for being such a coward. He was almost desperate when Lipps, the office manager, stopped beside him.

"By gad, I don't know what we're coming to!" grunted Lipps. "Here I've got a bill from the butcher that—why, it takes a millionaire to afford meat these days."

"Yes," agreed Shadd, "it does. I often wonder," he added subtly, "how people with small salaries manage."

Lipps shot a sharp look at Shadd. Did this person dare to dream of being sarcastic? Wilberforce's heart quailed. He made haste to add, conciliatingly jocular: "Americans eat too much meat. I guess I'll be free from dyspepsia." And he looked at his chief for permission to live.

Perhaps Lipps suspected what was going on in Wilberforce Shadd's mind, or perhaps he was thinking of his own case. At all events he said: "That's all right, but I'll tell you something, Shadd: A man who has a steady job is lucky to keep it. Some of these fellows who are making money out of war orders will be digging ditches 'somewhere near Paris'—New Jersey—for a living before many months."

"I guess that's right," assented W. Shadd. To himself he called it a narrow escape. After all, as long as he kept a job that enabled him to save something every week he wasn't so badly off. Some men were born to be rich; others to be paid by the week.

On the way home from work that night he met Hen Wilkins, an old high school mate and chum. Hen was glad to see Wilberforce and Wilberforce was glad to see Hen.

Wilkins was an animated sapience. Whatever he knew, he knew to a certainty, as anyone could tell from his words, voice and manner. Even as a boy Hen had that way about him, that converted his most casual utterances into religious dogmas. There had grown a legend about Hen's success in life which carried respect with it. Somehow Shadd assumed that Hen's was an unusual mind but, like all unusual minds, abnormal and therefore not altogether sound or safe. Hen, in short, was a success who was not successful.

Hen did all the talking because he was full of Wall Street and had to talk, while Shadd, being full of good nature, was willing to listen. While listening to Hen speak about Undersea Craft Company, Wilberforce Shadd could not help admiring the wonderful optimism of the speaker and his admirable confidence in his own judgment. It was obvious that Hen could read the future like print. It took a good hour of sober second thought to realize that Hen was fooling himself. And even then, the realization of it made you like Hen all the better, poor chap!

Wilberforce was still smiling tolerantly at Hen Wilkins' tip as he entered his apartment. His wife turned her left cheek toward him as though she dared him not to kiss her—as all wives do after the third year of matrimony—whereupon he kissed her with relish twice, just to show her, as all husbands do when they feel guilty. She might be overworrisome, but she could not help it any more than she could help her skin's being as smooth and fresh as a girl's.

She broke the silence, saying almost encouragingly:

"What you grinning at?"

"Oh, something Hen Wilkins was saying to me." And as she looked mildly expectant, he added: "It's too long to tell now. I'll keep it for after supper."

"All right; I've got the steak on."

He washed his face and hands. Then he remembered it was Monday night and the first of the month, and that he must deposit her month's savings out of his month's wages. That is what made him bitter. Her saving of his money had made him a coward and therefore a failure!

He fished the bank book from under the newspaper lining at the bottom of the third bureau drawer. Four bills were within. He added the few deposits made since the book was last balanced, and found he had $1832.68.

Then he went into the kitchenette to tell his wife that he no longer proposed to be a spineless cactus. He perceived the steak. He would prepare her for the blow.

"It certainly looks fine," he told her in a congratulatory tone of voice.

"Yes. I made him change it three times before I got it. As long as I've got to pay war prices for every morsel we eat, I want my money's worth."

"I guess they don't fool you very often," he said admiringly.

"It's the same price everywhere. They've got a combination," she explained.

This made him think of the high cost of living and therefore of his fear of being discharged. And that made him think of the article he had read, and how he had not asked for the needed raise and how she was responsible for his failure.

Thinking of her misdeeds—sowing the seed of cowardice in him—made him look at her compassionately. Her own eyes instantly became fearful.

"What," she asked tremulously, "are you hiding from me?"

"Why do you think, my dear," he said, mildly rebuking, "that I must be hiding something from you?"

"Because you look so guilty."

"I was just thinking ——"

He paused, in order to find some reason that would not hurt her feelings.

"What?" she prompted, pale-faced in advance.

"Er—of what Wilkins said." He smiled as if at the recollection, but in reality it was with relief. Ruthlessness came harder than he thought.

"What did he say?"

"I met him on the car and he got off at my corner. He's got a notion he's going to make a million."

"A million what?"

"Dollars."

"He's crazy," said Mrs. Shadd.

Nobody could do that; only the privileged few—with whom she was not on speaking terms.

"N-no," murmured Wilberforce charitably. "No, I wouldn't say crazy; but like all speculators a little off on that one subject. You know, the war——"

"Do you mean in Europe?"

"Of co—— Yes, dearie. Well, here's what Hen says to me: 'Ever read Mahan's book on the influence of sea power in history?' 'No,' I says. 'Neither did I,' he says, 'but I read what a newspaper said about it. The dope is that whoever controls the sea wins the war. It's always been so from the earliest known war to the present.'"

"Well, nobody's won the war yet," said Mrs. Shadd, to show she read the newspapers.

"No. 'Well,' Hen Wilkins says, 'who's got the best navy? England! What in blazes is the use of Germany having a crackajack army and big artillery if she can't have the sea? None! Now what does Germany stand to lose in cash if she loses the war? Her whole wad—thousands of millions. Well, now, listen: You can't make a battleship in less than two or three years. A little submarine can sink a big superdreadnought. You can make submarines for $50,000 in sixty days and sell 'em for anything you've a mind to ask. Another thing: You can't deliver a battleship, even if Uncle Sam gave you permission, because the British Channel Fleet would put it out of business. But you can deliver the submarine in any harbor—provided the cash is deposited in New York, U. S. A. I figure that anything that can shorten the war is worth a million apiece,' says Hen. 'Now, do you suppose Germany is going to shy at ten or twenty or a hundred millions to win the war?' Of course," finished Wilberforce Shadd with a knowing smile, "I had to say 'No.'"

"Why did you have to?" asked Mrs. Shadd.

"Why—why, I just wanted to lead him on. So Hen went on to tell me that the Undersea Craft Company had sixty-five submarines off Staten Island, completely equipped to the last torpedo, with stores of food, liquid oxygen and gasoline to take them to any German port. He said the company was capitalized at only $10,000,000. At a million per submarine they'd have $65,000,000. That's equivalent to a dividend of $650 per share. In fact, all Hen wanted was one dividend and then quit."

"Why would he quit?"

"He'd have enough." Shadd thought he himself would quit in Hen's place.

"H'm!" Mrs. Shadd shook her head. She would never quit, once dividends began.

"Of course if the company took contracts to supply the other belligerents and could keep the revenue officers from snooping too close, it would stand to make billions! So Hen says whoever picks up a few shares of Undersea Craft Common, which is selling at about a couple of dollars a share, and puts it away and forgets he's got it, will soon be swearing to the tax assessor he really isn't worth a penny over nine and a half millions, honest he ain't. So I left Hen," finished Wilberforce with a forgiving smile, "swearing by the bones of his ancestors that he would buy as much U. C. Common as he could carry. You know that's a curb stock and a man has got to buy it outright. Hen wanted me to ——" He broke off abruptly. It was quite obvious he was not telling the whole truth. It wouldn't help matters to have her know that Hen had asked him for a loan to enable him to pick up five thousand shares. The worst of it was that he had lent Hen two dollars in cash—the price of one share.

"Wilberforce Shadd!" said Mrs. Shadd, and pushed back her empty plate to the middle of the table as though she wanted room. "Do you think for one moment that I'll let you lose all my savings ——"

"Lose your savings?" echoed Shadd rather vacantly.

"Yes, my savings. If I hadn't made you save money every time you wanted to throw it away ——"

(Continued on Page 33)

"Look Here, I Want You to Buy Some Stock for Me"

THE ENCHANTED CAPTAIN

How Villa Came Back—By George Pattullo

WHAT do you think they are now calling Pancho Villa down in Mexico? El Capitán Encantado—no less—The Enchanted Captain, using the word "Captain" in its higher sense.

Hasn't he come back from the very jaws of death and, by the fire of his own genius and force, triumphed over the armies of the First Chief? He has. Was not the First Chief backed by the support of the United States? He was. And did not the Barbarians of the North announce, with blare of bugle and beating of drums, that they would get Pancho for what he did at Columbus and scatter his forces to the winds? They did. Yet he is there in full view, with more than twenty thousand men under his flag, the virtual master of Northern Mexico. That is the way the Mexicans reason it out.

When one comes to examine the facts it appears a remarkable achievement for a bandit. What wonder the *pelado* holds Villa to be something more than man! What wonder that he looms almost supernatural to the ignorant peons! He is the one great hero they have, and when the chance comes they follow him. They are rallying to him by the thousands. Whoever fights Villa now, fights the very spirit of Mexico.

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Villa is the Only Great Military Leader They Have and the Idol of the Masses

Of course we don't want to believe that; we would rather consider him a picturesque outlaw, who can be eliminated without our mixing in it. But there is nobody in Mexico capable of the trick. His strength grows prodigiously. There is no faction that can contend against him.

And yet there can never be peace in that harried land until Villa is suppressed. Two agents, and two only, are capable of accomplishing the feat—death and the American Army.

There has been a persistent effort to minimize his recent successes. The motives are obvious: The Carrancistas have to do that to keep up their bluff at authority, and we prefer to shut our eyes lest it become our duty to go after Pancho. It may be that this course will be impossible for us to sustain ere this article appears, and we shall be driven to act. The bulk of our people don't want that; but a situation understood loses much of its danger, and it would be well to face the real facts.

The Idol of the Mexican Masses

THESE are that Villa is again a formidable menace. His various commands will total close to twenty-five thousand men. The Mexicans won't fight him. It is true that their *jefes* can lead them into action against the bandit, but they go half-heartedly; and the first decent chance they get it's "Viva Villa!" and they bang away at their own officers and go over joyously to Pancho. Witness what occurred in Chihuahua City on September sixteenth.

He is the only great military leader they have and the idol of the masses. And, to give the devil his due, he is their only real patriot, whatever we may think of his methods.

Since September first Villa has acquired mastery of hundreds of miles of railroads and scores of towns; he has captured fifty per cent of the rolling stock of Northern Mexico and holds whatever territory he desires. The bandit could have Juarez any day he wanted it, so far as Carrancista opposition is concerned; but he prefers not to take chances so close to the American forces at El Paso. Jimenez, Parral, San Andres, Chihuahua City—he takes them as he needs them, evacuating when he wishes to trap another enemy force. Perhaps by the time this is published he will have Torreon, too, with its rich stores of cotton and wheat and corn.

And now he has proclaimed his mission. It is to drive out the army the Barbarians of the North maintain on Mexican soil. He has summoned Mexico to rise and sweep them from the face of the earth.

It is a trump card to play. The average native hates the gringo worse than a Chinaman, and Pancho can get ten willing volunteers to fight the United States where one would respond for service against his own breed.

As a declaration of the ideas that animate him, his manifesto to the people of Chihuahua, issued from San Andres the second week in December, is interesting. Here are a few of its gems:

"Our beloved country has reached one of those solemn moments in which, in order to oppose ourselves to the unjustified invasion of our eternal enemies, the Barbarians of the North, we should be united. We have had since last March an American Army, commanded by Pershing, in the Galeana district, constructing cement roads from the other side of the Rio Bravo to the San Buenaventura Valley, which has become, for the present, the base of operations for the abhorred Yankee. This has been done with the patient consent of the so-called Constitutionalist Government, which would like to build ammunition factories to continue the destruction of Mexicans with bloodshed, to make it easier for its leaders and allies to enter the interior.

"It is, therefore, a great and arduous task we must fulfill as Mexicans. I summon you to take up arms to overthrow the most immoral government we have ever had. . . .

"Without hope of seeing a change of conduct in the present rulers of this country, I have the honor of stating to the Mexican people that from this date on I will have my troops enter in the most active way possible, and will start military operations to overthrow the traitors and to put at the head of the government any citizen who, by his recognized integrity and civic virtues, can put Mexico among the free and cultured peoples, a place legitimately ours. . . .

"No military nor armed citizen may be nominated for President, because the army has its own definite uses. There are no exceptions to this rule. . . .

"Since the date of this document, the revolutionary army declares void all the concessions, privileges, etc., granted by the so-called Constitutionalist Government, excepting only the marriage licenses, certificates of birth, death, and all laws connected with the civil status of persons. . . .

"The revolution needing the resources of natives and foreigners alike for the reconstruction of the country, we will not be responsible for debts or claims made by foreigners. . . .

"No foreigner may acquire real estate or any other property hereafter if he has not been naturalized as a Mexican for twenty-five years, and has not resided continuously in this country during that period. . . . All property of foreigners is hereby confiscated to the nation.

"It having been demonstrated fully that the North Americans have been in the greater part responsible for our internal strife, which they have been fostering, as is proved by the unjustified and continued presence on our soil of their troops, all North Americans are declared incapable of acquiring any property, as well as Chinese. . . . All railroad lines, with all their stock, are hereby confiscated for the use of the nation. Foreign companies which claim rights of property in the railroads will not be considered. . . . Mining properties of the country, which are owned by foreigners, will be confiscated also for the use of the nation.

"To stimulate the Mexican manufacturer and to increase industries generally all over the country, all mercantile operations with the United States are hereby suspended. All rail and wire communication will be eighteen miles below the international boundary, to enforce this provision.

"All military chiefs are urged to require all male inhabitants of their respective territories to take up military training, to be prepared for the great struggle with the invader. Those who refuse will be declared traitors and shot, their property being confiscated."

Happenings Since the Columbus Raid

ALL of which makes it look as though the Enchanted Captain was organizing for a real struggle.

But how did he do it? How did Pancho Villa come back?

When pressure of other affairs made it expedient to drop the bandit off the front page, the newspaper correspondents eagerly seized the opportunity afforded by the Carrancistas. They buried Villa in fifty-seven lonely and unwept graves. One day he was shot to avenge a woman. Another, the American cavalry had riddled him with bullets. And, of course, the Carrancistas used to kill him off every morning before breakfast. Whenever they failed to do so you could be reasonably sure that their spokesman was sick in bed.

Here is the story of Pancho Villa from the date of the Columbus raid, on March ninth, as nearly as it can be gathered. It would be presumptuous for me to assert that it is flawless. But in my estimation this is as faithful a narrative of his doings as can be obtained from any sources outside of Villa himself.

Let me state at the outset that the American Army never actually engaged a force under personal command of Villa during his flight. Twice they almost had him when he was lying wounded; but they did not know it. The Mexicans who gave Pershing's army trouble were Carrancistas, armed civilians resentful of the presence of foreign troops, and small bands of Villistas under Julio Acosta and Candelario Cervantes.

The chief himself was in hiding, to recover from a dangerous wound. That explains his months of inactivity. And the Carranza forces made no real effort to effect his capture. A large portion of the time he was within striking distance of them, or actually under their noses.

To understand properly what follows, it is necessary to go back to November of 1915. Carranza had been recognized by the American Government, and permission had been granted to transport five thousand of his troops across United States territory for the defense of Agua Prieta, on the Arizona line. From the moment of that recognition Villa was a gone goose; and he knew it.

He failed dismally in front of Agua Prieta and started a retreat, going by way of Cananea and Nacosari back to the state of Chihuahua. I was over a portion of his trail not long afterward; it was strewn with the skeletons of horses and mules. Arrived in the capital, he was faced by a desperate situation. The Carrancista forces, with the material support of the United States to draw on, were pressing him hard. Many of his *jefes* were frightened, seeing doom ahead. The people were worn out and starving; there was no more fight in them. The country was wrung dry. One after another of his captains announced that they were through with Villa and hastened to join what they felt convinced would now be the winning side.

Realizing he was up against it, Páncho went out on a balcony of the National Palace, in Chihuahua City, one day in December, and made a speech to the populace. It was a farewell.

"You are sick of me now," he said. "You are exhausted and miserable. You do not want any more fighting. I leave you. But don't forget this—the man you hate at this moment will be back within nine months. I will never desert my country. I have never fought for personal enrichment, but for the people. Therefore, I will come back. Hear me! I will answer your call in the hour of need."

He is always picturesque in what he says, and has astounding magnetism to drive home his words. The people huzzaed and Villa went off to Bustillos, to which point he had summoned his forces for disbandment. They came from all the surrounding region, nearly eighteen thousand men.

There he released them for a period from his service and bade them good-by. They were passionately devoted to him; but they had, also, had their fill of fighting and privation, and were eager to be gone.

PHOTO. BY THE INTERNATIONAL FILM SERVICE, NEW YORK CITY

Francisco Villa and His Staff

Villa Wounded and in Hiding

THEY broke up, but not all of them departed with their equipment. Some, operating under powerful chiefs, went off as units; but the majority, thus assembled to take leave of Villa, laid down their arms.

He buried in the vicinity of Bustillos twelve thousand rifles, eight light cannon, some machine guns, and nearly two million rounds of ammunition. They would need them later, he explained. Foresight is one of Páncho's most valuable assets.

This equipment was cached in several spots, some of it being buried near Colonia Dublan, now the American base. Ten heavy cannon and several caissons were among the lot.

Then he went off into his old haunts, with some hundreds of the faithful, to resume the life of a bandit. And one March day he was overcome by a fit of rage against the Americans for their treatment of him and headed for the border. In the darkest hours of the night he swooped down on Columbus, New Mexico, and there laid up more trouble for himself than had beset him in his entire career.

Twelve hours after his mad act he repented the impulse in bitterness of heart. A presentiment of what it would bring down on them assailed Villa. He upbraided Pablo Lopez and Candelario Cervantes, his lieutenants.

"Now see what you have done!" he cried, with a fine disregard of his own leadership in it. "This will bring a whole nation on our backs."

Lopez merely groaned. He was on a stretcher because of bullet wounds in both legs, and had been carried in that manner from Palomas.

They struck into the Sierra Madre, on the border of Sonora. Their plan was to go south and fall on Guerrero in order to seize the ammunition and supplies of the garrison under Cavazos. He had about two hundred men and they anticipated no great difficulty.

Toward the end of March they tackled Guerrero about dusk and by dawn held possession of the town. It lies in a sort of bowl. Villa was entering the place as conqueror when some Carrancistas on one of the surrounding heights opened fire unexpectedly. A soft-nosed bullet caught him in the right leg below the knee, fracturing the bone in three places.

That is the way he obtained his wound. He was not shot by the pursuing American forces; and the stories about young Arrieta cracking down on him with a .45, in Guerrero, because Páncho had stolen his sister are without a shred of truth. Villa doesn't have to steal women in Mexico.

His followers took him into the house of Señor Fernando Gonzalez, where his leg was dressed. Then they put him in a buggy and took him into the Sierra Tarahumar by easy stages. There he was concealed by the Indians.

While he was in hiding, the forces operating under his flag split up under various leaders and went off to prey where they thought the pickings would be easiest. The Carrancistas saw their chance and grasped it. If they could announce that Páncho Villa was dead and convince the Americans of it, perhaps the expedition would be withdrawn. At any rate it would help their cause enormously to make people believe that he had been killed, and they set energetically to work on the job. The elimination of Páncho made their own task of pacification immeasurably lighter and gave them a weapon to use in negotiations with Washington for the hobbling and gradual retirement of the pursuing army.

It so happened that a large portion of the American press and public was utterly weary of the whole mess, and they jumped at the chance to believe that the cause of it all had been wiped out. They wanted to forget Mexico and return to business. Consequently the bandit was proclaimed dead, and Carranza commanders solemnly promised to produce his body immediately. Numerous bluffs at doing so were attempted, but they were feeble efforts at the best; and, despite the fact that energetic Carranza agents buried Villa over half of Chihuahua, strong doubts lingered in the public mind that he was really out of the way. The American military authorities never believed it for a moment.

All the while he was in the region of Guerrero, being nursed by the Tarahumar Indians.

Gossip and rumors were flying like wildfire over that country concerning the American column under Pershing. Word reached Villa that a force was approaching Guerrero, and he ordered that he be taken up into the mountain fastnesses, where Julio Acosta, one of his former generals, had his retreat. Two youths accompanied the wounded bandit on this trip—Juan Murga and Javier Hernandez.

Dodd's Cavalry on the Trail

BEFORE they had gone far the rapid advance of a detachment of Dodd's cavalry surprised them. The two attendants fled, taking everything belonging to the wounded man, and leaving him alone with a horse. Villa was in bad plight. The Barbarians of the North were close upon him and he might be discovered any minute. In this extremity he turned his horse loose and hid in a cave. From there he saw about fifty troopers ride by. They passed within ten yards of him. He has since asserted that he also witnessed from his cave an engagement between the American troopers and some Mexicans.

Villa dared not venture out, lest he be seen and taken. He remained in the cave three days, without food and suffering horribly. His leg swelled and turned black. Murga and Hernandez had left him without water, and he was almost unconscious a considerable portion of the time.

Then up to the cave, on the third day, came Nicolás Fernandez with a stretcher. Some Indians had advised him of the chief's hiding place. Fernandez and his men carried Villa toward Bachiniva, which town they circled in order to avoid the Carrancista garrison; on to El Royo, nothing more than a plantation, where the mother of Tomás Morales, one of the nine men who made up Villa's first army, dressed his wounds. Morales was killed in a fight against the Federals in 1913; Páncho was much devoted to him.

As soon as could be they moved on to Rubio. Followers joined him every hour. They had to cross a plateau miles in extent, which was bare of shelter of any description. Not a gulch or a tree offered screen; but they accomplished it, moving in the dark. They reached San Antonio de Orenales and then took refuge at a small ranch near the Bustillos Plantation.

Here they were unexpectedly set upon by a force of Carrancistas during the dressing of Villa's wound. He had only fifty men with him. While these went into action, to hold

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Rebel Wounded Lying on Flat Cars and Tended by the Women Camp Followers

DOUBLOON GOLD

By John Russell

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE WRIGHT

I REMEMBERED the big chap with the China-blue eyes and the great mop of tangled fair hair. I had seen him one night, a month or so before, at Monte Carlo, where he wound up a run against the red by snapping the sovereigns off his cuff links. And here, in the Casino Pavao, at Funchal, I remarked him in almost the identical gesture. He fumbled through all his pockets before he found and tossed out upon the board a goldpiece, broad and ruddy as his own open-air face. Now, as then, I saw him summon his last reserve for a final plunge. The coin fell on *manque*, and there he let it lie.

We were in charge of a highly superior banker at that table—a model banker, a window model of a banker, with spade-cut beard, jet brows, waxen face, and a perfectly faultless armor of full dress. Throughout the evening he had been spinning the wheel and shooting the little marble along its saucer rim with the detached regularity of an automaton. But when this strange token dropped shimmering beside him he stood like one transfixed, then bent over to stare, and presently passed a signal to the fat croupier across from him. And both of them stared at the thing, which shone like a full moon on the smooth green pool of the table.

I was not sure of the rest. But it seemed to me that a sudden flame lighted their professionally indifferent eyes, that the spark of some swift excitement leaped between them. I say I could not be sure, because I was tiptoe with eagerness myself.

Nobody else was paying any noticeable attention to the big gambler or to his fortunes. A silent crowd jostled stiffly about the board, three deep, unmindful of the heat, the puddled air, the aching blue-white lights—a cosmopolitan crowd, such as one finds in the season at a minor crossroads like Madeira, where types are varied, if not extreme.

There was the English invalid contingent, of course—the prop and frigid corrective of so many subtropical resorts; and the local social element, dark, dapper and Portuguese, playing a wary and penurious stake; and the casual commercial, chiefly Teuton, playing high and stolidly; and the whole hodgepodge of chance tourists from the steamers in port—South Americans, South Africans, lean and yellowish administrators from the West Coast, one or two frock-coated Arabs, with the fez, Spaniards from Canary, and Hebraic gentlemen from the ends of the earth. In short, a Casino crowd, solely intent upon the game, and restrained from any common human sentiment like curiosity by its own multiplied strangeness.

And I rejoiced that this was so; for I desired no competition, and I meant to get that big gambler's big goldpiece, one way or another.

"*Faites vos jeu'!*" The banker had recovered sufficiently to make his spin, droning with guttural accent the familiar phrase: "*Faites vos jeu', mess'h!*"

I suppose every traveler likes to esteem himself rather a dab at collecting. How else account for the populations that live by the sale and the manufacture of assorted relics? I had lugged a bag of ancient coins half round the world, and I desperately wanted that particular coin, so large, so curious—and genuine—being offered as a bet. But there was something more to my temptation.

The day had been tinged for me with the charm and color of this Old World island town, lying like a flower wreath on a mailed breast, with its rioting gardens, its twining streets, its grim basalt barriers and savage beaches. I felt the lure of authentic adventure in pursuing such a memento, a goldpiece possibly historic, stamped with the flourish of dead kings. One has the sense at times of spying from ambush upon a promise of emprise and some great gain. It is the glamour of things, a magic flush on dull and sordid fact. It starts up anyhow, at a face, a whisper, a strain of music—a stock quotation. True, in the present state of a fallen world it often proves counterfeit—and expensive, too often. But what of that? One follows still; if only for the sake of the story.

"*Faites vos jeu'!*" advised the banker, who himself presided over romantic possibilities at a dollar a throw.

By the judicious use of an elbow I worked my way through the press. There fell the usual interval of suspense while the marble circled low. It gave me my chance to lean over the shoulder of the big gambler, who sat glowering and expectant, and to murmur in his ear.

"I'll take it up for ten pounds," I offered.

He nodded, without so much as looking at me; and I dropped five American eagles beside his stake.

"*Rien ne va plus!*"

But I had already effected my exchange; and I snatched away the big goldpiece just as the marble struck, hopped, and rattled into a socket.

"Gentlemen, You Been Kidnap'," He Was Good Enough to Explain. "We are Sorry! But it Was of a Necessitate"

"*Vinti e uno,*" announced the banker, surprised into his own native tongue; and I caught the unmistakable quiver of a live disappointment as his glance crossed mine with the flash of a knifeblade.

The gambler waited until a silver rake had swept away his eagles. With a visible effort, then, he braced himself against the table and rose. He turned to me, met my smirk of triumph with a frown, and plowed out of the throng to the natural refuge, the little barroom on the terrace side, where I followed him quite shamelessly.

II

THE hour was early; we had the place to ourselves as we pledged each other in the quaint device they call a cocktail at the Pavao.

"You made a good bargain," he said, setting down his glass. "There must be at least twenty-five dollars' worth of pure gold in that slug if there's a penny—let alone its curio value."

His manner had a rough edge. Anyone who has lost over the green cloth knows the spleen it can raise against all reason. I was the better pleased next instant when he broke through, with a smile of sound good nature:

"Here's hoping it brings you better luck than mine."

I liked that smile, and the voice, easy and true as a bell, and the whole hearty, big-boned cast of him; and I marveled what twist had made a splendid great fellow like this, with his arching chest and walking-beam breadth of shoulder, the hanger-on at unhealthy gaming rooms. He was neither old nor young enough to be merely foolish. Forty would be about his age, I judged; but his eyes were new, like those of a child, and the only marks about them were the little sun crinkles of outdoor living.

"You were willing to sell," I reminded him with a half query.

"Of course!" he nodded. "When the game gets me running I'd stake my shoes if I could sell 'em. And ten pounds was more than the bank would have paid. All the same, you've got a rare piece, cheap."

"Just what have I got?"

"A doubloon—don't you know? One of those queer Portuguese cart wheels. Sink it! I made sure I'd found a lucky at last—anybody would."

I echoed that glorious old word:

"A doubloon?"

"Aye!" He smiled again. "Pieces of eight—what? The pirates used to cut throats for 'em."

On sudden impulse I risked a small experiment.

"I've no wish to profit by your misfortune," I said. "This is evidently very valuable. Call the ten pounds a loan."

He glanced at the coin as I laid it before him; and then, with a widening of pupil, at me. I was startled to see him hesitate.

"No," he decided. "No. But look here, that's decent of you. I will say it's downright decent."

"Not at all," I protested virtuously. "It might be worth many times what I paid you."

"That wouldn't worry me."

But something was worrying him as he frowned down at the golden disk. I felt a trouble on the man that bit deeper than his losses. He had an odd, abrupt trick of passing a hand hard over his brow as if to brush away some constant irritation, a gesture at once naïve and passionate. At such times he looked about him with an uneasy air, puzzled and, I could almost say, resentful.

"You must be very much attached to the thing," I persisted.

He slid it back to me brusquely, with a jab of his forefinger.

"Thanks. Would you mind putting it out of sight?"

We were sitting at one of the small tables that lined the side of the little room. It so chanced that I sat facing the bar, which was not a proper bar at all but a long, low sideboard, whereon an attendant compounded drinks. My new friend was at my left and thus failed to see what now I saw—a detached head glaring out of the wall, sharp and definite as a cameo. I was slow to connect this singular phenomenon with a strip of mirror over the sideboard and regarded it merely with wonder, for the face was very much alive, convulsed and eager. Tardily, then, I recognized the jet spadebeard of the superior banker, and at the same moment felt a hot breath stirring in my back hair.

"Hello!" I exclaimed, and spun round in time further to recognize a pair of perfect coattails; they were just disappearing through the doorway into the *salle* behind me.

He could not have had ten seconds' start, but when I reached the doorway the fellow had vanished in a fringe of bystanders. Another banker, bald-headed and not in the least superior, was now in charge at roulette, and I noticed that the fat croupier had also been replaced.

I turned back to the attendant at the bar, a popeyed nondescript in a white jacket.

"Who was that?" I demanded indignantly. "Who is that man, and what the devil did he mean by blowing down the back of my neck?"

He stared at me, with fluttering lids, chalk-faced—I was to appreciate presently what terror rode that obscure soul.

"*Não compriendo,*" he stammered, though I had heard him use good-enough English of a sort in wheedling for tips. Impatient at his stupidity and my own jumpy nerves, I flung away from him—or, rather, I started to fling and was halted there in my tracks.

Now the contact of a revolver is something that no man need be taught to identify. It is a part of instinctive knowledge. When a hard blunt nose snuggled suddenly under my lowest rib I required no verbal order to make me stand quite passive and obedient. So I did stand, while still mechanically resisting the furtive, tremulous fingers that came stealing round my wrist, trying to force my hand open.

I was not half so frightened as amazed, and certainly not half so frightened as the creature himself. I knew it must be the wretched little attendant who was tickling me with that revolver, and that he was trying to hold me up for something—what it might be I scarcely thought. If he had

been respectable in any way, through strength or skill or personality, I believe I might have yielded. But to be robbed by this miserable hireling, this popeyed dispenser of bad cocktails, himself in a state of the most abject funk, roused all the stubbornness of which I was capable. As if a sheep had assaulted me!

I suppose I should have allowed myself to be shot ingloriously had not the big gambler discovered what was going on. In two steps he was by me, pouched the weapon with a fist like a muff, and simply abolished Popeye.

"Easy now!" he warned him. "Don't yell!" It was an absurd anticlimax to see that bold, bad gunman being jammed upright to keep him from falling in a heap. "Reposo yourself, matey, if you know what's good. Be quiet—comprendo so much? Nobody's going to hurt you."

Somehow I found myself back at the little table. The gambler occupied the chair at my right this time, whence he could watch my late enemy, who hung collapsed over the bar. Except for these trifling changes, the whole incident might have seemed illusion.

"What was that for?" I managed to ask.

The gambler answered with a negligence that struck me in my condition of mind like an affront:

"Well, the lad's of no importance—don't you see? He had to do what he was told and he wasn't up to his job—that's all. But I thought we'd best keep him in view. No sense having him run off to report."

"How true!" I said with a faint attempt at emulation. "One concedes the frivolity of having the lad run off to report. After all, he could only confess that he had failed to murder me. But suppose I do it?"

"What—complain?"

"It occurs to me I might. I'm not vindictive, but I really don't care for pistols with my drinks."

"Who to?"

"Why, to the manager, I suppose; the maestro—the man who holds the gambling concession in this place."

"That's the johnny with the beard. He would be pleased to get a complaint from you!" he snorted. "Why, it was he who gave this poor fool his orders!"

"Oh!" I said, for lack of more adequate comment.

"And he, again, is only a lesser devil. And if you should call the police, or the military, or anybody, all the way up—the governor himself—you'd probably find the same."

I regarded him to know whether he was serious. He was; and his laconic method of statement had an extraordinary effect of bitterness. Action had lent him brief relief, but the cloud of some fixed discontent dwelt in this strong soul. Even as I watched, its shadow descended upon him again.

"From your account they seem prepared to spare no pains in making the visitor feel quite at home," I observed—"up to the point of inducing him to remain permanently. Was there any other object in the recent attention to me, do you think?"

"You've got it in your hand."

I unclenched my hand and sat blinking down, with some astonishment, at the thing I had held throughout and was still holding—the Portuguese doubloon. His smile was grim this time.

"Pieces of eight—what? They used to cut throats for 'em."

"Who wants the thing so badly?" I asked squarely. "Who's after it?"

"Number One," was his cryptic answer.

"Number One!" I cried. "Which Number One?"

"Do you think I'm trying to mystify you?" he returned impatiently. "Look here—I've had that confounded relic only since yesterday myself. They tried these same tricks on me until I got tired and wrung a little yellow viper's ears for him. Well, Number One wants it. Number One is the cause, the source, the trouble maker, for whose sake they move. I'm telling you every bit he could tell me—just that: Number One."

I drew a long breath. Adventure—romance? The most hardened realist must have admitted that here was a promising lead. From the opened windows on the terrace came a stealthy, sudden rush of rain, confusing and drowning the fret of the sea below. The curtains flapped inward and we had a whiff of the island night, warm and damp, charged with the heady scents of lush vegetation. Back in the ballroom they were starting a waltz of Waldteufel's, I think it was, some jingly strain that ran with the clink of money on the tables. A suitable setting for a wondrous tale; but it was borne upon me that if I wished full value for my venture I should have to play up now, and play up sharp.

This difficult man was not the kind to unbuckle offhand. He was hardly what one might call a subjective peddler of his wares. He would not care two pins for my thrills, my quest of fancy, which to him, in his own heavy obsession, must seem the most contemptible trifles.

With studied carelessness I took the doubloon on my thumb, flipped it and stuck it in my pocket.

"No wonder you were so willing to make a trade!" I said dryly. "One would say the liabilities outweigh the assets. As they have now descended to me, it remains to inquire whether they were honestly come by."

I had caught him fairly out of himself. He sat up as if stung, seemed ready to retort, and then yielded with a laugh—deep-throated tribute.

"You want an abstract of title?"

"My dear sir, I'm frank to say that's what I wanted from the first. I remembered you from Monte Carlo, you see."

With his elbows on the table he pressed his hands over his eyes absently, in that singular mannerism he had; and when they were clear he searched me again, gauging my significance in some alien train of thought.

"You seem entitled to it," he acknowledged slowly, "if only by your cheek, you know. Please note you came asking. I shouldn't care to punch your head later for calling me a liar."

And this was the way I won his story at last.

III

"DO YOU happen to carry any good, live, working superstitions about you?" he began, and marked my blink of surprise. "No? It's a pity. Things must be so much simpler to a man who's satisfied to trust in laws outside himself and his own vision. A streak of fatalism, hey? What a comfort! No use kicking about anything—it's all been arranged for you. Or astrology, now: The stars were in the wrong house, which naturally accounts for Jemmy Jones being in the wrong pew. What 'o, there's warm cheer for Jemmy!

"Why are you and I chumming here together on this hole-in-a-corner of an island, for instance, with no end of a silly yarn between us? Likely you'd much rather be somewhere and doing something else—I'm blessed, but I should. Yet here we are; and both our lives, from a world apart, have led us up to this very minute. Now why? Coincidence maybe. Well, coincidence must be worked a bit threadbare explaining things for people.

"Take my own case: I was born in the Riverina of New South Wales, the back lots—sheep country. That's where I belong—and look at me! Quite a gap to bridge—what?

"My father went out there as a jackaroo, without a penny; and before he died he could ride straightaway all day across his own paddocks. Nothing ever turned him from his natural destiny, which was raising good sheep, and plenty of 'em. In twenty years I don't suppose he was off the station twice; it suited him. It would have suited me too. Roving and changing and mucking about in crowds—no; I was fed up with that when he sent me away to school. After his death I stepped into his place, of course, and I never had any notion except to carry on as he had done before me to the end of my billet. Never any notion up to a day about three months ago, when there came a cablegram from England.

"Well, it's what I say—a man is better off if he has some simple and handy system of accounting for life. He goes to bed in his own private heaven and he wakes up in the general hell. And what's the reason? There isn't any, unless you believe in black cats or astral influence, or the curse of Shielygh—or something.

"That cablegram was to inform me that my father had left another family back home. Previous, so to speak. Previous and legitimate. Naturally everything he'd acquired in Australia in near half a century belonged to them: the stock; the land; the house I was born in; the very picture of my mother on the wall—everything but me, being an encumbrance on the estate. A fair knockout, wasn't it?"

His voice held the level acerbity that no man with a boy's eyes has any right to know.

"Did I fight? I started to—rather! At first, you see, I didn't begin to understand what it was had hit me. I took my two years' wages as overseer—I'd a right to that, at least—and I came on to England, with my comb over one eye, regularly scratching after trouble. And then I found the only people I could fight were three elderly gentlewomen who lived together on a Yorkshire lane in a little cottage covered with climbing roses. They were most polite and had me in to tea; and we talked about something—a sale of work in aid of the local church, I think. At that it was rather heroic of them, you know. The entertainment of a new and unsuspected half brother—sinister, hey?—must present difficulties to the maiden mind.

"I made none, of course. I saw their solicitor next day and helped straighten out his papers for him. After which I departed.

"The only thing I took away was a bit of family history."

Such was his blunt way of putting it; yet I was not so dull as to miss a glimpse of what it meant, the sacrifice he had made in his bitter grievance; the true and knightly spirit he must have shown toward those three innocent gentlewomen, so lightly and whimsically touched in his narrative.

At this point he paused and reached into the side pocket of his dinner jacket.

She Did Not Flinch, Save for a Tiny Quiver of Nostril, Thin and Clear

"Have you seen the guidebook they sell about the streets here," he asked—"the English Guide to Madeira?"

I blinked again at the abrupt transition, but his hand came away empty.

"Never mind," he resumed. "I'll show you something presently to surprise you. Meanwhile hark to the family record:

"It seems my people had inhabited their corner of Yorkshire time out of mind. That's a common thing enough, a rural line rooted deep in the soil. But, what isn't so common, they've managed somehow to keep the precious old ancestral name alive and going—from the Ark, perhaps. Yeoman, franklin and squire, as they say, there is always a Robert Matcham above ground somewhere. Robert Matcham, the descendant of uncounted Robert Matchams—d'ye see? It was my father's name, and when he made his break to Australia the tradition was too strong for him: he never changed it—which explains how the solicitor came to trace him at last. You'd hardly call it a fortunate heirloom; but it's the only one I've got—my sole inheritance—for Robert Matcham happens to be my name as well."

He seemed to mean it as a sort of introduction, in spite of the discomfortable irony of his tone.

"It's now three months, as I tell you, since Nemesis or Belial or coincidence—whatever you like—began to play this scurvy joke on me. It hasn't quit yet. To what end, hey? What's it about? What's it damn well for? Perhaps that sounds like whining. Well, it's only whining for a chance to hit back at something or somebody. Wait till you've been caught up by the scruff and cuffed blind, as I've been, and no place to get your teeth in. Listen now:

"My one idea was to get a part of what I'd lost, money enough to buy a little place of my own away there in the bush, the only thing I cared about or knew. I needed a stake—not much, just a bit of stake. An easy thing for an able-bodied man, you'd say. But could I get it? Well, I'm broke again as I sit here—you'll understand why your suggestion of a loan rather knocked the smoke out of me—and what I've been through in trying makes a pitiful comedy.

"There was a syndicate undertook to send me out as managing partner on its big station in Victoria. They only required a deposit, which I paid; and when I went round for the receipt that syndicate had vanished into thin air. I found a place with a wool merchant, who promptly failed. Twice I booked for Sydney on my own—missed one boat through a train wreck, and the other was libeled at the dockhead. I tried stowing away, and got as far as Havre before they threw me off.

"Gamble? I gambled the way another man gets drunk—from exasperated craving, knowing the folly of it. Longchamp, Enghien, Monte Carlo—you follow my course? Once and again I made a winning, but never quite enough; and finally Monte Carlo left me flat. You say you saw me there? Then you know how flat that was. At Marseilles I had to ship for mere bread on a friendly tramp going round to Lisbon.

"Now notice how a man is made to look like a monkey on a string. I didn't even know where that tramp was bound till she anchored in the Tagus. The same evening I got caught in a monarchist riot on the Rocio, had the clothes torn off me and landed in a cell. They released me next morning, with handsome apologies and a coat, not so handsome, which they said was mine. It wasn't; mine was gone to rags. But in the lining of the one they gave me I found two Portuguese bills, and something else: a ticket by the Empreza Nacional steamer sailing for Madeira—within the hour! I took it. My word! What else was there to do?

"You'll observe I never was in Madeira before—never meant or wanted to come here; had hardly heard of the isle.

"I landed yesterday; and perhaps you can guess the first thing I did in a place where horses are so plenty and so cheap. Man, I was crazy to get a saddle between my knees again—me that was raised in a saddle. So I hopped aboard the likeliest nag and rode for the open, out the coast—eastward, it seems. Why again should it be eastward? I can't tell you; but it was the way that offered, winding along between the mountains and the sea, where the lava rocks prop the sugar terraces, black and green in layers, and the blue water below.

"Well, I rode on for an hour or more until the path led me down to the very edge of the tide, where I had rough going over a cobbled strand. At a certain place, which I need not describe, the girth slipped and I had to dismount to tighten it. And now, friend, I've brought you into the bit at last; and you can draw your own moral, for it was there, standing almost in the wash, as I was ——"

He seemed to hesitate on the phrase.

"You found the doubloon?" I finished for him.

"Winking up at me from the beach like a yellow eye!" he roared, and his big fist crashed upon the table and dropped a silence between us. I sat nonplused.

"Nobody could blame you after that," I said, at length, "for thinking you had a lucky. As you tell it, the whole purpose of your Odyssey was the finding of that pocket piece."

I should have laughed—had I not chanced to meet his clear blue gaze fixed upon me with deadly candor.

"Is such your opinion?" he asked.

"You were certainly justified in backing the thing for all you were worth," I answered lamely.

"I see I may have to punch your head after all." He smiled quietly. "I've no skill to show you how it struck me; that's the trouble."

He reached into his pocket again and this time brought out and flattened carefully before him, with his powerful, deliberate hands, a little red-bound pamphlet. "Then let me show you what I'd been reading along the way."

IV

I TOOK the pamphlet from him with expectation at low ebb. It was the guidebook to Madeira, a product of the local printer, I judged, thrown together to catch the coppers of the tourist trade. I took it, I say, rather skeptically, and glanced down the page to which he had folded; but before I had scanned the half a shock went through me. My incredulity vanished like mist in a wind. For here is what I read:

As for the dixovery of this lovely Island of Maderia, which is indeed a glorious pearl in the sea, it was probable in 1370; but not by the Portuguese, which come much later. The first was dixovered by sad accident by a lovely, oldest legend, by an Englishman named Robin à Machin, Roberto Machim, or Robert Matcham. He was brave lover of a too beautiful woman to describe, named Anna d'Arfel, his dear love, which he could not marry because the enterprise was not recommended by the patrons.

Hizory teaches us these two evaded together to establish in France and took shipment with a pilot captain friend named Pedro Morales, who was great fighting pilot of Spain. They delivered free on board and everything of best description, until the ship ran against a storm, which was indeed terrible. Many days they blow where the Pilots could not say; and after varied assortment of troubles they came against this strange shore of Maderia and all wrecked. So perished in each other arms this famous love story, which are indeed a sad and lovely legend.

The pilot Pedro Morales exaped and went away to Portugal, where he told the King about this Island. So it was dixovered again by a navigator for the King, and always the populations since named the place Machico, after Robert Matcham and Anna d'Arfel, which died together on the shore.

I had no least desire left to laugh when I had finished, not even to smile at the method of the quaint chronicler through whose commercial phrase there penetrated such a heroic gusto of sentiment. Again and more subtly, more alluringly, I felt the presence of that valid marvel, the delightful fantasy of truth, for which no man ever quite outgrows the yearning. It was here, under my hand.

"Where did you get this?" I demanded.

"Bought it from a hawker on the streets. Everybody buys 'em. They tell you the price of hammocks and seats in the theater and where to get sugar-cane brandy and 'article of native indus'ry.'"

"But is it true?"

"Quite true. Do you suppose I wouldn't go to the municipal library and see? You'll find it in all the history books, just as he says there—the local tradition about the discovery of Madeira."

"And you yourself are Robert Matcham!" I murmured.

All the excitement was on my side. Except for his single outcry, with the vivid flash of color it had lent, he betrayed none. "Have you chanced to examine the coin yourself?" he asked in his level voice.

I felt a kind of anger against him, that any chap with such a yarn should take such an indifferent way to spin it; and presently plucking out the doubloon and holding it under the lights, I came to the crowning wonder of all.

It was a rude bit of coinage, in size and weight considerably better than a double eagle, of a metal too soft to have long withstood the direct friction of the waves. An incrusted discoloration gave me a hint that it must have lain well bedded down; the bright scratches told what recent battering it had suffered on the rocks. On the reverse I made out a coat of arms, almost obliterated; but the obverse was clearer. It bore a profile head, with the titles of Fernando I, King of Portugal, and under that—the date.

"Thirteen-seventy," I read; and repeated aloud with a gasp: "Thirteen-seventy! Why—that's the very year!"

He nodded slowly.

"Do you realize what this means?" I cried at him. "In the same year this piece was minted a man of your own name set sail from England and was lost on these shores! It might

(Continued on Page 78)

"Easy Now! Don't Yell! Repose Yourself, Matey, if You Know What's Good"

Ready! Action! Camera! Go!

Sixty Tons of Water Will Presently Come Tearing Down the Stairs and Wash These Merrymakers Into the Sewer

By ROB WAGNER

BARRYWORTH in the movies? You're not serious, Kirk—surely! It's too shameful to contemplate! Why do you wish to sentence me to the lowest rung on the dramatic ladder when I've been so near the top? If my health really demands an outdoor life, as the medicine men declare, I'll get me a job selling orange orchards to Eastern tourists or driving an auto hearse. But the moving pictures? Not so long as I can look the world in its fishy eye and tell it to climb a tree!"

Yes, I said all that, and more, less than ten years ago; and I meant every word of it. The person to whom it was addressed was Kirkland, manager of the Tobosco Stock Company; the place was Los Angeles; and the time, to be exact, was January 5, 1907.

When nowadays you see the name of some world-famous star aggressively and proudly proclaimed on great twenty-four-sheet posters as appearing in a new film drama, it seems incredible that the moving picture should have grown from such a contemptible beginning to one of the highest forms of dramatic expression—and all in less than a decade!

To make those remarks of mine doubly absurd, here I am, sitting down to write of the photo play, not as a carping critic, but as a director—and, as things go, a fairly successful one.

The wheel of fortune that brought me to this unique position revolved somewhat as follows:

Four solemn and frowning diagnosticians sat round my bed in The Players, in New York, and gravely shook their heads, thereby registering "Not a chance!" When they left, my domestic manager came to me and said: "Stanley Barryworth, those ridiculous men have told you that your final curtain is due to ring down in less than a month—but I guess they have never heard of the Arizona Desert. We leave to-morrow."

The Healing Power of the Desert

MRS. BARRYWORTH is small and optimistic; but optimism in this case was difficult to share—for had I not been condemned to death by four very expensive doctors? Manlike, I thought their syndicated wisdom was more likely to be correct than the hunch of a mere woman. Besides, even if I did survive and starve the unwelcome colonists in my poor old bellows, what could an actor do in the desert?

Here I was, in the fullness of my manhood, one of the best-known stars of the stage; risen in my work from property boy to playing Shaksperean rôles and high comedy; big, and apparently as husky as ever. Yet I "had it"; and the desert was my only chance of survival.

Well, I'll say this much for women: Their hunches make the frowning wisdom of the male appear like the center of a doughnut. The owl looks wise, but his brains would never give him a headache.

Besides, who knows as much about a man as his wife?

When Mrs. Barryworth defied the pathological pilots, and took charge of the sinking ship, she soon had daughter and me bundled into a train and headed west. At Nogales we disembarked; and she immediately set to work and chartered a prairie schooner, loaded it with provisions, and in three days we had set sail on the great American Desert. She had anticipated my starving aestheticism by packing along paints, brushes and small canvases; for I was to paint my way across the great, gorgeous wastes of Arizona, until we reached California. Painting had always been my avocation and now I was to indulge my soul to its limit.

I will not dwell at length upon this voyage, for it had little to do with the story I am about to tell. But I picked up immediately and within a year I was apparently as well and strong as ever. When we finally landed in Los Angeles I had with me about forty canvases, which I immediately put on exhibition in a local gallery. Though the critics treated me kindly—or charitably—and I made a few sales, the result would scarcely have permitted my choosing painting as a profession.

Feeling that I had entirely recovered, I accepted the blandishments of a stock company, which flatteringly advertised my appearance as a momentous event in local dramatic circles. Within six months, however, I abruptly learned that I was not yet well enough to devote myself to the indoor confinement of the stage, and had about made up my mind to seek employment among the cow-punchers back in Arizona when Kirkland called me into his office and urged me into a life of dramatic crime.

I gave my objection to this urge in the first paragraph; but Kirkland, with more vision, believed there was a great future in motion pictures, and he was not at all impressed with my very superior attitude.

"Don't get too sniffy, old top," he said; "it won't be many years before actors better than you will be cavorting before the camera. Films have already killed melodrama, and they'll go after the big stuff too. This fellow Dodds, who wants you with him, is going to do notable things with canned drama; and if you take my advice you'll jump in and grow up with him in this newest of the arts. Your shame can be temporarily concealed by sworn secrecy and grease paint."

After all, there seemed to be something sporting about the adventure; and I finally agreed to meet this chap Dodds, who was the director of a moving-picture company pioneering in California.

I found him a quiet, modest, gentlemanly fellow, and I was very much impressed with his seriousness and artistic optimism; so, finally, I accepted his offer. I was to start anonymously in outdoor pictures, and was secretly to receive one hundred and twenty-five dollars a week. This was less than half of my salary when I was in my dramatic glory, but four times as much as the highest-salaried lead in the picture company. However, the rôles I was to play would at least permit me to live in the open, and, besides, I almost shared Dodds' hope of a splendid future for the film drama. By occasionally working in Mrs. Barryworth in character parts, and daughter as a juvenile, we all felt that we could at least live. Many people did not consider this important; but we did.

The Director and Camera Men Ready to Start the Picture as the People are Swept Beneath This Bridge

Rough-and-Ready Studio Methods

THE studio was a strange affair—a few shacks, an office, a dressing room, and a square platform, without sides or top. The cast was made up of cowboys, Indians, and a few actors, real and alleged. However, they were all adequate to the character of work the studio was doing, for the pictures were mostly holdups, train robberies, Indian fighting, and rodeos. Besides "Westerns," they were turning out comics—so called.

It was all lowbrow stuff, but purveying with profit to the taste of that period.

Contrary to the popular tenderfoot stories of the fiction writers, I was received cordially and generously. The cowboys did not think me a sissy because I could not bust an outlaw. Bronco-busting is as much a matter of special training as trap shooting or billiard playing, and the boys did not expect me to risk my neck in any vain four-flushing; in fact, I found them much better-mannered and more kindly than I had been led to believe in stories I had read of them. Furthermore, they recognized my particular excellence and would watch my dramatic technic with the wistfulness of children.

But I learned right away that good acting was not a first requisite in my new art, nor repression, nor quiet subtlety of expression. Action—action—all the time! The stories were usually violent or mawkishly sentimental; but always tempestuous.

As our locations were usually in the mountains or on the desert, we had small use for "sets." The side of a barn, with a few borrowed pictures nailed on; a carpet laid on the ground; a couple of chairs; a table—and behold an "interior" of the sheriff's home! A volume of Dante's Inferno served as a Bible, a law book, dictionary, and for purposes less polite, in all scenes where a book was needed. Sometimes, when we wanted to be very splashy, we had a set painted by a real scene painter. The men were "hired off" the legitimate stage; and, having worked under its traditions and artificial lights, they did not change their technic to meet the fierce white light of day.

As we had no diffusers our interiors were made in strong sunlight, which often resulted in shadows of the actors pointing east, while shadows on the scenery headed west.

Thomas Ince Directing a Round Peg Into a Square Hole

Instead of the painted mountains receding in atmospheric perspective through the open door or window, they looked like little painted mountains only a few feet away. Even when we attempted realism by sticking a eucalyptus branch in the ground, like as not it would cast a shadow on the sky!

These sets, painted on canvas, would shake like aspen leaves every time anybody opened or closed a door. An adobe wall or prison tower would suffer perpetual seismic disturbances whenever the action became at all rough. As we had no windbreaks, curtains and papers would fly about as though a tornado had come tearing through the transom.

We built one set, on the top of a department store downtown, which consisted of four "flats," eight feet high, with some tobacco advertisements tacked on the wall. This was an interior for a scene in a modern Carmen story.

To the film fans of to-day, used to the magnificent sets of the great feature plays, those of the early days would seem grotesquely inadequate and funny; yet they were most pleasing to the popeyed peasantry of that uncultured period.

I recall one picture made by a certain studio, which was incorrect in almost every conceivable detail. It was a Puritan story, in which the costumes ranged all the way from the Queen Elizabeth doublet to the powdered wig of the eighteenth century. The Puritans made the sign of the cross upon entering church, and when they were attacked by mounted Sioux Indians in war bonnets they staved off the enemy with rifles loaded at the breech.

Of course the least research would have informed the director that Massachusetts Indians shaved their scalps and had no horses. Even a schoolboy should not have made the other blunders.

Those Western pictures, made in Eastern studios, where the cowboys used bangtailed park horses and English saddles, and the sheriff looked like a New England "constibule," got by east of the Alleghanies and in Europe; but out here they were howled at.

Scenario departments were yet unknown—every director writing his own stories. Actors were paid from fifteen to thirty dollars a week; and, as can be seen from our stage equipment, our overhead expenses were very small. Under these primitive conditions we began to turn out five or six thrillers a month, very few of them costing more than four hundred dollars, and some as low as a hundred. A famous director, who, it is said, has spent more than a million dollars on one story, told me that the first picture he directed cost just seventy dollars.

The Whetstone of Endeavor

THE queer thing about the terrible stuff we were making was that it sold like hot cakes, and our Eastern bosses frowned upon further elaboration, expense, or "highbrow" pictures.

I may say in beginning that you might have had better pictures sooner if even these first directors—that is, some of them—had been allowed any expression of their real artistry. But always back East there were men grouped round a mahogany table who were interested only in cumulative nickels; they were the absolute arbiters of the stuff we made.

How we struggled and fought against the ignorance and inertia of our management! Dodds, for instance, one day tried some close-up stuff, only to get a letter from the New York office telling him not to repeat this offense. "Who ever heard of men talking when they were cut off at the knees? Show their feet!" At another time we made a whole story where the camera deliberately threw the background out of focus in order to concentrate on the figures; and the film came back with an order to retake eighteen scenes and see that every nail in the background showed plainly.

However, we managed to put one over on the New York office. We made Damon and Pythias, but in order to fool them we modernized it into a hair-pants story; yet we retained the motive of the classic from which it was adapted.

I do not wish to imply that Dodds and I were the only ones who wanted to make beautiful pictures. There were several men struggling with their bosses and the public taste, and it is interesting to note that those men are at present at the top of the heap. The director whose first picture cost seventy dollars made even those cheap productions artistic; but he never really expressed himself until he was able to command his own money.

It is fashionable among certain directors to think that public taste is so low that it does not pay to address pictures to a higher appreciation. Most of the early directors believed this; but their estimate was based upon an abnormal condition, for a few companies absolutely controlling the market could give the people anything they pleased—and they had to take it. Only an open market could really determine what the public wanted; but competition in the early days was negligible.

The Crude Construction of the Early Days of the Movies

Among the "wildcat" and "independent" companies struggling for existence there were a few men of vision—more, I think, than we had in our dear little Trust; but they were unable to market their pictures profitably, while we turned out the worst pictures imaginable and still made money.

When, along about 1910 or 1911, the camera patents which had given us our monopoly began to lapse, independent companies came into the game, and with their competition there began the most brilliant period of the motion-picture industry. Competition may be wicked in the struggle for the staff of life, but for things of the mind and heart it is the whetstone of highest endeavor.

Pretty soon, all over the United States, companies sprang up overnight; any fellow with a few thousand dollars could hire a camera man, throw up a studio, and start taking pictures.

With the multiplication of companies, which came like mushrooms, attendance increased, and for the next five years there was a veritable debauch of picture making. Everybody made money, and competition compelled spending it. Those were the golden days of the industry.

Dodds and I disloyally welcomed our new rivals, for we felt that competition would force our mahogany bosses to new and finer efforts. And, sure enough, we built a magnificent studio—concrete and steel—the finest, at that time, in the land. Then we started to spend money on equipment and personnel; and, the legitimate stage being in the dumps, we were able to corral a few fairly good actors.

We spent lavishly on everything except stories—supposed to be of little account. If we had a beautiful he-doll and a popular baby-doll, all we had to do was to provide a bunch of action in order to get a picture. This we did by ourselves. Dodds, being a busy person, usually unloaded this work upon my fair old back, and thus he was the cause of my becoming "one of the most prolific dramatists of the twentieth century." I wrote sometimes as many as three great dramas in a week! Any unusual occurrence would serve to hang a story on. I would often film the event and write the story afterward.

Once, while doing some pirate stuff on Santa Cruz Island, we learned of the wreck of the Santa Rosa, at Point Conception. So Dodds loaded me, with a hero, heroine, villain and camera man, into a launch, and told me to beat it over and get some pictures. Neither the villain nor the camera man could run a gasoline engine—this was before the day when even the extra man has his "motah"; so little Stanley became the engineer of a fragile little craft that put to sea on the tail of a great storm. It was sixty miles across the raging main to the wreck of the coaster, and the only reason we ever got there was because of a special Deity who looks after fools. We were very frightened, especially as our engine went dead about fifteen miles from shore and we began to drift toward New Zealand, seven thousand miles off our port bow.

Realistic Hardships of the Sea

BESIDES my function as navigator and chief engineer, I had also to work at my trade of dramatist; for it was up to me to write a scenario for our wreck picture. This was rather difficult, as I did not know whether I should have a hero or heroine with me when we made a landing. They were both so ill that I feared their prayers for death would be answered. The wrenching that those poor children gave their plumbing speaks wonders for the human anatomy.

The camera man also grew very white round the gills during those four hours when we drifted helplessly in the swell and wind. He lay on his back and looked, but said never a word. But the villain became more sinister every minute. He held his stomach, but lost his temper. If he ever got ashore! Well, the things he promised are too terrible to contemplate; but the worst that could have befallen me was to have him beat it and leave me villainless just when I needed villainy the most.

Having steered our course since sundown by the lights of Point Conception, and later by the fires the refugees had built upon the beach, we reached our destination at just two A. M.

It's queer how everybody's point of view changed in the warmth of those fires and the thrilling stories of the folk about them. The camera man had come back to earth—figuratively as well; the hero and heroine were glad to be alive; and even the villain did not want to desert his part.

Pavlowa and Gerard Rehearsing The Dumb Girl of Portici

At sunrise they were still taking off passengers by means of a tugboat and life-saving apparatus; so that was our chance. The sea had gone down enough to permit a trip to the steamer. We made about ten scenes aboard, even to the loading of the lovers into the breeches buoy. Then we went back to the beach and made a bully one of the sweethearts coming ashore, while the villain rushed up and cut the cable, so that they went plunging into the sea. On this occasion the picture was made only up to the point where the villain starts to cut. The rest of it was staged six weeks later in the harbor off San Pedro.

That was one of the best wreck pictures ever done; even the story was pretty strong, for had I not put heart—and other things—into it? Chances to get scenes like this were rare, but we could always build stories round the laying of a corner stone or a colored funeral. Is it any wonder we never bought scenarios when we could write 'em as we went along? To be sure, many of the stories were pretty punk, but so great was the public demand that even this tremendous outpouring of one-reelers was insufficient.

The comedies of this period had even less structure than the dramas. A tramp, dude, burglar, policeman, girl, boy, father, mother, yap farmer and Chinaman were the *dramatis personæ* of nine-tenths of the comics. Any two or three of this cast would start out with a camera man in the morning and, without the least idea of what the day would bring forth, would cut didos whenever and wherever a dido suggested itself.

The one motive in the lives of these alleged comedians was to pursue or to be pursued. All the jumpy slapsticking of the first two hundred feet was a mere prelude to the pursuit of the burglar, which, starting with a single householder, accumulated like a rolling snowball until the whole village—nursemaids, police, charwomen and bankers—went tearing through the streets in the most undignified fashion. If the leading pursuer fell, the others, instead of running round him, piled up on his wriggling form like football scrimmagers. We all laughed at these sprightly races; and if the pursuing bunch ran into a scaffolding and spilled the mortar, or blindly ran off the end of the dock into the drink, we howled our heads off.

Low Costs and High Profits

A COMPANY near us, which did nothing but comics, made arrangements with the fire department to turn in all alarms at the studio, so that in case of a picturesque burning they could beat it out and make some foolish scenes. So enthusiastically had the neighborhood hook-and-ladder company entered into the spirit of the thing that on one occasion they loaned all their rubber coats and helmets to the cut-ups; and when an alarm was turned in the actors arrived at the burning dwelling fully equipped for their comedy, while the firemen had to put out the fire with consequent singeing and drenching.

Another time a telephone call announced that the oil fields near Bakersfield were on fire; so there was a chance to pull some real diabolism. They sent a camera man and a villain over there at sixty miles an hour, and made a picture of the dreadful man setting fire to a well; which act resulted in the burning of the country for miles round.

These comedies superseded the old camera tricks, wherein the feathers flew back into the pillow and swimmers popped feet foremost out of the water and landed on the springboard. Comics never ran more than five hundred feet and sometimes were as short as eighty. They were called split reels, and were usually tacked on to some drama that was shy the footage necessary to bring it up to the standard one thousand feet. Crude and elemental as these pictures were, they contained the germ of real comedy—as I shall show later on. The drama lacked story and structure, but they had the "punch"—that quality which to the bourgeois mind is so essential in a picture.

These were the great days of the moving picture! Life was full and splendid. As our work was only vaguely planned, we never quite knew what the immediate future held for us. It is true that art languished and we were simple purveyors of punch; but our stuff was selling.

Selling? Why, pictures that cost only a thousand dollars would net the manufacturer twenty thousand dollars! And even though the Trust had been broken and independents everywhere were making pictures, we had the great plants and were still supreme, because of the momentum of our equipment and our names. When we began to make two-reel and three-reel pictures—features, so called—we started to spend money and became wildly extravagant. Some of our stuff cost as much as a dollar and a half a foot! A three-reeler for twelve hundred dollars! Stupendous! And to think that in less than six years we should see productions costing close to a million dollars—seventy-five dollars a foot!

Scenes are No Longer Painted, They are Built

But our little twelve-hundred-dollar pictures were the grand little money-makers. I happen to know of one that netted the company more than ninety thousand dollars.

It was these great profits that wrought such ominous consequences. Knowing that we were making fortunes for our bosses, we were not particularly careful of our expenditures. True, we had not gone into the expense of the tremendous sets of the present-day pictures—nor were salaries insane; but when we wanted a certain location we went and got it. A director would send a company of twenty-five a distance of two hundred miles to get a single scene. We bought properties, rented trains and steamers, with the utmost prodigality. Yet our earnings kept miles ahead of our expenditures.

The public had gone movie-mad; but its madness did not make us a bit mad. We wrecked trains, rescued maids, pursued burglars, upset apple carts, with the most joyous abandon. Whereas before 1910 there were only about eight or ten manufacturers, with perhaps five or six companies each, by 1913 there were hundreds of them, some of the largest having as many as twenty companies. From whence, then, came all the directors? Actors could be recruited from the stage; but the stage could not possibly supply the thousands of directors who came into being almost overnight.

Well, they came from here, there and everywhere. Of the five directors in a neighboring studio, one had been a cowpuncher, one a policeman, one a messenger boy, one an undertaker—and, curiously enough, he was making comics—and only one from the stage. Others had come into the game as extra men, scene painters, camera kids and publicity men; and, as there was a constantly increasing demand for more directors, they were recruited right on the lot. I actually know of a chauffeur, with no more experience than that of piloting alcoholic beach parties, who was "chauffing" one morning and directing the next.

Needless to say, drama that is purveyed by the butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker, is likely to have about the dramatic standards of those tradesmen; yet in all walks of life Opportunity sometimes raps on the door of one who is equal to it. A few of our most popular directors were rescued from these humble occupations and are now great artists. The success of some of them is one of the most hopeful things of democracy. Many mute inglorious Miltons would not remain mute if they had an opportunity to sing.

I know of one chap who, only two years ago, was a butcher's boy, delivering meat at a certain studio. He went to the managing director and told him the Park Commission was going to drain a lake in one of the parks, and he had written a story round it in which the villain would open the gates, letting the water out, while he and the heroine would submit to being dragged through the black muck of the bottom by a rope from shore. The stunt sounded messy enough to be promising; so the director let the lad make the picture. So well did he do it that to-day he is getting two hundred and fifty dollars a week, and earning every cent of it.

Though uneducated and uncultured in the general acceptance of those terms, he had received a splendid education in the University of the Street, and knew human nature to a rare degree. Having a whimsical slant on the foibles of men, he now directs some of the most riotous comedies at which the world laughs.

Dodds' End

BUT these men were uncommon five years ago. The average director produced pictures no higher than his brow, and many of them had brows like old *Pithecanthropus erectus*. Coarse and vulgar men abused their enormous powers shamefully. They would roar and swear, hire and fire, at their own sweet will.

Fortunately, at our studio, Dodds, who was an artist and a gentleman, had permeated the place with an atmosphere of joy and decency. In the most exasperating circumstances he never lost his temper or raised his voice. Had he lived, he would to-day have been one of the great men of the profession; but—alas!—he was most tragically killed at the studio by a Japanese gardener who went suddenly insane.

This real tragedy, happening in a place where for two years we had been pulling stage violence of all kinds, had a curious psychological consequence. When the boy opened fire on Dodds, who was sitting at a desk, an actor who on the screen had always been applauded for his splendid heroics made his get-away faster than I am telling it. And the fellow who showed real heroism by jumping in and overwhelming the heavily armed murderer had probably been hissed at more than any stage villain of the time. He was 'way out by the gate, doing some roping stunts with the cowboys, when he heard the shot; but he knew by its sound that it was a ball cartridge, and with one bound he was in the studio, grappling with the Jap boy.

Among the women the same contrasts were noticeable. Several of them screamed and ran away in abject terror; yet one red-headed lass, who has since become famous for her nerve, daring and art, sat perfectly still, though one of the bullets crashed through the window right behind her.

Dodds' death cast a gloom over the studio for many months. It had the effect of a stimulant upon me, however; for I was more than ever anxious to realize the ideals that the poor fellow believed were latent in the pictures. I had been cooperating with him for several years and had directed many stories in which I had acted the lead.

(Continued on Page 85)

SAVING IT FOR DAD

By Clarence Budington Kelland

ILLUSTRATED BY M. LEONE BRACKER

"If it Will Give You a Bit of Comfort to Try—Why, Go Ahead and Do Anything You Want To"

MARK SAWYER'S office door bore the word "President"; on the doors of the twins' offices appeared respectively the words "Treasurer" and "Secretary." But Mark's title was empty of anything except compliment, for power had departed from him because he was sixty-five years old and was the father of twin sons who forgot that he had created the business from nothing but energy and ability.

So Mark, being a loving but wise parent, gave each of the boys twenty per cent of the stock in his company, and retained sixty per cent for himself—at the same time effacing himself from active participation in the company's vicissitudes. He became, so to speak, an interested spectator with a reserved seat.

Mark's last important official step had been to increase largely the size and capacity of the plant; to add new lines of manufacture; and to accumulate an amplitude of indebtedness; perfectly justified by the concern's condition and prospects.

Then he stepped out—"to give the boys a chance," as he expressed it.

Luke and Peter, the twins—the Sawyer family showed a bias toward Biblical names—took hold with enthusiasm.

"Dad," said Luke, "you've worked like a dog all your life. Now you sit round and watch us go to it! Just forget you have anything to do with this institution, except to spend the money it earns."

"Sure," said Peter; "and don't worry. Luke and I have grown up in this woodenware game, and if there's a new wrinkle in it that we don't know, between us we'll start out to find it before dinner. Give us a couple of months to grab hold and we'll show you the most up-to-date, most efficient woodworking plant in the country."

The old gentleman's eyes twinkled.

"No more of the old man's back-number tactics go, eh?" he said.

"You know, dad, you've been pretty—conservative—about adopting new ideas."

"Once," said Mark, "there was a kitten that tried to teach the old cats a better way to catch mice; but when the kitten got its growth it went back to watching the mouse-hole just like the rest. That's the way I built up this business—by watching the mouseholes. I grabbed every mouse that came in and watched to see that none of 'em sneaked away. . . . But this mill belongs to you boys. Catch your mice any way you want to—only catch 'em."

The old gentleman walked into his office, shut the door, put his feet at a comfortable elevation, and lighted his pipe. If the prospects of inaction, of becoming an idler rather than a pulley, gave him uneasiness he showed no signs of it.

Peter and Luke laid out their campaign.

"The main thing to give our attention to now," said Luke, "is getting this mill done. We stopped operations in January and ought to be able to start again in June."

"Maybe we can shave that a little," said Peter.

But they didn't shave it. June saw the mills still inactive, with not days but weeks and possibly months of construction ahead. The war had intervened. Labor and materials were hard to come by, and their prices gave one something to think about with uneasiness. Hitherto day laborers had been plentiful at a dollar-seventy-five a day. Now they were scarce at two dollars and even two and a quarter. Shafting, pulleys and machine work had advanced—not by leaps and bounds, but by aëroplane flights.

"Pete," said his brother, "the machinery alone is going to run thirty thousand dollars over dad's estimates."

"Labor will go five or six thousand."

"And, at that, we can't get enough of it."

"Dad picked the right minute to get out. This is going to be no job for an old man. It'll take all the energy and strength and ideas we've got—and then some!" said Luke gloomily.

"Anyhow, we've got money enough to finish up. Thank goodness, dad fixed up that matter with the bank!"

"We've got enough to finish construction," said Luke, who was the financial and office man; "but we'll have just about a nickel to start moving on. And how long will it be before we get returns? Sixty days. And where will the pay roll come from? Tell me that! The pay roll for sixty days will be fifteen or sixteen thousand dollars. And supplies and material?" He mopped his forehead.

"Lucky for dad we're here!" said Pete. "We'll pull it through for him."

"Got to," said Luke. "We could start out at our age. Thirty-four years hasn't anything to be afraid of. But dad—where'd he be if anything happened?"

"How much are we going to need?"

"I figure about thirty thousand will do the business."

"Where'll we get it?"

"We'll have to find a bank to take our paper. We ought to have little trouble with that. This plant will show a value of two hundred and thirty thousand. We've borrowed fifty thousand so far. That isn't our limit, by any means."

The boys' figures were correct—if everything went through as they planned. But things seldom do. Only two days later a veneer lathe that was being skidded up an incline to the second floor became unmanageable and slewed over the edge. It had to be sent back to the factory, and repairs and freight amounted to nine hundred dollars. Two weeks later the boilers were fired and an attempt was made to start the engine to turn over and test out the machinery of one department. But the engine failed to start. Instead, it sucked over a few buckets of water from the boilers, with the result that the cylinder blew up, badly scalding the engineer, wrecking the roof of the engine room and making necessary the purchase of a new cylinder. Cost of the accident, twenty-two hundred dollars.

The result of these and a multitude of other mishaps, large and small, was that the mill, instead of starting up in June, was not ready to turn over till the first of October—and, instead of being paid for by the money from the last loan, faced a sheaf of material and machinery bills amounting to thirteen thousand dollars.

Then the twins went out to borrow money, applying now for fifty thousand dollars instead of the thirty they anticipated. Much to their chagrin and disquiet, the best they could do on the notes of the concern was twenty-five thousand dollars; which left them eighteen thousand dollars short of Luke's estimate of the minimum it was possible to commence business on.

"If she only runs now!" Peter said, in one of the conferences that were becoming almost hourly affairs—conferences of two, with the old gentleman in his office, taking no worry and supposedly smoking good cigars, with no thought for the morrow. "I never saw a new mill start up without some sort of trouble—but this one's got to!"

"You figure we ought to turn out eight carloads a week. That's about six thousand dollars. If a few folks come in with the cash and take their two per cent in fifteen days—why, we'll get past. If they don't " Luke did not need to finish the sentence; in fact, he had finished it on a number of occasions before.

"There's as much chance of manufacturing to capacity the first week or the first month as there is of pouring kerosene on a cake of ice and burning it up. If I get out a couple of carloads for shipment in ten days I'll think I've done a good job."

That first week was difficult for the boys. Peter lived out in the plant; Luke sat in his office and figured, but got no pleasure from it, and listened to the small whistle blow for shutdowns. It seemed to him it had got the habit and couldn't stop. He was a high-strung, fidgety individual, and he came to hate that whistle with an active, virulent hatred. He personified it as the voice of a Jeremiah wailing of inevitable ruin.

And still the old gentleman sat in his office, smoking cigars and refraining from worry. Probably his hearing was a trifle affected by years, so that the sound of the whistle had no tale to tell him.

"Don't worry, dad!" had been said by each of the twins until it had reached the dignity of a creed; so dad was not worried—or if he was worrying he never mentioned it to the boys.

But Mother Sawyer was not so easily deceived.

"Ain't things goin' all right, Mark?" she asked more than once.

"I'm just fidgitin' a mite," said the old gentleman. "I hain't used to this job of loafin' yet."

"Why don't you buckle in and do somethin', then?"

"The truth is, ma, that I'm growin' old and sort of forgetful. And new ways of doin' things have come up that I don't know nothin' about; and I'm gen'ally a back number."

"Mark," said Mother Sawyer severely, "be you lettin' them childern run over you?"

"Now, ma," said Mark with a twinkle in his old gray eyes, "them boys is bein' right kind to me. I hain't got a worry in the world. If you could see the trouble they put themselves to so's to keep me from worryin' it 'ud do your heart good."

"Then there's somethin' to worry about?"

"I calc'late the boys is a mite disturbed in their minds. Just how much grounds for it they got I don't know. I hain't allowed to bother my head. But they do a heap of discussin'; and I dunno's I've heard one of 'em laugh right out for weeks."

"Pa," said the old lady, "be you goin' to let them two childern fool away what you worked a lifetime to build up? Eh? Hain't it about time you was takin' off your coat and bucklin' in?"

"Can't be done, ma. I've taken my step. I stepped out! I put it up to the boys to run the mill, and now I can't shove 'em aside, can I? 'Twouldn't be fair."

"I s'pose it 'ud be fair to sit by and let them lose every cent you got—at your age! Be you hankerin' for a trip to the poorhouse?"

"I was there visitin' the superintendent once, ma; and you hain't no idee how comfortable it is! Each old feller gets a plug of tobacco in the mornin' and don't have nothin' to do all day but chaw it."

"I'm agoin' to speak to them boys myself."

"No, you hain't, ma," said the old gentleman gently, but in a tone his wife had come to know as accompanying stubborn determination. "If the boys ever ask for help they'll git it—but I don't calc'late they'll ask. Till they do, things stands as they be."

Mother Sawyer made her disgust apparent by actions, but abandoned argument. She was not a woman to waste words that might be valuable at a later day.

From the moment actual manufacturing started, the boys faced the problem—not of showing a profit, not of producing dividends, but of meeting the bare pay roll. For themselves they drew only what was absolutely necessary to live; but their father's weekly salary check was not interfered with. Dad mustn't know. Dad mustn't worry. To hear the boys talk of their father, one would have figured him helpless and in his dotage.

"Poor old dad! Peter, we've got to pull it through for him. This concern simply can't bust!"

"Of course we could look after him and mother; but it would break his heart to be dependent. We're doing some better. Three cars this week. How's collections?"

Luke shook his head. So far, there hadn't been any such thing—no collections; and the pay roll continued inexorably. Nothing else was met; nothing could be met. Timber bills, which were to be met weekly, began to climb. Carloads of containers for shipping the product were in the storehouse unpaid for, the discount day past, the thirty days drawing to a close. Smaller bills for supplies, parts and necessities lay accusingly in a drawer, where Luke thumbed them over daily, dreading the day when they would be past due and creditors would begin making uncomfortable inquiries about their money.

"We've got orders enough. Business is good—if we could only ship and get returns. We can't hope to manufacture at a profit this first month; but we've got to get our money out of what we do turn out! I checked up the bills again to-day. What d'you suppose they amount to? And for heaven's sake, Peter, cut down on buying!"

"I haven't bought even a nail that wasn't necessary. But I've got to have what I've got to have. How much did they total?"

"Counting containers and timber, fourteen thousand and odd."

"Not such an awful lot," said Peter hopefully.

"It wouldn't be if we didn't owe seventy-five thousand on notes, and if we had a little capital to run on, and if they didn't all come due in a bunch. In another week we'll have to scratch gravel to raise the pay roll."

And that is about all they did. Bills arrived at the past-due stage; dunning letters arrived; the concern brought up at a point where its condition, from being merely precarious, was one of imminent ruin.

"There's something that can be done," said Peter. "We've got to reach out and pull off something. We've got to get money somewhere. Just sitting here and manufacturing isn't going to pull us out. We can't make it fast enough."

At the expiration of sixty days Luke succeeded in inducing the company from which their timber came to take sixty-day notes for the amount due them—notes aggregating upward of ten thousand dollars. The container people, to whom an item of six thousand dollars was now due, refused to make further shipments, and the tone of their letters suggested an uneasiness that might result in trouble. Other smaller creditors grew insistent.

"What keeps me awake nights," said Luke, "is that some little fellow, who has two hundred dollars coming, may get frightened and kick over the whole dish. Let somebody start suit—and the whole hive will be down on us!"

"Make another riffle at borrowing some money," suggested Peter.

Luke had tried and tried again. Money was tight, and the statement of the company did not appear to warrant the board of any bank in venturing a part of the money under their control; but there was nothing for it but to try again. He went to the city.

The board of one of the largest banks listened with courtesy to his story—and then gave him a mild shock. Any shock now, short of the announcement of actual bankruptcy, would have been mild.

"Your statement isn't inviting on its face," said the president, not without kindness. "If you young men were known to us, even by reputation, we might, notwithstanding, be justified in taking a chance on you. Perhaps you don't know it, but to-day more money is loaned on men than on assets! A man of known ability can borrow, on nothing, more money than an unknown or suspected man can get on gilt-edged collateral. The first thing we look to is the moral risk—which includes the business ability of the individual under discussion."

"But ours is a well-known concern. We've been in business forty years and have always discounted our bills."

"The concern—but not yourselves. You, as you tell me, have been in charge of affairs only a few months. From the moment of your taking charge matters seem not to have prospered. Mind, I am not saying you are at fault. Every act you have performed may have been the act of a competent business man—and it may not. It may have been good business for you to arrive at the condition you are in. If we knew you we could tell better. But we don't know you. Therefore, in your case the moral risk—the man risk—is such an unknown quantity that we must decline to help you out. I'm sorry."

Luke tried his persuasive eloquence on two other banks in vain and boarded the train for home in discouragement but with new matter on hand to reflect upon—namely, that he and Peter were negligible quantities in the financial world. Bright, up-to-date, able they might be; but they were unproved.

They were not under suspicion—not that exactly—but there was no assayers' report on them. Nobody knew how much they ran to the ton—and the gods of finance traded few jackknives unsight, unseen.

He reported to Peter, who took the thing less seriously.

"Well," said he, "we've got to show 'em. But while we're showing 'em we've got to save this shop for dad. Nobody'll help us, so we've got to help ourselves."

"How?"

"First and foremost, by staving off creditors. That's your job. When a dunning letter comes in it's up to you to dictate a reply that'll make 'em sorry we don't owe twice as much. Second, we've got to economize. Nobody ever pared expense down so far that another slice couldn't be hacked off. That's my job.

"Third, we've got to manufacture and ship faster. That's my job. Fourth, we've got to get our money out of our shipments quicker; and that's your job."

"Pa, he You Goin' to Let Them Two Childern Foot Away What You Worked a Lifetime to Build Up?"

"That's all good; but what if those container people break in with an ultimatum? How about that?"

"Comes under head Number One."

"There's always a time," said Luke, "when the market drops from under promises and persuasion."

"I presume the timber folks might shut down on us too. I never mentioned that before, but it's a possibility."

"If only we'd gain on it, I wouldn't care if it wasn't more than a hundred dollars a month. But we don't. We keep up the pay roll; we pay our small incidental bills; but we don't pay off anything—and timber keeps gaining on us."

If two young men ever wriggled and twisted, and made black appear—if not white—at least a little grayish, to stall off financial ruin, Luke and Peter were those two young men. It is remarkable how long a business that is actually stubbing its toe on the edge of insolvency can stagger along before it falls. . . . And still Old Man Sawyer sat behind his door, with the ironic title of President on it, and didn't worry—and didn't know. The boys were saving it for dad!

And then, on a Tuesday, proving that any day in the week can be unlucky if pressure is brought to bear, a gentleman from Peoria, Illinois, alighted from the train and walked, with brisk determination, to the office and asked for Luke.

"Mr. Sawyer?" said he. "My name's Judkins. We know each other by letter pretty well."

Luke felt suddenly as if he wanted to sit down—as if, in fact, he would have to sit down. It had come at last; for this Judkins was none other than the Judkins of the Container Company, whose letters had grown stronger and stronger on the subject of something in the line of immediate cash payments.

"Sit down, Mr. Judkins," said Luke, recognizing with astonishment that his voice sounded calm and natural, and was not, as he feared, a sort of hysterical scream.

"How's your father?" said Judkins. "I suppose he's away sowing his wild oats, now that he's turned things over to you. He and I used to smoke cigars together once on a time."

"No; dad's here," said Luke. "He hasn't taken any active part in the business for six months; but—you know how it is at his age—he likes to be round and watch what's going on. But we don't let anything worry him or bother him. He's entitled to a good long loaf."

"He is that!" said Judkins. "I'll loaf with him before I go back; but now to get down to brass tacks—what are you fellows going to do?"

"Why," said Luke, "we're going right along, digging in as hard as we can."

"Thinking of asking for a receiver?" asked Judkins, with his eye seeming to Luke to bore into his very brain.

"Why, no. We're all right. We've been a little close. Delays and labor ——"

"I know. But you owe us a whopping bill, and you owe other folks, and you've borrowed to your limit. I've favored this concern all I could, but I can't afford to lose five or six thousand dollars. I know you think you can pull through; but so does every fellow who gets in over his head. Now, not to keep you in suspense, I've talked you over with my board of directors, and the conclusion they came to was to send me here to tell you that I had to have at least half of what you owe me in cash—or to start suit. And starting suit means the appointment of a receiver."

The stenographer rapped on the door, a diversion that helped Luke to pull himself together.

"Mr. Barnes is in the office," said the young woman. "He's got to catch a train and wants to know if you can see him."

Luke turned to Mr. Judkins, who nodded his head and said he would be glad to wait, for the whole afternoon was before him.

Foreboding weighed on Luke's mind as he went out, for Mr. Barnes was president of the lumber company that supplied the Sawyers with their logs—and moneys in the total sum of nearly thirteen thousand dollars were due them—some on notes, some on open account.

"Mr. Sawyer," said Mr. Barnes, "we've got to have a showdown." Mr. Barnes wasted no words in useless preliminaries. "I just want to notify you that we will furnish logs till the end of this week; then if the amount due us, above the face of the notes we hold, is not paid, we shall shut off on you—and ask for a receiver. There's nothing to discuss. Our decision is final."

"Very well," said Luke, still astonished to hear his voice sounding as usual. "We'll try to fix you up. You don't give us much time, though."

"We've given you more already than we should," said Mr. Barnes. "Good afternoon!"

Luke didn't go back to his office and Mr. Judkins. Instead, he walked steadily out into the mill to find Peter.

"Pete," he said when he found his brother, "it's come! We're busted. Judkins is here. Barnes just left. You might as well blow the whistle and send the crew home. We're done!"

"Hold on a minute!" said Peter. "They've got your goat. Tell me."

Luke told him with minute detail.

"But we can't bust," Peter said stubbornly. "There's dad. We've got to save it for him."

"Save it! I tell you it's gone now! We'll be in the hands of a receiver before to-morrow night."

"Poor old dad! We've got to tell him! We've foozled his business for him, and we've got to go in and stand there, with him looking at us, and tell him. . . . Come on! Let's get it over before I lose my nerve and run away."

For the moment, Mr. Judkins, of the Container Company, was forgotten, while the twins, with something of the air of schoolboys on their way to make a confession of putting sulphur in the furnace, rapped on their father's door.

"Come in!" called Mark; and they entered.

The old gentleman sat before his desk, his feet on its scratched top, smoking a cigar—and not worrying.

"Huh!" he said, looking them over with his twinkling gray eyes. "What you been up to now?"

"Dad," said Luke, his voice breaking, "we're busted."

Mark lowered his feet.

"What? Up-to-date efficiency and all?"

"Don't rub it in, dad. We've kept it from you because we didn't want you to worry; but things have gone wrong from the start. And when we got to manufacturing and showing a profit it was too late. We couldn't get money, and the debts kept climbing; and now Barnes and Judkins are going to throw us into bankruptcy."

"We don't care a darn for ourselves," said Peter unsteadily. "It's you! We've been trying to save it for you. Anyhow"—he said this lugubriously—"we've kept you from worrying about it."

"Oh, sure!" said Mark. "Bein' my age, I kind of miss some faculties I used to have. For instance, I can't see any more; and I can't hear; and I can't reason. Sure, you've kept me from worryin'. Your intentions was good and kind. . . . And now what?"

"Why—nothing, dad. We're goners!"

"You can't think of anythin' more to do?"

"We've done all that can be done. The end of the rope has slipped through and we can't grab it again."

"Don't figger an old feller like me might do somethin' in this here emergency?"

"Nobody can; but if you think you can, if it will give you a bit of comfort to try—why, go ahead and do anything you want to."

"Figger you'd sort of like to have me set in the game?"

Luke looked at Peter and Peter looked at Luke. There was something about their dad that heartened them. Perhaps it was a survival of their childhood, when they thought he was the most wonderful mortal under the sun, and believed in him, and depended on him with their whole hearts and souls—as every father should make his sons regard him.

"Dad," said Luke, "if we ever needed you I guess this is the time."

"All right!" Mark said. "Judkins is here, hain't he? Thought I see him pass my window."

"He's waiting for me, in my room."

"You boys go out and set on a log pile and whittle a spell," said Mark. "I'm goin' in and chat with him."

Mark rose and went into the next office. There was a new spring in his step, a something in his manner that was almost eagerness. The battle horse was once more scenting the fray.

"Hello, Frank!" he said to Judkins. "Glad to see you, even if you have come with both barrels loaded and a knife in your sleeve."

"Sorry, Mark; but things didn't look good to us, and the board sent me on."

"With instructions to get your money or spill the beans?"

"That's about what it amounts to."

"Um. . . . Well, let's get business off our minds, and then talk about things—eh? Now here's where you get off. We've bought about six hundred thousand dollars' worth of stuff from you, first and last, and we've paid for it. Owe you along about six thousand now? Eh?"

"Yes."

"Now then, Frank, my friend, maybe we can fork over that money to-day, and maybe we can't—that isn't the question. The point is, we don't want to. The next point is that we represent a business of sixty thousand a year to you—and we'll keep on representing it; for I ain't busted—not by a darn' sight!

"We need what money we've got, and the fellow that holds a gun to my head hain't goin' to be popular. Now I'll give you a check for what we owe and you can take your foot in your hand and hike, or you can take this firm's note for ninety days and stay and visit."

"You mean ——"

"I mean, if you want our business, give us something when we ask for it. We've never asked you for anything. Take the note and keep the business, or take the money and it's the last you ever get out of this concern."

"I don't get you, Mark. You're making a lot of talk with a capital I in it. Where do you come in? We thought you were out of it for good."

"Did, eh? Listen, friend—right now I'm the whole bag of tricks; and maybe I'll keep on being it."

"You've taken charge?"

"Perzactly!"

"Hum! . . . Ah! That changes things some. We know you! You assure me it's safe to take your note?"

"It's a chance I'd take, personal, to hold a million dollars of business in the next ten or twelve years."

Judkins considered a minute.

"Make your note," he said at last. "It's a bet I'm making on you."

That afternoon Mark and the boys had a talk. It was brief.

"Do I get the idea?" asked Mark. "You want I should take hold till things blows over?"

"There's no use," said Luke; "but we'd like to have you try, just so you'll see we've done all we could."

"I'm the boss?"

"Yes."

"Then," said Mark, "you kids git you a pack of cards and a cribbage board, and git into your office and play that pastime till I call you out. That's your job—keepin' out from underfoot. Start now. . . . How much stock we got?"

"About fifteen carloads, packed in the warehouse; but a rotten assortment. We can't ship a car to-day."

"How much unpacked?"

"Probably from fifteen to twenty cars of pine; two or three cars of turned stock, and the kilns full of veneer stuff."

"And about logs enough coming along to run half the mill? That's the trouble with assortment, hain't it? Tryin' to give a little timber to every department and gittin' no real assortment anywheres?"

"Yes."

"Git your cribbage board."

With that Mark stamped out to find the superintendent.

"Bill," he said, "I'm the works. Just got hired. Here's what happens: Shut down every department except the veneer and dish room. Ram every log that'll make veneer into veneer. Everybody from the other departments packs pins. Everybody! Git after it."

The result of this eruption was that the warehouse began to bulge with the packed product. Twelve veneer dish machines ran their full ten hours a day, turning out their forty thousand dishes each—building an assortment that made shipments possible. All hands packing pins turned out a matter of three thousand boxes a day, or two carloads. The second day a car went out; and after that a car went every day. Meantime Mark went to the bank.

For the Moment, Mr. Judkins Was Forgotten, While the Twins Rapped on Their Father's Door

"I know you fellows have given me all the money the law allows; but I want more. Here's the idea: I want money quick, and returns from shipments mean waiting from fifteen to thirty days.

"Now, then, every time I ship a car I'll fetch you the invoice and shipping papers. You pay me ninety per cent of the face for them, reserving the balance. I pay you a thirtieth of one per cent for each day that goes before the invoice is paid. See?"

"It's unusual, Mark. . . . What are you fussing round for? Thought you'd retired!"

"I've retired like a feller with that insomnia thing. Both eyes is darned wide open. I'm ringmaster and clown and performers in that show right now."

"That's different," said the banker. "Guess we can fix you up. We were getting fidgety about the boys."

This emergency measure gave Mark money to travel on, so to speak. His pay roll of fifteen hundred dollars a week was taken care of and some four thousand dollars in addition was to hand. Of course this was a temporary aid, for as soon as the accumulated product was shipped no more funds could come in from invoices; but danger, imminent danger, was pushed some weeks away. For instance, Mr. Barnes, of the lumber company, was paid what he demanded, and peace reigned in that quarter.

Nobody knew better than Mark Sawyer that what he was doing was makeshift, and dangerous makeshift, with a day of reckoning ahead; but what he must have was time, and anything that gave him time gave him a chance. He had gotten rid, for the moment, of the two most troublesome creditors, and by his extraordinary inflation of shipments he was taking care of all current expenses and making a little gain. But soon the stock would be shipped out; shipments would fall. If timber failed to come in, in sufficient quantities to run the mill, he would inevitably find himself losing ground again.

The task confronting him was: First, to raise a lump sum of, say, twenty-five thousand dollars; and, second, to compel the lumber company to live up to their contract for timber—or to get timber elsewhere.

"We owe about ninety thousand dollars," he said to himself, "and forty of that we hain't got any business to owe. I got to get that back somehow."

Then came a letter from Barnes, of the lumber company, which gave Mark a good hour of cogitation. The letter was a notice that the firm's note for six thousand dollars would not be renewed at maturity—and maturity was fourteen days distant!

"That letter means," he said to himself, "that Barnes hankers to get into the woodenware business, and this looks to him like the time and place. If he can bust us, and then bid us in at, let's say, fifty to seventy-five thousand dollars less'n we're worth, not countin' goodwill and sichlike, he stands to make a nice little wad. If he had this mill, ready to run at a cost of somewheres round two hundred thousand, and his sawmills and his timber—why, I calc'late he'd have a perty sweet thing. And that's what he's aimin' to bring about."

At the end of the third cigar Mark hauled down a dusty atlas, containing detailed maps of the adjoining townships, and studied it carefully.

"I hain't never knifed a man, even when it would show a profit—nor I hain't meddled with his schemes, but I guess this here situation sort of justifies a change of heart," he said. And then he called in the boys.

"How's cribbage?" he asked.

"You're game to take it this way," said Luke. "Have we got to the end?"

"Well," said Mark, "a feller with a telescope might see it from here, if he was to look through the little end; but sich hain't my habit. . . . Take a look at this map and see what kind of business men you are in a pinch."

They bent over the map spread out on the desk.

"Here," said Mark, "is Barnes' holdings—all up and down the east side of four townships, and stretchin' most across the bottom of two. Over here, shut-off-like, he's got a chunk of two sections. All the rest of it's timber, some cats and dogs, with one good whopping piece and a couple of good-sized ones thrown in. See?"

"Yes."

"Well, is there anything in it for us?"

Luke looked at Peter, who shook his head in a melancholy manner.

"What's the use, dad?" he said.

"I was figgerin' on buyin' a little stumpage, maybe."

"What with?"

"Some credit, a lot of bluff—and talk that listens like real money. Look here! Barnes bought up and put out of business Green's mill, over Dexter-way. He bought Wiggins' portable mill. Just a year ago he bought up and closed down that little chair company over there in Waverly. Why? Because he wanted to control all the timber in this valley—that's why! Because he wanted to fix it so's if anybody wanted to sell timber there was just one place to sell—and that to him. Right, eh?"

"Yes," conceded Peter.

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A Boycott With a Brass Band

The Garment Trade Moves Out

Every Week Day, Between Twelve and One o'Clock, Shoppers Were Driven Away and the Sidewalks Made Almost Impassable

By James H. Collins

SOLID, serious New York business men, representing maybe one hundred million dollars, getting together to spend an afternoon—playing with dynamite! At least it looked like that in the beginning.

A great crisis had arisen in their affairs. They met at an uptown restaurant to discuss it and find a solution if possible. But before proceeding with their talk they went into a private room, carefully locked the door, and made certain that all proposals should be passed upon by an attorney.

These gentlemen owned or directed most of the big establishments in the Fifth-Avenue shopping district. For years they had been developing that district, linking it up with street-car lines, subways, railroad terminals and hotels, making it a center for choice merchandise of every kind—dry goods, garments, millinery, footwear, silks, linens, furs, jewels, plate, china, glass, musical instruments, antiques, pictures, books and the like—sold in the great department stores and in the little specialty shops. It had become a shopping center, not merely for New York but for the nation, a retail street second to none in the world. And now, almost overnight, it was threatened with destruction.

Another variety of business had been creeping into the side streets flanking the Avenue. Huge loft buildings for manufacturing purposes had been run up, and as fast as they were finished filled with firms in the women's-garment industry, which came up from streets farther south, round Union Square, bringing their thousands of employees. Every week day, between twelve and one o'clock, these garment workers thronged the Avenue to get a breath of fresh air during the lunch hour. The sidewalks were packed with them and made almost impassable. Shoppers were driven away. Hotels lost their lunch business. All that makes Fifth Avenue vanished wherever the employees of Potash & Perlmutter swarmed during the noon hour—character, color, atmosphere, leisure, dignity.

Such congestion had been familiar for years below Twenty-third Street, but it had been assumed that it would never cross this deadline. Now it was over the line and steadily moving north; it had already reached the Thirties. Many business men predicted that it would sweep on up Fifth Avenue, overwhelming the whole retail and residence district, and that nothing on earth could stop it. A gloomy outlook! For such an invasion from the East Side would wipe out the heart of New York as effectively as if it were swept by sixteen-inch shells.

What the Committee Has Accomplished

SO THESE gentlemen had come together to see what they could do to check the invasion. They locked the door because it seemed as though something terrible would be needed. At that period the problem was new and more or less unknown. The method they had in mind was drastic. It amounted to a boycott. If employed without due safeguards it might be illegal—in restraint of trade. Before going ahead they wanted to be certain that they were within the law.

Most of the Fifth-Avenue merchants bought goods of the women's-garment manufacturers. If they all agreed to purchase no goods of business houses that had invaded their territory, that would clearly stop the sweep of factories northward.

Moreover, the garment manufacturers were housed in new loft buildings erected by speculative builders. The speculative builder operates with money borrowed from banks, life-insurance companies and other lenders. If the banking interests could be brought to refuse further loans on loft buildings in the Fifth-Avenue district another check could be put on the invasion. For men of such business influence as met together that day this was quite feasible.

They had two powerful weapons, these Fifth-Avenue merchants, a club and a knife, and by using them blindly forthwith they might have amply protected their interests. But before going ahead on the obvious course they appointed a committee to make a thorough study of the whole situation; and when this Save New York Committee got deep into the situation it was able to deal with the difficulties, not by force, but by intelligence, persuasion and public spirit.

Here are some of the things that have been accomplished in six months:

A canvass showed that about two hundred and twenty-five manufacturers had invaded the shopping district. More than two hundred of these were led to sign agreements to move out at the expiration of their leases. Some have moved already, and fully ninety per cent will move in a little more than eighteen months. The influx of other manufacturers has been stopped.

Instead of merely safeguarding Fifth Avenue against the intrusion of factories, a great section called the Save New York Zone has been set aside for restriction. It extends from Thirty-second Street to Fifty-ninth Street, south and north, and from Third to Seventh Avenue, east and west. In this zone, comprising a hundred and fifty city blocks, no factories will be permitted in future.

Real-estate values have been influenced for the better. The invasion of factories lowered values in the retail section, and also in the manufacturing section from which the invaders had moved. The northward movement has been checked. Factories are being sent back to the south, in the districts where they were established before. The balance has been restored and realty values have improved in both districts.

As the factories move out, steps are being taken to replace them with wholesale concerns and manufacturers' salesrooms, which do not employ thousands of factory workers and so cause congestion. Their new location will give better purchasing facilities to the throngs of out-of-town buyers who flock to New York every year.

Best of all, something has been learned about the business troubles of Potash & Perlmutter. The women's-garment trades, so little understood even in the metropolis itself, make up a tremendous industry. More than one-quarter of all New York's manufacturing industries turns upon the cloaks, suits, skirts, waists, millinery, laces, furs, silks, underwear and trimmings of women's clothes. The women's-garment industry employs perhaps a quarter-million persons, pays wages and salaries exceeding two million dollars weekly, and makes goods worth more than half a billion dollars yearly. Only eleven states in the Union have that much total manufacturing output. The business of Potash & Perlmutter, if distributed through the West, would double the present manufacturing output of a dozen states. Something has also been learned about the haphazard real-estate operations that have dominated New York's growth and caused such enormous loss and congestion.

New York has the large carelessness and provincialism of a true metropolis. Like London, Paris and Berlin, it is an aggregation of self-satisfied villages that live pretty much to themselves, while growing into each other. The inhabitant of Billingsgate, in London, where the fish and the cockney accent come from, knows nothing of the West End and the fashionable world, and in New York the East Sider knows so little about the Central-Park region that sightseeing automobiles are actually run there for his benefit. In Manhattan a new bridge thrown open or a subway system finished takes enough of the population to some new section to make a city the size of Indianapolis, but the average resident, a mile or two away, will probably not be aware that such a community is in existence.

Putting on the Legal Screws

THIS provincialism and the lack of a general city plan have made New York rich territory for the freebooting real-estate operator, who has the town constantly torn up with his inchoate improvements.

"This will be a mighty fine town when they get it done," said a visitor, contemplating New York's building activities and street excavations.

"Yes," agreed the seasoned New Yorker, "but they'll never get it done!"

Some years ago a new bank building was being erected in Union Square, when the city, hunting for a courthouse site, contemplated condemning several blocks in that neighborhood. Eventually a site was found elsewhere. But had the project gone through the city would have started tearing down that new bank building—an action typical of New York, the gigantic, the expanding and, until just lately, the planless.

The Save New York Committee found that it had legal means of forcing Potash & Perlmutter out of the fashionable shopping district. Money-lending interests saw the folly of making more investments in loft buildings which would damage previous investments by lowering real-estate values. The Fifth-Avenue retail concerns were willing to enter into an agreement in buying that gave preference to manufacturers outside the threatened zone. Having settled matters from their own point of view, the committee called on Potash & Perlmutter to hear what they had to say.

And Potash & Perlmutter had a good deal to say. They explained that, far from wanting to invade the Fifth-Avenue section, they were more or less helpless victims of real-estate speculators, backed up by Dame Fashion. Brought there partly against their better judgment,

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THE GARB OF MEN

By Irvin S. Cobb

ILLUSTRATED BY IVAN DE IVANOWSKI

THEY used to say—and how long ago it seems since they used to say it!—that the world would never see another world war. They said that the planet, being more or less highly civilized with regard to its principal geographical divisions, and in the main peaceably inclined, would never again send forth armed millions to slit the throats of yet other armed millions. That was what they said back yonder in 1912 and 1913, and in the early part of 1914 even.

But something happened—something unforeseen and unexpected and unplausible happened. And, at that, the structure of amity between the nations which so carefully had been built up on treaty and pledge, so shrewdly tongued-and-grooved by the promises of Christian statesmen, so beautifully puttied up by the prayers of Christian men, so excellently dovetailed and mortised and rabbeted together, all at once broke down, span by span; just as it is claimed that a fiddler who stations himself in the middle of a bridge and plays upon his fiddle a certain note may, if only he keeps up his playing long enough, play down that bridge, however strong and well-piered it is.

We still regard the fiddle theory as a fable concocted upon a hypothesis of physics; but when that other thing happened—a thing utterly inconceivable—we so quickly adjusted ourselves to it that at once yesterday's impossibility became to-day's actuality and to-morrow's certain prospect.

This war having begun, they said it could not at the very most last more than a few months; that the countries immediately concerned could not, any of them, for very long withstand the drains upon them in men and money and munitions and misery; that the people at home would rise in revolt against the stupid malignity of it, if the men at the front did not.

Only a few war-seasoned elderly men, including one in a War Office at London and one in a General Staff at Berlin and one in a Cabinet Chamber at Paris, warned their respective people to prepare themselves for a struggle bloodier, and more violent and costlier, and possibly more prolonged, than any war within the memories of living men.

At first we couldn't believe that either; none of us could believe it. But those old men were right and the rest of us were wrong. The words of the war wiseacres came true.

Presently we beheld enacted the intolerable situation they had predicted; and in our own country at least the tallies of dead, as enumerated in the foreign dispatches, began to mean to us only headlines on the second page of the morning paper.

Then they said that when, by slaughter and maiming and incredible exertion, the manhood of Europe had been decimated to a given point the actual physical exhaustion of the combatants would force all the armies to a standstill. But the thing went on.

It went on through its first year and through its second year. We have seen it going on into its third year, with no sign of abatement, no evidence of a weakening anywhere among the states and the peoples immediately affected. And so, figuring what lies in front of us and them by what lies behind, we may, without violence to credibility, figure it as going on until all of Britain's able-bodied adult male population wears khaki or has been buried in it; until sundry millions of the men of France are corpses or on crutches; until Germania has scraped and harrowed and combed her domains for cannon fodder; until Russia's countless supply of prime human grist for the red hopper of this red mill no longer is countless but countable.

There is a town in the northern part of the Republic of France called Courney. Rather, I should say that once upon a time there was such a town. Considered as a town, bearing the outward manifestations of a town and nourishing within it the communal spirit of a town, it ceased to exist quite a time back. Nevertheless, it is with that town, or with the recent site of it, that this story purports to deal.

There is no particular need of our trying to recreate the picture of it as it was before the war began. Before the war it was one of a vast number of suchlike drowsy, cozy little towns lying, each one of them, in the midst of tilled fat acres on the breasts of a pleasant land; a town with the gray highroad running through it to form its main street, and with farms and orchards and vineyards and garden patches round about it; so that in the springtime, when the orchard trees bloomed and the grapevines put forth their young leaves and the wind blew, it became a little island, set in the center of a little, billowy green-and-white sea; a town of snug small houses of red brick and gray brick, with a priest and a mayor, a schoolhouse and a beet-sugar factory, a town well for the gossips and a town shrine for the devout.

Nor is there any especial necessity for us to try to describe it as it was after the war had rolled forward and back and forward again over it; for then it was transformed as most of those small towns that lay in the tracks of the hostile armies were transformed. It became a ruin, a most utter and complete and squalid ruin, filled with sights that were affronts to the eye and smells that were abominations to the nose.

In this place there abode, at the time of which I aim to write, a few living creatures. They were human beings, but they had ceased to exist after the ordinary fashion of human beings in this twentieth century of ours. So often, in the first months and the first years of the war, had their simple but ample standards been forcibly upset that by now almost they had forgotten such standards had ever been.

To them yesterday was a dimming memory, and to-morrow a dismal prospect without hope in it of anything better. To-day was all and everything to them; each day was destiny itself. Just to get through it with breath of life in one's body and rags over one's hide and a shelter above one's head—that was the first and the last of their aim. They lived not because life was worth while any more, but because to keep on living is an instinct, and because most human beings are so blessed—or, maybe, so cursed—with a certain adaptability of temperament, a certain inherent knack of adjustability that they may endure anything—even the unendurable—if only they have ceased to think about the past and to fret about the future.

And these people in this town had ceased to think. They were out of habit with thinking. A long time before, their sensibilities had been rocked to sleep by the everlasting lullaby of the cannon; their imaginations were wrapped in a smoky coma. They lived on without conscious effort, without conscious ambition, almost without conscious desire: just as blind worms live under a bank, or slugs in a marsh, or protoplasms in a pond.

Once, twice, three times Courney had been a stepping-stone in the swept and garnished pathways of battle. Back in September of 1914 the Germans, sweeping southward as an irresistible force, took possession of this town, after shelling it quite flat with their big guns to drive out the defending garrison of French and British. Then, a little later, in front of Paris the irresistible force met the immovable body and answered the old, old question of the scientists; and, as the Germans fell back to dig themselves in along the Somme and the Aisne, there was again desperate hard fighting here, and many, very many, lives were spent in the effort of one side to take and retain, and of the other to gain and hold fast, the little peaky heaps of wreckage protruding above the stumps of the wasted orchard trees.

Now, though, for a long time things had been quiet in Courney. Though placed in debatable territory, as the campaign experts regard debatable territory, it had lapsed into an eddy and a backwater of war, becoming, so to speak, a void and a vacuum amid the twisting currents of the war. In the core of a tornado there may be calm while about it the vortex swirls and twists. If this frequently is true of windstorms it occasionally is true of wars.

Often to the right of them and to the left of them, sometimes far in front of them, and once in a while far back in the rear of them, those who still abode at Courney heard the distant voices of the big guns; but their place of habitation, by reasons of shifts in the war game, was no longer on a route of communication between separate groups of the same fighting force. It was not even on a line of travel. No news of the world beyond their limited horizon seeped in to them. They did not know how went the war—who won or who lost—and almost they had quit desiring to know. What does one colony of blind worms in a bank care how fares it with colonies of blind worms in other banks?

"Let Me Go! Let Me Go Back! I am a Soldier of France!"

To Them Yesterday Was a Dimming Memory, and To-Morrow a Dismal Prospect Without Hope in It of Anything Better

You think this state of apathy could not come to pass? Well, I know that it can, because with my own eyes I saw it coming to pass in the times while yet the war was new; while it yet was a shock and an affront to our beliefs; and you must remember that now I write of a much later time, when the world war has become the world's custom.

Also, could you have looked in upon the surviving remnant of the inhabitants of Courney, you would have had a clearer and fuller corroboration of the fact I state, because then you would have seen that here in this place lived only those who were too old or too feeble to care, or else who were too young to understand.

All tallied, there were not more then than twenty remaining of two or three hundred who once had been counted as the people of this inconsequential village; and of these but two were individuals in what ordinarily would be called the prime of life.

One of these two was a French petty officer, whose eyes had been shot out, and who, having been left behind in the first retreat toward Paris, had been forgotten, and had stayed behind ever since. The other had likewise been a soldier. He was a Breton peasant. His disability seemed slight enough when he sustained it. A bullet bored across the small of his back, missing the spine. But the bullet bore with it minute fragments of his uniform coat; and so laden with filth had his outer garments become, after weeks and months of service in the field, that, with the fragments of cloth, germs of tetanus had been carried into his flesh also, and lockjaw had followed.

Being as strong as a bullock, he had weathered the hideous agonies of his disease; but it left him beset with an affliction like a queer sort of palsy, which affected his limbs, his tongue, and the nerves and muscles of his face. Continually he twitched all over. He moved by a series of spasmodic jerks, and when he sought to speak the sounds he uttered came out from his contorted throat in slobbery, unintelligible gasps and grunts. He was sane enough, but he had the look about him of being an idiot.

Besides these two there were three or four very aged, very infirm men on the edge of their dotage; likewise some women, including one masterful, high-tempered old woman and a younger woman who wept continuously, with a monotonous mewing sound, for a husband who was dead in battle and for a fourteen-year-old son who had vanished altogether out of her life, and who, for all she knew, was dead too. The rest were children—young children, and a baby or so. There were no sizable youths whatsoever, and no girls verging on maidenhood, remaining in this place.

So this small group was what was left of Courney. Their houses being gone and family ties for the most part wiped out, they consorted together in a rude communal system which a common misery had forced upon them. Theirs was the primitive socialism that the cave dweller may have known in his tribe. As I say, their houses were gone; so they denned in holes where the cellars under the houses had been. Time had been when they fled to the shelter of these holes as the fighting, swinging northward or southward, included Courney in its orbit.

Afterward they had contrived patchwork roofage to keep out the worst of the weather; and now they called these underground shelters home, which was an insult to the word home. Once they had had horse meat to eat the flesh of killed cavalry mounts and wagon teams. Now perforce they were vegetarians, living upon cabbages and beets and potatoes which grew half wild in the old garden patches, and on a coarse bran bread made of a flour ground by hand out of the grain that sprouted in fields where real harvests formerly had grown.

The more robust and capable among the adults cultivated these poor crops in a pecking and puny sort of way. The children went clothed in ancient rags, which partly covered their undeveloped and stunted bodies, and played in the rubbish; and sometimes in their play they delved too deep and uncovered grisly and horrible objects. On sunny days the blind soldier and the palsied one sat in the sunshine, and when it rained they took refuge with the others in whichever of the leaky burrows was handiest for them to reach. If they walked the Breton towed his mate in a crippling, zigzag course, for one lacked the eyes to see where he went and the other lacked the ability to steer his afflicted legs on a direct line.

The wreckage of rafters and beams and house furnishings provided abundant supplies of wood and for fires. By a kind of general assent, headship and authority were vested jointly in the old tempestuous woman and the blind man, for the reasons that she had the strongest body and the most resolute will, and he the keenest mind of them all.

So these people lived along, without a priest to give them comfort by his preaching; without a physician to mind their ailments; with no set code of laws to be administered and none to administer them. Existence for them was reduced to its raw elementals. Since frequently they heard the big guns sounding distantly and faintly, they knew that the war still went on. And, if they gave the matter a thought, to them it seemed that the war always would go on. Time and the passage of time meant little. A day was merely a period of lightness marked at one end by a sunrise and at the other by a sunset; and when that was over and darkness had come, they bedded themselves down under fouled and ragged coverlids and slept the dumb, dreamless sleep of the lower animals. Except for the weeping woman who went about with her red eyes continually streaming and her whining wail forever sounding, no one among them seemingly gave thought to those of their own kinspeople and friends who were dead or scattered or missing.

Well, late one afternoon in the early fall of the year, the workers had quit their tasks and were gathering in toward a common center, before the oncoming of dusk, when they heard cries and beheld the crotchety old woman who shared leadership with the blinded man, running toward them. She had been gathering beets in one of the patches to the southward of their ruins; and now, as she came at top speed along the path that marked where their main street had once been, threading her way swiftly in and out among the gray mounds of rubbish, she held a burden of the red roots in her long bony arms.

She lumbered up, out of breath, to tell them she had seen soldiers approaching from the south. Since it was from that direction they came, these soldiers doubtlessly would be French soldiers; and, that being so, the dwellers in Courney need feel no fear of mistreatment at their hands. Nevertheless, always before, the coming of soldiers had meant fighting; so, without waiting to spy out their number or to gauge from their movements a hint of their possible intentions, she had hastened to spread the alarm.

"I saw them quite plainly!" she cried out between pants for breath. "They have marched out of the woods yonder—the woods that bound the fields below where the highroad to Laon ran in the old days. And now they are spreading out across the field, to the right and the left. Infantry they are, I think—and they have a machine gun with them."

"How many, grandmother? How many of them are there?"

It was the eyeless man who asked the question. He had straightened up from where he sat, and stood erect, with his arms groping before him and his nostrils dilated.

"No great number," answered the old woman; "perhaps two companies—perhaps a battalion. And as they came nearer to me they looked—they looked so queer!"

"How? How? What do you mean by queer?" It was the blind man seeking to know.

She dropped her burden of beetroots and threw out her hands in a gesture of helplessness.

"Queer!" she repeated stupidly. "Their clothes now—their clothes seemed not to fit them. They are such queer-looking soldiers—for Frenchmen."

"Oh, if only the good God would give me back my eyes for one little hour!" cried the blind man impotently. Then, in a different voice, "What is that?" he said, and swung about, facing north.

His ears, keener than theirs, as a blind man's ears are apt to be, had caught, above the babble of their excited voices, another sound.

Scuttling, shuffling, half falling, the palsied man, moving at the best speed of which he was capable, rounded a heap of shattered gray masonry that had once been the village church, and made toward the clustered group of them. His jaws worked spasmodically. With one fluttering hand he pointed, over his left shoulder, behind him. He strove to speak words, but from his throat issued only clicking, slobbery grunts and gasps.

"What is it now?" demanded the old woman.

She clutched him, forcing him to a quaking standstill. He kept on gurgling and kept on pointing.

"Soldiers? Are there more soldiers coming?"

He nodded eagerly.

"From the north?"

He made signs of assent.

"Frenchmen?"

He shook his head until it seemed he would shake it off his shoulders.

"Germans, then? From that way the Germans are coming, eh?"

Again he nodded, making queer movements with his hands, the meaning of which they could not interpret. Indeed, none there waited to try. With one accord they started for the deepest and securest of their burrows—the one beneath the battered-down sugar-beet factory. Its fallen walls and its shattered roof made a lid, tons heavy and yards thick, above the cellar of it. In times of fighting it had been their safest refuge. So once more they ran to hide themselves there. The ragged children scurried on ahead like a flight of autumn leaves. The very old men and the women followed after the children; and behind all the rest, like a rearguard, went the cripple and the old woman, steering the blind man between them.

At the gullet of a little tunnel-like opening leading down to the deep basement below, these three halted a brief moment; and the palsied man and the woman, looking backward, were in time to see a skirmisher in the uniform of a French foot soldier cross a narrow vista in the ruins, perhaps a hundred yards away, and vanish behind a culm of broken masonry. Seen at that distance, he seemed short, squatty—almost gnomish. Back in the rear of him somewhere a bugle sounded a halting, uncertain blast, which trailed off suddenly to nothing, as though the bugler might be out of breath; and then—pow, pow, pow!—the first shots sounded. High overhead a misdirected bullet whistled with a droning, querulous note. The three tarried no longer, but slid down into the mouth of the tunnel.

Inside the cellar the women and children already were stretched close up to the thick stone sides, looking like flattened piles of rags against the flagged floor. They had taken due care, all of them, to drop down out of line with two small openings which once had been windows in the south wall of the factory cellar, and which now, with their sashes gone, were like square portholes, set at the level of the earth. Through these openings came most of the air and all of the daylight which reached their subterranean retreat.

The old woman cowered down in an angle of the wall, rocking back and forth and hugging her two bony knees with her two bony arms; but the maimed soldiers, as befitting men who had once been soldiers, took stations just beneath the window holes, the one to listen and the other to watch for what might befall in the narrow compass of space lying immediately in front of them. For a moment after they found their places there was silence there in the cellar, save for the rustling of bodies and the wheeze of forced breathing. Then a woman's voice was uplifted wailingly: "Oh, this war! Why should it come back here again? Why couldn't it leave us poor ones alone?"

"Hush, you!" snapped the blinded man in a voice of authority. "There are men out there fighting for France. Hush and listen!"

A ragged volley, sounding as though it had been fired almost over their heads, cut off her lamentation, and she hid her face in her hands, bending her body forward to cover and shield a baby that was between her knees upon the floor.

From a distance, toward the north, the firing was answered. Somewhere close at hand a rapid-fire gun began a staccato outburst as the gun crew pumped its belts of cartridges into its barrel; but at once this chattering note became interrupted, and then it slackened, and then it stopped altogether.

"Idiots! Fools! Imbeciles!" snarled the blind man. "They have jammed the magazine! And listen, comrade, listen to the rifle fire from over here—half a company firing, then the other half. Veterans would never fire so. Raw recruits with green officers—that's what they must be. . . . And listen! The Germans are no better."

Outside, near by, a high-pitched strained voice gave an order, and past the window openings soldiers began to pass, some shrilly cheering, some singing the song of France, the Marseillaise Hymn. Their trunks were not visible. From the cellar could be seen only their legs from the knees down, with stained leather leggings on each pair of shanks, and their feet, in heavy military boots, sliding and slithering over the cinders and the shards of broken tiling alongside the wrecked factory wall.

Peering upward, trying vainly at his angled range of vision to see the bodies of those who passed, the palsied man reached out and grasped the arm of his mate in a hard grip, uttering meaningless sounds. It was as though he sought to tell of some astounding discovery he had just made.

"Yes, yes, brother; I understand," said the blind man. "I cannot see, but I can hear. There is no swing to their step, eh? Their feet scuffle inside their boots, eh? Yes, yes, I know—they are very weary. They have come far to-day to fight these Huns. And how feebly they sing the song as they go past us here! They must be very tired—that is it, eh? But, tired or not, they are Frenchmen, and

(Concluded on Page 46)

A SCRAP OF PAPER

By Arthur Somers Roche

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL FOSTER

XVI

MARTIN MASTERMAN had but one passion—that was his invalid daughter. Power, place and fortune, these were not passions—they were a disease with him. For Laurel he would have faced poverty cheerfully. No man is wholly bad, and Masterman, unmoral rather than immoral, hard, cruel, grasping, had his soft spot. If any doctor could have convinced him that it lay in his power to heal the little girl, and had demanded therefor all of Masterman's fortune, Masterman would have given it.

Laurel dined seldom with her parents—once or twice a week at the outside. When she did it was an event, planned a couple of days in advance, and Masterman allowed nothing to prevent his attending the function. The day following the loss of the fateful paper he left Cardigan and Blaisdell at five o'clock to keep his engagement to dine at home. What good did it do them to sit and brood? The Greenhams were doing the best they could, and the Greenhams were the best detectives in the business. If the Greenhams couldn't find the girl and young man who had procured the paper from Harry Mack—well, no one could find them.

"And if they don't," Blaisdell had piped, in reply to this summing up of the situation by Masterman, "what then?"

"Then," said Masterman heavily, "we confess defeat and do as this pair of precious maniacs demand."

"That means ruin!" cried Blaisdell.

"And our refusal means the same thing, doesn't it?"

There the argument had ended, to be succeeded by futile worryings. There was nothing to be done, except hope that the Greenhams would succeed in finding the possessors of the paper and wresting it from them. And the Greenhams were working as they had never worked before, for Martin Masterman had held before the two brothers the promise of a reward which would lift them at once into the wealthy class. They were combing the city. The three millionaires could do nothing save irritate one another. So Masterman went home.

Kirby dreaded the meeting with Masterman. She had pictured him as some all-devouring ogre whose baleful glance alone was enough to wither and shrivel ordinary humans. Instead, she met a grim-faced old man, deeper-lined of face and more burning of eye than anyone she had ever met. The events of the day, Kirby could see, were telling on him, but she noted the effect merely because she knew the cause. To his wife and to his daughter he seemed the same gentle husband and father he had always been, for they knew only his soft side. Mrs. Masterman was absolutely convinced that her husband had never done a wrong thing in his life, but was the victim of jealousy. She believed none of the charges made against him. Her faith was supreme.

The dinner passed pleasantly. Masterman, on being introduced to "Miss Rohan," had given her one moment of fright. On hearing her voice he had raised his eyebrows faintly.

"Your voice is vaguely familiar, Miss Rohan. Have I ever heard it before?"

"Possibly," said Kirby, with a flash of her teeth, "but I do not know where."

"My imagination probably," said Masterman. Then he spoke to her of Paris, of Colorado, complimented her on her work, asked what sort of portrait she planned to paint of Laurel, and other conventional questions. But mostly he devoted himself to his little daughter, causing Kirby to wonder at the many-sidedness of human nature. Here was a man whose every business action tended to reduce the opportunities in life of millions of children. Yet he loved his own daughter above everything else. Though in his business life he was relentless in pursuit of power to the exclusion of aught else, yet at home his every smile, his every look, his every caress showed that he was as human as other fathers. Why, then, this cruelty toward the world?

She began to understand: Masterman recognized nothing save family. Community, nation, world, these were less than nothing to him! Only his family counted where tenderness and generosity were concerned. Like the caveman, he protected his own, cherished them, but with all others he was at war. The family was his unit and his whole!

This was the explanation. He had the caveman's attitude toward the world and, like the caveman, had been outgrown by the rest of the world, passed in the race of civilization. Kirby told herself that, though the innocent suffer with the guilty, it is the greater good that counts. So she steeled her heart once more.

The meal passed. Laurel, clinging to her father's hand, insisted that he see her birthday book.

"I've four more names in it since you saw it last, daddy," she said. "You must see them."

He assented, and she sped away to her own room to fetch the volume.

"You are going to give me your best efforts?" queried Masterman, while his daughter was away. "Miss Rohan, no one, not even her mother, understands my little girl as I do. She has the soul of Joan of Arc! You have seen her; you know she is lovely; there is no doubt of your technical skill; you can reproduce her features. But so can a thousand other artists. I obtained your services for two reasons: One is because you are a fair and just woman. How do I know? I am somewhat of a connoisseur, Miss Rohan, despite that lying tale about my Botticelli in this morning's Citizen. I can read between the strokes of the brush even as one may sometimes read between the lines of a story or letter. I saw your portrait of Señora Davost, the Spanish dancer. That woman is a bad woman, and a woman like you," and he bowed, "would recognize and despise her in spite of her charm and good looks. And yet, in your portrait, while you do not hide the evil that is in her, while you bring it out upon the canvas with a soul analysis that is almost uncanny, you do not stop there. You also bring out the traits of generosity, of impulsive nobility that are in her soul. I read them in your painting, and I admired you. For it is not every woman, nor yet every man, that can be absolutely fair. And you were, when it was not necessary, for all the señora wanted was a portrait of herself, showing her hair, complexion and figure, eyes and teeth. But you painted her as the Book of Judgment must have her recorded.

"That is one of the reasons why I want you to paint my daughter—because you will accord her her spiritual due. The other reason is really part of the first—because you have genius. So then, Miss Rohan, you will paint, not the daughter of Martin Masterman, but a little girl named Laurel. For genius and a sense of fairness mean no compromise with yourself. Other artists have painted Laurel—they have made a doll of her, because they thought to flatter my pride in her. But you will give me her soul on canvas, and when she is gone—for she is not here for long, Miss Rohan—I shall have my child, not a painted image of her, to look upon."

Kirby, swept away by the man's emotion, touched him on the arm:

"Oh, Mr. Masterman, if you feel that way about her, I think ——"

But a smile, not directed at her, cut short the words that would have inevitably caused suspicion. Masterman had caught sight of Laurel returning.

"Here it is, daddy. Here's the book."

They were in Masterman's library now. Masterman was seated in a heavy armchair. Opposite him sat his sad-eyed, nervous wife. Laurel drew the book away as her father reached for it.

"Get out your pen first, daddy," she commanded. She looked at Kirby. "I give my own presents to those whose names are written here," she announced proudly. "But little girls don't always know what grown-ups want, so daddy gets something else for them—always. He never forgets!"

"You see, Miss Rohan"—the financier's smile left his daughter to rest on Kirby a moment—"those whom my daughter loves must pay the price. They must be prepared to accept the regard of Laurel's father, unwelcome though it may be."

"As if anyone isn't proud to have you love them, daddy," exclaimed Laurel indignantly.

There was incredulity in the whimsical smile which the financier turned on Kirby.

"When the important person feels this way I don't suppose it should matter about the rest of the world," he said.

Then he opened the book. Laurel's hand guided his. They found the first of the names, the second, the third and the fourth—Adele Rohan's. Carefully Masterman had written down the names of the first three. At the name which Kirby had written he found difficulty with his fountain pen.

"All out of ink," he said with a smile. "I'll have to get another."

He rose and walked into the little workroom which adjoined his library. Kirby stared after him, wide-eyed with apprehension. "Conscience does make cowards of us all!"

Not by the flicker of an eyelash had Masterman shown any emotion on seeing the signature of Adele Rohan. It was merely a coincidence that his pen should have run dry at the very moment it devolved upon it to transcribe the name of the Western-Parisian artist. It did not mean that Masterman knew the chirography of Miss Rohan, and, therefore, realized that an impostor was sitting in his library. Yet, though it was the merest coincidence, Kirby's muscles grew tense, and her brain was suddenly as alert as though pricked with needles. But she relaxed at Masterman's speedy return. He had another pen in his hand and his countenance was alight with that tenderness which she knew he reserved for his daughter.

"Now for Miss Rohan's name and birthday," he laughed.

He worked sideways into the chair on whose arm Laurel was still perched. With her arm about his neck, and her cheek close to his, while she watched the operation, he wrote the name of Adele Rohan in the little notebook which seemed wholly devoted to the uses to which it was being put tonight. He closed the little book, placed it in an inside pocket, swung Laurel into the air and set her gently on the ground.

"And now to work," he said. "Daddy has a hundred and one things to do, so shoo-ooh!"

He waved her from the room laughingly, and she responded to his mirth.

"But Miss Rohan must stay with me till bedtime," she said, grasping Kirby by the hand.

"Miss Rohan may want to read or write letters," suggested Mrs. Masterman, "or perhaps she would like to call upon some of her friends in the city."

That a young lady, unattended, should go out at night to pay calls was contrary to Mrs. Masterman's idea of the conventions; but artists, especially women artists, even when as charming and well-mannered as Miss Rohan, were apt to be unconventional.

But Kirby shook her head.

"I'd rather play with a certain dear little girl I know than do anything else," she said.

"Then by all means do what you'd rather do," said Masterman with a genial smile.

But the benignity left his eye the moment that Kirby, hand in hand with Laurel and followed by Mrs. Masterman, left the room. He strode to the table, picked up the birthday book which Laurel, with the inconsequence of childhood, had left behind her, and carried it into his workroom. He placed the book upon a small table upon which was already an unfolded letter. The letter was dated

"This, Masterman, is a Warrant for Your Arrest"

Denver and was signed by Adele Rohan. Kirby's belief that Masterman and the girl she was impersonating had never met had been correct, but she had not thought upon the fact that they must have corresponded.

Swiftly Masterman compared the two signatures. He did so carefully, although anyone would have been certain at a glance that two different hands had penned them. He wanted to be quite sure! There was, of course, the possibility that Miss Rohan had dictated this letter, and that someone had not only written it but signed it. But there was nothing in this note, which was an acceptance of his offer of ten thousand for a portrait of Laurel, and which stated that the artist would arrive at about this very time, to indicate that it was other than Miss Rohan's own handwriting.

"Certainly," said Masterman to himself, "she would not commission anyone with so vile a handwriting to write her letters for her, eccentric though she may be. It's her own handwriting!"

Then who was the impostor? Masterman answered that question without hesitation. It was Kirby Rowland, the young woman who had over the telephone given him the command about universal transfers.

Masterman might have conversed with Kirby a year without definitely recognizing that voice which sounded so vaguely familiar—that is, without extraneous suggestion. But that extraneous suggestion had come with suspicion. It is often so. We meet a person who looks familiar, but we cannot name him. Then he mentions casually that he hasn't been in Philadelphia for seven years. We know him! The train of thought leading to recognition has been started.

So it was with Masterman. When he discovered, to his own satisfaction at any rate, that the guest in his household was not Adele Rohan, but was an impostor, he remembered at once the only place where he had ever heard her voice before—over the telephone the previous day. At first his rage was almost ungovernable. Not quite certain, or rather not willing to admit his certainty, until the two signatures were laid side by side, he had exhibited that wonderful self-control that had done so much toward placing him where he was.

His first impulse was to send a servant for Kirby and force the truth from her; but he dismissed that idea at once. There was a bare possibility that the guest in his house was not an impostor. Masterman never acted on impulse when great issues were at stake; he never acted on mere knowledge; he acted on evidence! And he wanted all the evidence obtainable. Quite calmly he sat down before his private telephone and had himself connected with the superintendent of the telegraph company, which Masterman practically owned.

"I want you," he said, "to find out for me at once if a Miss Adele Rohan, an artist, has left Denver and, if so, find out her destination." He gave the address which was on Miss Rohan's letter. "I want an answer within one hour."

"You'll have it, Mr. Masterman," said the superintendent obsequiously, and Masterman hung up. But he joggled the receiver again almost immediately. This time he connected with Terence Greenham, and demanded his immediate presence. After that he called up Cardigan and Blaisdell, and those harassed gentlemen promised to be with him as soon as swift automobiles could convey them from their homes, where they had been pacing their respective libraries, torn by a hundred fears.

Blaisdell and Greenham arrived almost together, Cardigan a few moments later. A servant, used to surreptitious visitors, smuggled the three men into the Masterman library without anyone else suspecting their presence. Masterman refused to talk until all three men were present. Then tersely he told them of his suspicions.

"But why wait for the Denver message?" demanded Greenham. "I've seen her; I'll know her! Send for her!"

"But wouldn't it be a good idea to find out if she really is Miss Rohan? It may not be Kirby Rowland masquerading as Adele Rohan, it may have been Adele Rohan masquerading as Kirby Rowland. She isn't alone in this, you know, Greenham. If by any chance she really is the Rohan woman, it will be the Rohan acquaintance among whom we must search for this Dixon Grant. That will help, won't it? Of course, if she is really Kirby Rowland, you'll have to stick to her acquaintances in hope of locating Grant. This woman, whatever her real name is—and we'll know that in a little while—isn't alone. Remember that! We've got her; before taking her let's find out what we can. Smoke."

In full control of himself he smoked in silence, while Blaisdell and Cardigan walked the floor, and Terence Greenham tried to compute how much Masterman would lop off his promised reward if Masterman had really succeeded where the detective had failed. Then the phone tinkled. Masterman listened a moment, then spoke:

"I want you, Keeler, to send at once to this house a message for Miss Adele Rohan. It must bear the Denver date line of a couple of hours ago. Have it brief. Something like this: 'Come at once.' Sign it 'Elise,' or any other name that suits your fancy. Understand? At once!"

He turned to his companions.

"Well, gentlemen, Keeler has received word from Denver that Miss Adele Rohan left that city, bound for New York, this afternoon! There is no possibility of mistake. Miss Rohan is well known in Denver, and the Denver office of the telegraph company even sent on the number of her drawing-room. I knew it before, but I am certain now—the young woman at present playing in the nursery with my daughter is not Miss Rohan; she is the woman who possesses the paper we lost yesterday."

"Then bring her in here," roared Cardigan, "and we'll make her give it up!" Masterman shook his head.

"I've had the pleasure of conversing with the young lady, Cardigan. The girl who's had the nerve to come up to my house when she knew that I'd give a fortune to get hold of her is not the kind to surrender in a moment. Besides, Laurel has taken a fancy to her, and no force is to be used on her."

Cardigan, fists doubled, glared at him.

"Then what do we do? Beg her to hand it back? Why are we here?"

"No," said Masterman coldly, "we don't beg her. Nor do we use force. We use restraint. You spoke of incarcerating Mack in your Long Island place. What's the matter with taking this young woman down there?"

"I suppose she'll come gladly," sneered Cardigan.

"There are measures, my dear Cardigan, that are effective without being brutal. It is one of those we shall use." He unlocked a desk and from a drawer he took a small bottle and a roll of surgical gauze.

"I think chloroform will do the work, eh?" He looked at Greenham, and the detective took bottle and gauze from the financier's hands.

"I can use it," said Greenham. "Send for her."

Masterman hesitated a moment.

"We'll give her a chance first. I'll try to reason with her. If I can't—this library is sound-proof—we'll go ahead with the chloroform. Then, Cardigan, you can carry her out the side entrance; I'll have a servant tell your chauffeur to move down there. And then—take her to Bellmere. When she wakes up in the morning and finds that she's locked in a room—who's down at Bellmere now?"

"Only a caretaker," answered Cardigan. "And he'll keep his mouth shut—he and his wife."

"Good," said Masterman. "Well, then, when the young lady learns that she's to remain in Bellmere until she surrenders that paper—after I've had a little talk with her, convincing her that she'll stay there until she dies of old age if she doesn't surrender it—I think we'll have no difficulty with her."

Blaisdell put his finger on the weak spot in Masterman's logic:

"But the men with her—Grant and Mack? Perhaps they have the paper? What good'll it do ——"

"Despite all that's happened—Mack's rescue of her and all that—I still do not believe that Mack and the girl are in league together. In the first place, their demands are so utterly opposed; in the second, I cannot conceive of this young woman's having anything at all to do with Mack. He is a blackmailing scoundrel; she, though acting insanely, is a lady who would not stoop to use the paper for personal profit. Why Mack rescued her I don't profess to understand, but that it means that he has any understanding with her I refuse to believe. And I'm sure that Mack hasn't got the paper. She has it. Why, that's it!" he exclaimed. "She has it, was on the verge of capture—was captured—and Mack rescued her. He rescued her, thinking that he could later obtain it from her. But he was immediately locked up, and since his release she's been in this house. Though she was out to-day—shopping, she told my wife—I do not believe she saw Mack. He is out of the game—for the present, at any rate.

"And the other man—Grant. From what you have told us, Greenham, it seems certain that he is no friend of Mack, although the latter gave him the paper. But he is a friend of Miss Rowland. More—he must be her lover. To no one else would he have confided the nature of that document. To no one else would he have apportioned a part in this little play.

"If this man Grant communicates with me I shall tell him that unless he surrenders the paper—provided that she hasn't it—he will never see her again. Further, if he threatens publication I will inform him that when it comes Martin Masterman's time to be destroyed by his enemies he will take whatever of those enemies he can along with him. I will tell him that publication means death to me; it will also mean death to Miss Rowland. Any more objections?"

The others were silent. Masterman spoke again:

"We'll give her a chance. If she is stubborn Cardigan will take her to Bellmere. You, Greenham, will at once order a woman operative, impersonating Miss Rowland, to take the night train to Chicago. Then let her disappear for awhile. This is merely in case Grant should try to trace the young woman. He might hire some private detective agency to locate her. They would learn that the supposed 'Miss Rohan' had received a telegram and left at once for Denver. It merely covers her trail. For I shall see that my servants know of the telegram which Keeler will send here, and of Miss Rohan's sudden departure.

Not Only Was the Game Up, But Masterman Had Him on the Hip!

"Then, if Grant loves the girl—and he must love her—he will know that it is useless to attempt tracing her, and if he has the paper in his possession he will surrender."

"You count a lot on the effect of love, don't you?" sneered Cardigan.

"The force that has made history is hardly to be scoffed at," was Masterman's reply. Then he gave his last instructions:

"Greenham, you keep after this Grant—and Mack, too, though I cannot see where he figures. Cardigan, you stay with this girl at Bellmere; but"—and he spoke with sudden vehemence—"if you harm her you'll settle with me. You, Blaisdell, go home and try to stop whimpering. Ready?"

He pressed a bell; a servant came, and immediately left to inform Miss Rohan that Mr. Masterman would like to see her in his library. Little Laurel had just been put to bed, and Kirby was on the verge of retiring to her own room. Mrs. Masterman and Kirby, in fact, were just parting in the hall outside Laurel's bedroom when the servant gave Kirby the message.

"If Mr. Masterman gets to talking art he doesn't know when to stop. I think I'll say good night now," smiled Mrs. Masterman. Impulsively she kissed Kirby, and with a heavy heart—why is it that a spy, doing a gallant service, despises himself?—Kirby went to the library.

Once across the threshold, seeing that Masterman was not alone, recognizing the faces of Blaisdell and Cardigan from their newspaper pictures, she would have turned and fled the room; but Greenham was too quick. He closed the door and locked it; and Kirby recognized him. She knew the purpose of the meeting. But the color came back to her cheeks as quickly as it fled. Her lips curled in a smile; her eyes sparkled with that light that illumines the eyes of the born fighter going joyously into battle. She had had tremors before; she had been frightened before; but this had been as the nervousness of the soldier on the eve of battle. Battle itself she did not dread. Moreover, she had taken a quick liking, that was really warm affection, for Laurel Masterman. It irked Kirby to be masquerading in the home of Laurel. She was glad the issue was joined. She waited for Masterman to speak.

"Miss Rowland," he said heavily, "you are in my house on false pretenses. You can go to jail for that."

"I dare you to send me there, Mr. Masterman," she smiled.

"We'll discuss that later. First, I want a paper which you possess. We won't beat about the bush, please. You know the paper I mean."

"Certainly. I shall not give it to you."

"Then we shall be compelled to search your effects."

She laughed.

"You are perfectly welcome. It is not among them."

"Then you will tell us where it is."

Again she laughed.

"You think so?"

"I am certain of it. If not now—in the future."

She met his eye.

"Mr. Masterman, I will never surrender that paper until the work which I have begun is finished. You may kill me, if you dare, but you will not get that paper."

Only a fool could have doubted her sincerity. There was nothing to be gained by argument. Resolute, unafraid, defiance in every inch of her, Kirby faced the master of transportation; and the great financier was a reader of character. He knew that it was hopeless to argue, futile to threaten. The only thing to do was to imprison Kirby, wait for Grant to make a demand, and then use her as the club to swing over him.

Ten minutes later a burly man descended the steps of the side entrance to the Masterman mansion, bearing a limp figure in his arms. He placed his burden inside the waiting limousine, and spoke one word to the chauffeur: "Hurry!"

XVII

GRANT telephoned the Masterman home in the morning. Both Kirby and he had agreed that telephoning was not the safest thing in the world, yet, if he asked for Miss Rohan, and their conversation was confined to conventionalities, there seemed hardly any risk. He, of course, would give an assumed name if requested to tell who wished to speak with Miss Rohan. There might be danger, but in the midst of the dangers which surrounded them this particular one seemed almost negligible.

"Miss Rohan is not here," said the servant who answered his call.

"Not there!" Grant was aghast. "What do you mean?"

"She left last night for Denver," was the amazing reply.

For a moment, dazed, Grant could say nothing. And when he could it was merely a feeble question:

"Are—are you sure?"

"Certainly, sir," said the servant icily. "If it's anything important you may speak with Mr. Masterman. His instructions are that anyone calling for Miss Rohan shall be connected with him if desired."

"Let me speak to him," said Grant hoarsely.

A moment later a harsh voice sounded in his ears.

"Well, who is this? Someone asking for Miss Rohan?"

"Yes, a friend of hers. I'm told she left for Denver last night."

"Are you inquiring for Miss Rohan or Miss Rowland?" queried the financier.

The game was up! Grant choked back an explanation.

"Either one," he stammered.

A grim chuckle came along the wire.

"Well, to any friends of Miss Rohan that happen to have known of her presence in town, I can only say that she received a telegram last night and took the night train for Chicago en route for Denver. To anyone asking for Miss Rowland, I can only say that if that person knew of Miss Rowland's presence in my home he must also know of the existence of a certain little paper. Am I correct?"

Grant glanced over his shoulder. He was telephoning from a drug store. His was the only booth. It would be impossible for Masterman to work the trick he had attempted when Kirby had phoned him—that of trying to attempt detention of the person talking with him. Drug stores do not have house detectives amenable to the sudden commands of money. Escape was easy if necessary. And of this last, now that Kirby was known for what and whom she was, he was not certain there was necessity. The game was up! Yet he temporized.

"And if you are correct? What then?"

"Then, Mr. Dixon Grant," snapped Masterman, "if you care to see Miss Rowland again you will turn that paper over to me at once."

"And supposing that I meet threat with threat? Unless I hear from Miss Rowland within the hour—she knows where to reach me—and learn that she is not annoyed by you, I will turn that paper over to the newspapers."

"Who wouldn't print it," jeered Masterman.

"Are you sure? I have noticed that one paper, the Citizen, seems glad to print anything that tends to show you up for what you really are! Furthermore, you seem to think yourself that certain papers would print it, else why did you grant universal transfers? Let's not bluff. You've hidden Miss Rowland away. You've taken advantage of her assumption of Miss Rohan's identity to concoct a telegram calling her away in order that anyone anxious to see the real Miss Rohan would be fooled. And also to clear yourself of any charge of abduction. Very clever! Only it doesn't work, Mr. Martin Masterman! One hour! If I don't hear from Miss Rowland by then I turn that precious document over to the papers!"

"And if you do, Mr. Grant, do you know what will happen? My life will be in danger—in fact, I am prepared to admit that I do not believe there is a spot on earth where

I would be safe from the people. I am ready to take my medicine; but someone else will take it before myself. As surely as I speak to you now, Mr. Grant, so surely will Miss Kirby Rowland go before me! If I'm to die, so does she—and first! Now then, do you print that paper or do you give it up to me? I'll reward you. You'll not lose anything by abandoning this insane scheme of yours to ruin property. You'll be rich ——"

A click at the other end of the wire made him realize that he was pouring his golden promises into a lifeless machine. For Grant had hung up and staggered from the booth. Not only was the game up, but Masterman had him on the hip! There was no doubting the sincerity of Masterman's threat. Grant believed implicitly that the publication of that paper meant the signing of Kirby's death warrant. His first impulse had been to promise Masterman surrender of that paper at once; to tell him where it was. That he did not yield to his impulse was due to no lack of love for Kirby, no disregard of the danger that menaced her; it was due to common sense—common sense which, even in this moment of surprise and shock, bade him hesitate. Dimly he could see that there was a weakness in Masterman's position, that the financier was by no means impregnably intrenched in his demands. But he realized that until his brain cleared from the cloud that Kirby's capture had caused he was in no position to deal with Masterman. One thing alone was clear to him—while publication of that paper was withheld Kirby was safe! Masterman would not dare harm her, knowing the inevitable result. Masterman would wait.

As he walked up the street his mind cleared; his mental processes became lucid once more. He sat down on a bench in a little park and reviewed the situation. Kirby had been captured; she had been smuggled away to some hiding place. Her trail had been covered by the pretense of her having received a telegram calling her to Denver. To the police Masterman could say that he had no idea that Miss Rohan was not what she represented herself to be—the eccentric portrait painter. Ostensibly, Miss Rohan had started for Denver; in reality, she had been taken ——

She was not in the Masterman home, that was positive. Masterman would not dare keep her there. So he had had her taken somewhere else. That was as certain as the course of the sun. And so was something else: Before abducting Kirby, Masterman had tried to get the paper from her. No one but a fool would have failed to demand the paper. Masterman was no fool. He had demanded it, and he had not got it! If he had he wouldn't be asking Grant for it. Why hadn't he got it? Because Kirby had refused. And why had Kirby refused? Because the game wasn't up!

It was clear as crystal. Kirby didn't want the paper surrendered. If she had—well, she'd have told Masterman where it was. Why argue any further than that? Moreover, Kirby knew the name of the hotel where Grant was stopping. She'd have got him on the phone and told him what had happened. But why wasn't the game up? Because Kirby relied on him, Dixon Grant, to play it through to a winning finish!

She relied on his wit to extricate her from her danger, and then go through with their plans to the end agreed upon by them.

And if Kirby wasn't a quitter, if Kirby was game enough to risk indignity and restraint, he must do his part. For the time being Kirby was safe. While the paper was unpublished Masterman faced a weapon as dreaded by him as Kirby's capture was hateful to Grant. The odds had shifted, that was all. Instead of being in favor of Grant and Kirby, they were even now. It was up to Grant to rescue Kirby and cause another shifting of the odds in Kirby's war. But how? There must be a way! Kirby, by her refusal to surrender the paper, showed her faith in Grant to find that way. It was up to him to justify that faith. He slumped farther down upon the bench, his brain clear now, and working at its utmost efficiency. Where had they taken Kirby? How could he rescue her?

Half an hour of concentrated thought and his head was dizzy with the problem. It was clear enough what must be done. How to do it he did not yet see clearly. Mechanically he reached for a morning paper, discarded by some earlier loiterer in the park. The sheet was open at the "Want Ads" page, and the first column of this page was devoted to personals. Idly, hardly seeing what he read, his eye went down the column. It stopped and read one advertisement a second time. It was the personal inserted by Harry Mack in every morning paper save the Citizen, which had not run his advertisement for the two simple reasons that Hanrahan had taken it away with him and had not returned, and that Mack had neglected to pay for its insertion. But as in the one intended to be inserted in the Citizen, this one gave the newspaper publishing it as the place to address Mack.

There was no question in Grant's mind as to whom it was addressed to. And this was Thursday. At six P. M., if Mack kept his word, the game would be out of the hands of the self-constituted battlers for the people. And publication—it would not matter to Masterman that Harry Mack caused the publication—Kirby would die. Now, indeed, the game was up! Mack could undoubtedly tell a story so convincing that his inability to produce the paper itself would not greatly affect credence in his tale. A paper like the Citizen, for example, careless of libel suits, would print greedily Mack's story. And Mack would give Kirby's name and his, Grant's. He must see Mack at once, and try to prevent his thwarted cupidity from wrecking a plan destined to ameliorate the conditions of the poor. The man's conscience must be appealed to. Grant must try—— Here Grant laughed at the idea of Mack's having a conscience. Then he remembered how Mack had rescued Kirby from the clutches of the Masterman agents.

Grant had scoffed at the idea that chivalry had actuated that rescue. But did it matter what had actuated it? Mack had done it. For his own reasons Mack had not wanted Kirby captured by Masterman. And then Grant laughed again at his own stupidity. For as Masterman had reasoned so did he at last. Mack had saved Kirby because she held the paper which he did not wish to pass into Masterman's possession. That was the answer to that riddle. And if Mack had saved Kirby once, would he not try it again? And could not Mack, with his underworld cunning, be of invaluable assistance to Grant? Grant alone could hardly hope to rescue Kirby if she were guarded properly. But with Mack—he smiled at the idea of forming an alliance with the crook; but he needed help, and the shrewd brain of Harry Mack could give that help. He entered a telegraph office and swiftly wrote a message:

H. M. Will be in café of Hotel Blank waiting for you.

D. G.

He delivered the envelope to a clerk.

"This will go at once? How soon will it be delivered?"

The clerk saw that it was addressed in care of the Dispatch.

"Boy ought to get down there in the subway in ten minutes."

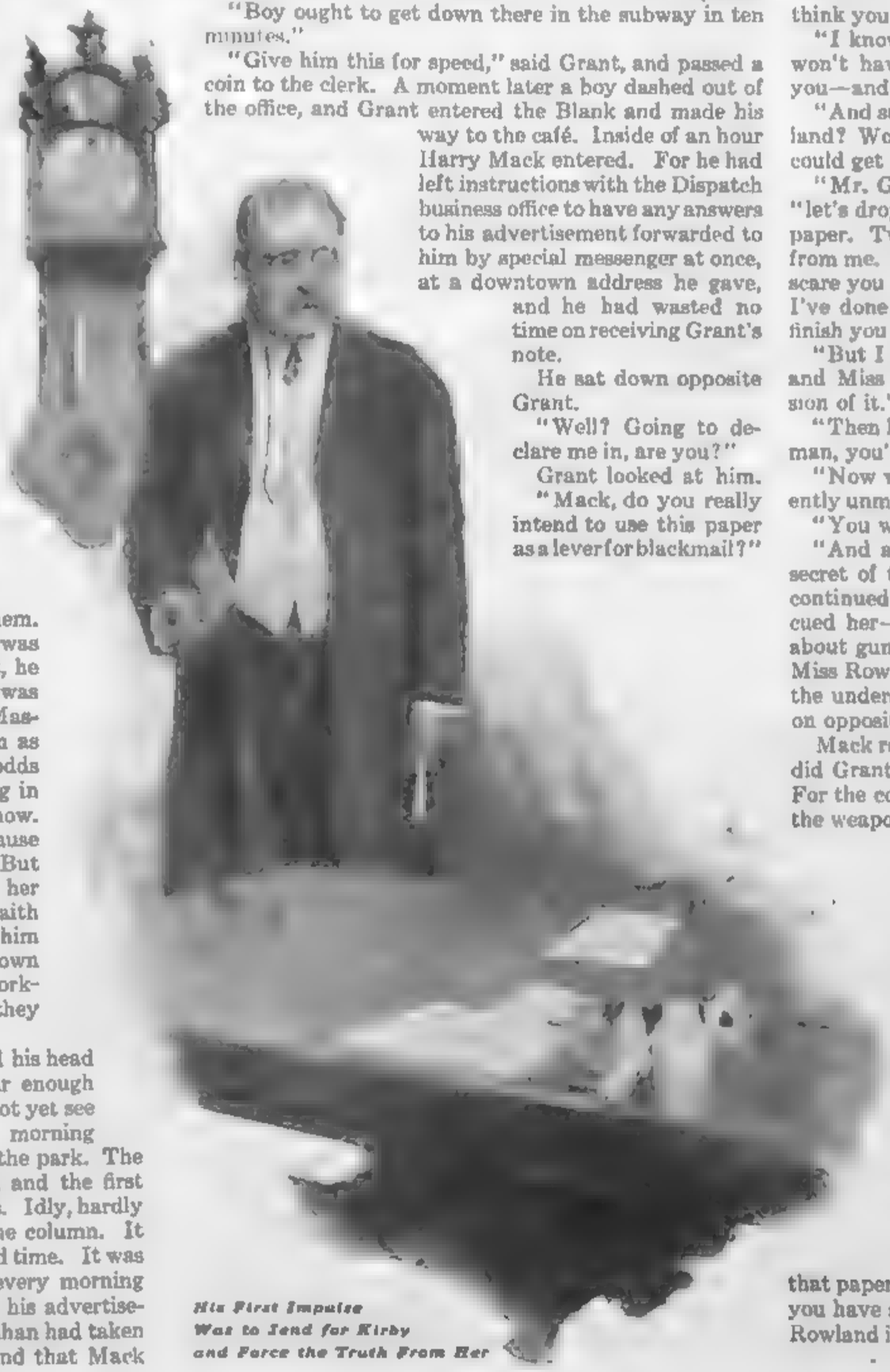
"Give him this for speed," said Grant, and passed a coin to the clerk. A moment later a boy dashed out of the office, and Grant entered the Blank and made his way to the café. Inside of an hour Harry Mack entered. For he had left instructions with the Dispatch business office to have any answers to his advertisement forwarded to him by special messenger at once, at a downtown address he gave, and he had wasted no time on receiving Grant's note.

He sat down opposite Grant.

"Well? Going to declare me in, are you?"

Grant looked at him.

"Mack, do you really intend to use this paper as a lever for blackmail?"



His First Impulse Was to Send for Kirby and Force the Truth From Her

"If you must be so crude of expression—yes," replied Mack.

"And there's no way in which I can persuade you to join with Miss Rowland and myself in using it as a weapon to get the people their rightful dues?"

Mack sneered.

"I can get twenty-five thousand from a newspaper for what I can tell them. Twenty-five thousand is a drop in the bucket compared to what I ought to get; but even a drop is a sizable drink to a man dying of thirst. I don't even get the drop working with you crazy people. Of course I'm going to use that paper for myself. But I'll divide the coin in three pieces—one for each of us. What's the answer? Do you join with me, or do I grab what I can from the papers?"

"Why hurry?" inquired Grant.

"Because you people will gum the game," snarled Mack. "You'll get caught by the Masterman gang and lose the paper, and then where'll I be? You people are the kind that wouldn't back my story up if you didn't have the paper. You'd be afraid of trouble. You'd be afraid of anarchy and heaven knows what not if you corroborated my statements. No, you people aren't after the coin. You'd have got it before this if you had been. Your girl gave me an idea of what you wanted. You want to reform the world. With the paper in your possession you think Masterman will do as you say. He ain't got sense enough to see that you people wouldn't publish the thing anyway, for fear of awful consequences to the country. That's the way I dope you two anyway, and I'll bet I'm right!"

Grant met his angry glance.

"Maybe you are, Mack; but, as you say, no paper is going to pay you a large sum for your story unless Miss Rowland and I corroborate it."

"By your actions," amended Mack. "By the fact that you two are lying low and hiding from Masterman. That'll be corroboration enough, considering the straight yarn I can spring."

"But you're too good a sport to sell for twenty-five thousand when there's a chance for millions."

"Where's my chance?"

"As long as Miss Rowland and I have the paper you think you have a chance, eh?"

"I know I've got a chance," snarled Mack. "But you won't have the paper long. Masterman's gang'll land you—and then I lose."

"And supposing that Masterman had landed Miss Rowland? Would you try to rescue her, thinking that later you could get hold of the paper?"

"Mr. Grant," said Mack, and his voice was menacing, "let's drop the foolish talk. I won't give my story to any paper. Twenty-five thousand or so won't buy that secret from me. I want a million. I put that advertisement in to scare you people. I've done it. I want to get hold of you. I've done it. Now you hand me over that paper or I'll finish you here in this café!"

"But I haven't the paper. It's locked away in a vault, and Miss Rowland is the only one who can get possession of it."

"Then lead me to her. I mean it, Grant. As I'm a living man, you'll be a dead one if you don't. Where is she?"

"Now we're getting down to cases," said Grant, apparently unmoved by the threat. "I don't know where she is."

"You what?"

"And as I don't care to entrust anyone else with the secret of this paper, I thought you'd help me find her," continued Grant calmly. "After we've found her and rescued her—well, then, Mr. Mack, I'll listen to your talk about gun play. But I haven't the paper. I can't get it. Miss Rowland can. Do you want to help me find her, with the understanding that after she's rescued you and I are on opposite sides again?"

Mack removed his hand from his pocket. Not until then did Grant realize how absolutely serious Mack had been. For the coat pocket sagged as the hand was removed and the weapon inside settled back into place. Mack was desperate, but Mack also was the only person Grant knew who could help him now. Wars, even people's wars, can make as strange bedfellows as politics. After Kirby was rescued—but let the future and Dixon Grant take care of Kirby. Kirby would come to no harm from Mack; Grant would die first. Moreover, armed men have been disarmed before this. The risk was slight, thought Grant, compared to the stake at issue—the rescue of a people.

"What's happened?" demanded Mack.

Swiftly Grant told him of Kirby's venture into the house of Masterman, and his own recent telephonic conversation with Masterman.

"You, Mack," he finished, "are powerless while Miss Rowland is in Masterman's hands. Though I warn you that you'll not get hold of that paper while I'm able to prevent you, you can see that you have absolutely no chance to get hold of it while Miss Rowland is a prisoner. Will you help me?"

(Continued on Page 41)

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PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY 20, 1917

Another Side to High Prices

HERE is an anthracite coal mine. The operator can take out forty per cent of the coal at a minimum cost a ton—as he used to do twenty-odd years ago. With improved methods, which involve more expensive equipment and a greater mine cost, he can take out sixty-five per cent of the coal, as at present. The supply of anthracite being strictly limited, so far as known, it is good long-run economy to recover sixty-five per cent and pay somewhat more a ton.

For many years we got cheap lumber by ruthless slaughter of forests, taking the timber that was easiest to reach and wasting much of the rest. On a long view we could have afforded to pay more for lumber then and conserve the timber supply. Cheap coal was wastefully burned; cheap lumber wastefully used. Many instances might be shown where cheapness that involves waste is not good economy.

Especially where it involves waste of human material. Cheap clothes and sweated labor, cheap articles made by overworked children, are not a good investment. Cheap food and discouraged farm boys do not spell long-run prosperity.

High prices that inspired better methods of distribution might well be a gain. In this matter of coal it has been declared that distribution to consumers in cities costs fifty cents a ton more than it should; which—according to a recent statement by members of the Geological Survey—is more than half of the total return on a ton to all the capital invested in the coal industry, including coal lands, mining machinery, railroads and coal yards.

If these high prices brought about a thorough study of our methods and habits of production, distribution and consumption they would be profitable in the long run.

More Coöperation

IF A MAN is selling lead pencils, first of all he wants people to use lead pencils, and in that basic respect his interest is identical with that of his competitors. He ought to be working heartily with them in every legitimate means of promoting the lead-pencil habit.

The principle applies in many cases where it is not so obvious. Banks generally opposed postal savings, in which they saw nothing but competition with themselves. At present, deposits in postal-savings banks are increasing at the rate of a million dollars a week. At the latest report there were six hundred and sixty thousand depositors in these institutions, with more than a hundred million dollars to their credit.

Meantime deposits in other savings banks have increased as never before. Far from injuring other savings banks, postal concerns have helped them. They have got some hundreds of thousands of persons into the habit of saving and made them potential bank customers. They have enlarged the common market.

Savings banks and life-insurance companies are in the same general line of trade. Both have something to sell to those who should make provision for the future. Their tendency has been to regard each other somewhat as competitors, but they ought to work heartily together on the sound principle that whatever either of them can do to enlarge the market for their common article—namely, provision for the future—will ultimately benefit both.

There is a lot of this purblind competition—for example, fratricidal jealousies between railroad and trolley, newspapers and periodical publications, gas and electric light. A pull together to enlarge the common market would be more to the point.

Saving and Insurance

NINE years ago savings banks in Massachusetts were authorized to write life insurance. The idea was that, by cutting out the expense of solicitation and of sending an agent round to collect the premiums, the cost of industrial life insurance could be considerably reduced. In nine years, according to a statement before us, the banks that took advantage of this authorization have written fourteen thousand insurance policies for a total of some six million dollars, which is merely a drop in the bucket.

A sound article of insurance was obtainable at low cost—waiting for anybody to come and take it. But there was no push behind the plan; no one to urge it. So comparatively very few people did come and take insurance.

Recently an enterprising Middle West savings bank formed an alliance with some life-insurance companies and launched a lively campaign to drum up savers and insurers on a plan that made a man's savings-bank balance automatically available to pay his life-insurance premium. Other banks are adopting the idea, and an important accretion of savings and insurance will probably result from it.

The motive, of course, is selfish—the bank wants more depositors; the insurance companies want more policy holders. But it is incomparably better for people to be drummed into saving and insurance through somebody's self-interest than for them not to save and insure.

By a great advertising propaganda the British Government has been selling millions of pounds of war-savings certificates to wage-earners. It wants the money to prosecute the war, and by a vigorous application of that interested motive it has got hundreds of thousands of people into the good habit of saving.

Ideas do not take hold in proportion to their goodness. They take hold in proportion to the steam behind them.

An Opening

BOTH major parties confessedly are bankrupt in issues. Neither stands for any broad, definable program.

What the country most needs is better organization. Europe, for the time being at least, is going over bodily to state socialism, because Germany has demonstrated that the energies of a nation can be more efficiently coördinated under centralized state management than on the individualistic, competitive plan.

We do not want state socialism; but we do want better coördination of national energies. Every intelligent person who looks at Europe, then at the United States, and calculates upon lively after-the-war competition between Europe and the United States, agrees to that.

Both parties have been, in about equal degree, agencies of disorganization and disunion. They have really done nothing to harmonize the pull of interest against interest—as in the case of labor and capital, producer and carrier—but rather have played upon those antagonisms for political gain. Only incidentally have they tried to teach sound economic thinking. They have carefully inculcated hostility to organization in business—only recently coming round, with various reservations, to sanction coöperation among manufacturers for export trade.

Will either party commit itself to a definite principle and program of better organization? That would involve looking over production, distribution and consumption, pretty much as the nations at war have done, to see where coöperation will give a better result than mere blind competition. It would involve continuous effort for a better understanding between interest and interest. It would involve a great propaganda of sound economics.

There is an opening adequate for the most soaring political ambition. But better organization means a lot of hard, sincere work. Is politics up to it?

Justice

A LADY suffering from low spirits carefully empties her revolver into the body of her husband. Of course she is not put on trial for murder. Society does not demand of her simply: "Were you mentally competent?" and "Did you deliberately kill this man?" Instead, she is permitted to put the deceased spouse on trial, without benefit of counsel or clergy; and a sloppy-minded, sensation-hunting audience, morally naked and unashamed, is treated to a real-life, heart-interest circus performance.

She was very happy; her husband was very rude; she is quite sure he was unfaithful; her own flirtations were merely the blind outreachings of an agonized child-soul that found cruel prison bars between itself and the gumdrops it craved. This part of the performance evokes prolonged slobbering from the more susceptible female auditors.

The judge sits by, a figure of shame, helpless to prevent the most solemn function of the law from being converted into a cheap and nasty melodrama.

When a murder trial holds rigidly to this: "Were you mentally competent?"—the answer to be given by disinterested experts—and "Did you deliberately kill?" slobbery sentiment will have to get its thrills at the movies; but there will be fewer murders. At present the "unwritten law" is the law that applies to murder in the United States.

Food Prices

THE final report from Washington puts the outturn of cereals in the United States in 1916 at over a billion bushels smaller than in 1915, and the farm value at over eight hundred million dollars greater.

That smaller production means more money to the producer is an old story. In 1912 farmers raised over three billion bushels of corn, and its farm value on December first was estimated by the Government at slightly over one and a half billion dollars. In 1916 they raised only two and a half billion bushels, and its farm value was over two and a quarter billion dollars—the farm price being eighty-nine cents a bushel against forty-nine in 1912.

Undoubtedly war helps to raise prices, for men are better fed when engaged in destruction than when engaged in production. The International Institute of Agriculture, at Rome, calculates the world's wheat crop for 1916 at a trifle under three and a half billion bushels and its consumption at more than three and three-quarter billion bushels; so there would be an actual lack of bread somewhere but for the large reserve carried over from the big harvest of 1915.

Smaller production and war demand are the big facts about high-priced food.

Shipping Outlook

MARINE war-insurance rates recently advanced to the highest point since the early weeks of the war. In two months last fall England lost, through mine and submarine, about half as much tonnage as in the whole year 1915. Our consul general at Christiania reports that Norway, the next heaviest sufferer, lost ten million dollars' worth of shipping in the same two months.

Up to last fall the submarine, as regards shipping economics, had been little more than a homicidal nuisance. The damage it inflicted was relatively so slight that one could get insurance against it at about one per cent, and shipyards turned out new tonnage about as fast as the old was destroyed. But the loss of five hundred thousand tons by two nations in two months and a rise in war-risk rates to eight per cent for North Atlantic and fifteen per cent for Mediterranean waters suggest a possibly very different complexion. The rise in insurance rates was partly due to a fear among British underwriters that rejection of Germany's peace overtures would bring more vigorous submarine warfare.

That fear, along with last autumn's destruction, suggests that the end of the war—in spite of Germany's interned merchant fleet—may find the world short of ships; in which case a ship would be an excellent investment.

The consul general at Christiania reports that the amount of tonnage now building for Norwegian owners in shipyards at home and abroad cannot be definitely stated, but is estimated at about twelve hundred thousand tons, "a large amount of which is building in American yards." This is no doubt much more ocean tonnage than is building for American owners. Mostly we are still just talking about merchant marine.

It is high time to get that new Shipping Board at work and to inject some ginger into this subject.

The Point of View

YEARS ago a very famous Englishman visiting the United States was escorted by a humble American citizen to a luncheon in a private house. The bottle-nosed cabby manipulated his vehicle so carelessly that the cab step was a good two feet from the carriage block, and the visitor had to step into the mud. The native apologized for this inadvertence; in the rush of American life, he said, many of the nicer points were overlooked. But the Englishman shook his head and asked: "What can your country come to?" He could see no promise for a country that landed distinguished visitors in the mud.

If you had been surveying the state of Italy under Austrian domination along about 1845 you would have found much that from the American point of view seemed utterly unbearable. But to a fine old Italian nobleman at that time the United States seemed the most dreadful of all habited regions of the earth. "There can be nothing more frightful," he solemnly averred, "than a country where servants refuse to give the name of master to those whom they serve."

Of course he was quite right from his point of view. It all depends upon that.

WOMEN, WAR AND WAGES

By Forrest Crissey

UNDER the pressure of war production, industry in America has learned many new things about work and workers; but few of these facts promise greater importance for the future than the findings on the score of the mechanical abilities of women.

Examples given along this line by managers, superintendents and production captains in munitions plants are so extreme as to stagger credulity and make any writer who has a proper regard for his standing hesitate to repeat them—even when they are hedged about with all the qualifying circumstances that he is able to see in connection with them.

Here is an example of what I have encountered along this line of inquiry. It is offered without any reflection upon the veracity of those who have given the statements, and at the same time with the frank admission that they must be accepted or rejected by each reader according to the measure of his faith. All that the writer vouches for is the fact that these statements came from men in high positions as production executives in munitions plants.

"I know of a case," declared the head of a large plant in the Philadelphia district, "where a young woman was put on a machine which had been handled, up to that time, by a man who was considered a very fair worker. Of course an exact record of the number of pieces turned out by him had been kept.

"After this young woman had been at the work for a much shorter time than the man she had succeeded, my attention was called to her score. She was turning out just two and one-half times as much work as he had averaged. True, she was an exceptional girl—probably the most proficient in a force of more than four hundred; but the fact remains that she had many sister workers who were not hopelessly behind her. In short, the girl munitions worker has demonstrated that the somewhat common masculine notion to the effect that the feminine mind is generally incapable of grasping mechanics is utter rot."

A Girl's Amazing Shop Record

THIS story was repeated to a production executive in one of the largest munitions plants in the East, with the comment that it seemed incredible and altogether too much to ask readers to believe.

"If that's too much for you," exclaimed this man in authority over hundreds of women workers at lathes, punches and presses, "you certainly can't stand for a statement of some of the things that have happened right here under my own eyes."

"Well; tell me the worst," I replied.

"There is a certain punch job here that had been held by a machine-tool man who was drawing sixty cents and turning out six units of product to the hour. He was considered a good man at his job too. Among the young women who came to us when the pressure for production decided us to use female help was one who demonstrated, right from the jump, that she had a keen, quick mind, and that her fingers were under its complete control.

"Consequently we decided to try her out on the machine-tool job to which I have just referred. She was put on a nineteen-cent piece basis and given the ordinary amount of coaching. In a very short time she turned out fifty-one perfect pieces in an hour as against the six pieces produced by the man whose place she had taken."

After watching for a moment the effect of this on his hearer the executive resumed:

"You are at liberty to accept this statement or not, as you like. I'm frank to admit that I would have hard work to swallow it if it had not occurred right under my own eyes, and if I were not in a measure prepared for it by the astonishing performance records of scores of other young women workers. The truth is, women are wonderful workers along mechanical lines. They have a deftness of movement and a touch that are marvelous and that turn out work with surprising facility. They are nimble of mind and of finger; and as ordinary operators, tool operators and inspectors they have given an account of themselves calculated to warm the heart of any executive who is pushing for production. In this connection it should be said that the quality of their work is up to a high standard that keeps pace with its volume."

"What about the future for women in mechanical lines?" he was asked.

"I'm not predicting anything beyond the fact that women must be reckoned with in this field. Their performance in this time of high pressure has put them on the map in a way that cannot be ignored. Both American industry and American workingwomen have found out something by this experience that neither is going to forget."

The production head of a large Eastern munitions plant makes the interesting point that girls and women take their tasks at the lathes, presses and benches with more seriousness than men, and that their minds are focused on production with an intentness that translates itself into remarkable results.

"And when it comes to a natural feeling for mechanics," exclaimed this authority, "you would be astonished at the startling demonstrations we have of that here at our plant every day! It is simply another case of feminine intuition taking the short cut and beating the man to it. There are girls who have been working here only a few months, and who are without technical training, who have an understanding of machinery that one would think impossible except as a result of an engineering course.

"Another point that does not get past the manufacturer is the fact that the girl operator does not begin to break so many tools as the boy or even the man at the same stage of experience. My observation is that a force of girl workers in a factory like this breaks about one-third as many tools as an equal force of men and boys—at least, this is true in the use of pellet tools. This is mainly because of the girl's natural manual dexterity. Her fingers move deftly and she does not fumble and blunder like the ordinary boy."

The president of a company making shrapnel fuses says:

"I don't know how we could even handle the job of fuse assembling without women. The adaptability of girls for this peculiar task is simply astonishing. They 'catch on,' as the saying is, with almost incredible quickness. It is hard to exaggerate the value of this distinctive feminine quality of adaptability in mechanical work of this kind. And you can hardly say too much on the score of their intuitive dexterity, their facility with their fingers. This is why they leave the men and boys far behind, as a rule, when it comes to work on primers and fuses, and tasks of that character. The same is true in drill-press work, where nimbleness and sureness of movement are the essential factors in large production. The fingers of the girl or the woman fairly flash in their movements; but they are as sure as they are nimble."

Of course the leading European nations have been learning the lesson of woman's mechanical efficiency on a much larger scale than has the United States; but here it points to a different problem. There the adjustment must naturally be more simple, for the reason that several million men, whose places in industry have been taken by women, will never return to their old jobs. England has now about three and a quarter million women workers, and of these nearly three-fourths of a million are said to be filling places vacated by men who have gone to the Front. In Germany the most plausible authorities place the number of women who are doing industrial work at 4,793,000—or only 495,000 fewer than men thus engaged.

Though the readjustment in the United States, due to the fact that women have demonstrated their natural fitness and feeling for mechanical pursuits, will not be on a scale remotely approaching that of the European countries, it will be more complicated in principle, for the reason that the withdrawal of the abnormal demands on labor due to the Old World war will release the full quota of male workers to fill our normal working demands.

The Office Woman's Wage

FORTUNATELY this problem will not have to be solved in a moment. But it is well to remember that it is posted on the bulletin board of coming events! When womankind put on overalls and took her place at the lathe and the machinist's bench she certainly "started something." All manufacturers who have used women in their plants are agreed on this point.

Now for a glimpse of what has happened to the female salary earner who has stuck to the beaten paths that lead to office doors instead of to the entrance gates of munitions plants. The stenographer and the clerk represent the most numerous battalions of these workers in conventional fields, where the invisible portion of the salary check is the privilege of keeping soft and clean hands, and meeting the public.

Probably the most surprising statement that may be made concerning the present-day status of the stenographer is that her pay has advanced precious little in the last decade. No doubt many stenographers, and perhaps most employers of stenographic talent, will be inclined to question this; but fortunately one of the largest furnishers of this type of workers in America has kept extensive records, covering all the important cities of the United States for a period of more than ten years. This big typewriter company has been a natural source of supply for all grades of stenographic help, and consequently its records are sufficiently comprehensive to afford the basis for an average that is really representative of the whole field.

These records show that in 1906 the average weekly salary received by stenographers in the four largest cities of the country were: New York, $12.90; Chicago, $12.44; Philadelphia, $11.45; Boston, $10.45. To-day the score stands: New York, $13.21; Chicago, $13.02; Philadelphia, $11.66; Boston, $11.67. The average gain in the

ILLUSTRATION BY CARROLL T. BERRY

average stenographer's salary check in these great centers in ten years has been: New York, thirty-one cents; Chicago, fifty-eight cents; Philadelphia, twenty-one cents; Boston, $1.22.

Detroit appears to have done the largest job of salary boosting for its stenographers, so far as any important industrial city is concerned. In 1906 it was paying an average of $8.72, while this year the record stands at $13.52—an advance of $4.80. Richmond is a close second, with a gain of $4.46. San Francisco's average to-day is the highest of any large city, the figures being $15.10; ten years ago its average was $13.62. In connection with the fat wages received by workers in the great munitions center of Pittsburgh it is interesting to note that, according to this authority, the average pay given its stenographers in 1916 is $11.69.

All this, however, does not go to show that there have been no decided changes in the stenographic world as a result of war conditions.

A woman who handles this class of help for perhaps the largest employment organization in New York City declares that a distinctive development of to-day is the more independent and selective attitude of the stenographer who knows she is competent. She subjects both her present and prospective position and employer to a scrutiny not in the cards before. The typical stenographer, in other words, is keenly alive to the possibility of improving her working conditions or salary, or both.

"Her tendency," remarks this expert, who has observed so many, "is to 'shop' round until she is exactly suited. One girl of my acquaintance declined a good position because the location was outside the zone of a five-cent car fare from her boarding place. She said there were plenty of other equally good positions that were not open to this objection. The business man who needs a stenographer may insure himself against getting or keeping a really competent one by intimating that there is a liability he may require stenographic work on Saturday afternoons.

"Hundreds of harassed employers have lost their most valued stenographers of late by asking for overtime work—especially on Saturday afternoons. Again, it has been a period of extensive change and readjustment on the part of the experienced stenographers who have become dissatisfied with the atmosphere of their positions."

According to this authority, if any competent stenographer in New York City is remaining in a position where her employer or any of her working associates are distasteful to her, she is decidedly out of fashion and behind the times. Girls who have previously put up with irksome conditions are now often compelling their employers to change those conditions, or else they are moving on to new places that promise pleasanter environment. In a word, the capable stenographer of 1916 is decidedly "choosey," and keeps her hat and coat within easy reach. If her employer values her services he will do well to remember that it now takes only a slight cause to move her to another office.

Top-Notch Stenographers

Though the average salary of the stenographer has not advanced to any conspicuous extent within the last two years, or the last ten years, that average is admittedly held down by the immensely increased number of novices fresh from the shorthand schools. In other words, the seasoned and capable stenographer is in position today to command a somewhat higher salary than ever before. To a considerable extent she is living up to her opportunities in this respect; but she is apparently quite as much interested in securing working conditions exactly to her liking as in getting an advance in salary. At least this is the observation of a shrewd woman who passes upon hundreds of female applicants for stenographic positions of a better sort. In her opinion there is quite an improvement in the quality of the general run of applicants in this field, due to the fact that the great bulk of beginners became absorbed by industry in the earlier stages of the war boom.

Then, too, this same pressure has relieved the stenographic field of hundreds of girls who were unfitted by birth or lack of education to become competent office help, but who are admirably adapted to the bench or the lathe of the munitions plant, or to a line of mechanical work in a factory that has had its working force depleted by the demands of the munitions makers. Naturally this shifting of that element in the stenographic field least adapted to its demands also has the effect of improving the class of beginners now available for the shorthand schools.

Fewer girls of almost no education, who distinctly lack the mental quickness necessary to secure even a moderate success as stenographers and typists, crowd into the classes of shorthand schools simply because stenographic positions appear to give more leisure and comfort, and perhaps more pay, than a "store job." They can make unprecedented wages at munitions work without the mental stress and the expense of a course of study. Therefore, the ranks of shorthand undergraduates are relieved of a considerable burden in the way of vocational misfits.

This same authority says there is unquestionably a larger number of highly paid office positions open to women to-day than ever before; that a competent law stenographer, for example, is often able to secure thirty and even thurty-five dollars a week; and that these figures are also within reach of the woman stenographer who is capable of handling dictation and correspondence in German, French and Spanish. Uncle Sam's increased trade with foreign countries has created hundreds of good positions for the stenographers who are at home in languages other than English, says this woman who finds desk positions for hundreds of girls and women of the better grade.

Women Bookkeepers' Pay

"Another office helper," she says, "who has bided her time to secure concessions is the bookkeeper. If she is fairly competent her employer will do almost anything within human reason rather than let her go. He has, perhaps, a keener dislike for changing bookkeepers than for changing stenographers. The bookkeeper has not always realized this, but the pressure of war prosperity has brought this out conspicuously.

"In one way the woman bookkeeper has, in a sense, been a little more independent than the average man in the same line, for the reason that the man has more often been the breadwinner for a family. At any rate, she has experienced a decided awakening to the fact that she is now in better position than ever before to get the concessions necessary to make her situation more comfortable, and perhaps more profitable. This fact is not allowed to escape my attention for a moment, because I receive inquiries daily from this class of women workers, who are looking about for places better to their liking, or for those to which they can go if their present employers do not grant them the concessions they ask."

When this specialist in female office help was asked whether many of these office positions were not held by women who are no longer young, she answered:

"Certainly they are! Do not think for a moment that gray hairs are a handicap to a woman applicant for a position of this class and character. If anything gray hairs count as a help. The average business man might prefer a young woman for ordinary stenographic work, but when it comes to a woman who has the handling of accounts, of moneys, and even of highly technical matters—like legal stenography, for example—I am convinced that he looks with favor upon gray hairs and the settled temperament and ripened judgment which are supposed to go with them.

"What salary does a good woman bookkeeper get? I could, by consulting our records, show you scores of them who are drawing twenty-five dollars a week now. Of course some are drawing still better than that. That, however, is way above the average, and is mentioned only as an indication that competent women bookkeepers are not lightly considered, especially in these days of readjustment."

Shorthand schools have an unprecedented enrollment of students who are, according to a visiting expert, of uncommon fitness for work. In seven of these schools it was found that all their students were placed as fast as graduated, and that this failed to fill their applications from industry by about twenty-five per cent.

According to the head of an organization which places many thousands of stenographers every year, Greater New York alone has more than forty thousand stenographers and typists, of which fully four-fifths are girls and women. By this authority the great army of stenographers is divided into two classes—juniors and seniors—the latter being those who receive more than twelve dollars a week. The juniors are estimated as representing sixty per cent of the whole body of operators.

One specialist in the placing of women who work in offices makes the interesting observation that the girl clerk does not find it quite so easy to place herself in a new position as does the stenographer, for the reason that her experience does not "carry" from one position to another so readily as the stenographer's.

"Only a few weeks ago," remarked this keen observer, "I had an example in point, which is typical of a large class of experiences in the same line. A girl came in here who was getting fifteen dollars a week checking invoices. She was determined to leave her place at once, because certain elements in her environment were distasteful. Both her appearance and her record were excellent. The only opening for her at the moment seemed to be a position in which her work would be estimating materials. Her experience in checking invoices does not count in her new work and she is, therefore, set back to twelve dollars a week. If she was a stenographer she would undoubtedly have escaped this setting-back process. This is one of the disadvantages of doing clerical work instead of stenography."

The influence of the war upon the earnings of women appears to parallel, as a rule, the effect it has had in the field of male earnings. In other words, the largest increase in pay has come to the rougher and harder forms of labor. The scrubwoman has at last come into her own and has had a decided uplift in her wage scale, while the earnings of the "saleslady" and of the office girl have stuck at about the same old figure.

The head of a large Chicago department store says that scrubwomen who were content to get six dollars a week before the war can now command from nine to twelve dollars, with three meals a day at the store restaurant. This authority explains that foreign women of the immigrant class generally seek employment as scrubwomen when they land in this country. After they have been here about six months they generally contrive to master enough English and to learn enough of American ways to step up from the scrubbing squad into more profitable work.

Since the outbreak of the war, however, hardly any women of this class of labor have arrived from Europe. Those in this field, however, have graduated from it and left vacancies that can be filled only by a raise of wages ranging from fifty per cent to one hundred.

Good Times for Cash Girls

About the same situation has developed in the department store in regard to porters. The green immigrant man just over is naturally inclined to look for work as a porter. In this capacity a fair wage was a dollar and a half a day before war conditions made themselves felt. A store that secured all the porter help it needed at this figure is now paying two dollars and thirty cents and expects it will not long be able to meet its needs at that price.

The lowly cash girl of the department store is one of the star beneficiaries of the war-wage scale. Where before she was content to start in at two dollars and a half a week she now begins at four sometimes at five. Stock boys have been advanced at about the same rate. They now begin at six dollars a week instead of at four.

One of the most interesting effects of the war-wage situation is the earlier attainment of long trousers on thousands of boys. The pressure of the demand for boy workers has become so intense that this symbol of adolescence is available at a younger age than ever before to the boy who prefers to go out into the present wage harvest rather than stick in school.

Though it is true that the present period of the swollen pay envelope has made it possible for thousands of families to keep their boys in school, whereas before it was not possible, it is also true that the boys, like their fathers, have tasted the blood of big earning and of a scale of spending beyond their former dreams. They are eager to get their share while the getting is good—irrespective of the fact that they are not positively compelled to toil and turn their entire earnings over to the head of the family.

The pressure of war prosperity has produced few effects more interesting than that of eliminating certain forms of juvenile loafing in the big industrial centers—at least in reducing it to a state of unpopularity that it has never known under conditions of ordinary industrial activity.

Here's one example, and the way in which this unpremeditated uplift worked out in an individual case is typical of an extensive class of experience. The pool rooms of a certain West Side district in Chicago were frequented by a boy who came of a fairly decent family, but fell into bad ways and contrived to pick up enough money to maintain his vice by "skinning greenhorns" at the pool tables. Of course he was welcomed by the management of the pool room, because he acted as a "come-on," who encouraged business. In this way he was able to "rustle" about eight dollars a week from the pockets of pool players who overestimated their skill with the cues.

The Temptation to Work

Once or twice, it is said, this young man fell into the hands of the law for some minor offenses and was sent to the bridewell. In short, he had taken the preparatory course in criminal training. Then came the war, with its urgent demand for workers. Consciously or unconsciously the attitude of the police and of the officers intrusted with the enforcement of the law seemed to change from passive tolerance of the pool-room and saloon loafer to that of resentment against idling and loafing.

This new form of moral pressure made itself felt to a decided extent in the locality frequented by this boy. Week by week his appointed job became more lonesome and less interesting, attended by an increasing number of unfriendly glances. At last he surrendered to this uncomfortable pressure, and when offered a job paying almost four dollars a day he went to work. He was surprised to find how interesting a real job was, and how agreeable it was to find himself regarded with the friendly eyes with which the world looks upon a producer. The sensation was decidedly different from that of being regarded as a loafer and a "skin." The boy was skillful with his hands and made good on his job.

Finally, however, his ambition was awakened by his work to the point where his mind was made up to a life enlistment in the ranks of the workers. He saw that a steady job, with a future before it, was more important than easy money for the passing moment. Consequently he watched his chance and found an opportunity to change to an eighteen-dollar job in a factory, where he has an excellent prospect ahead.

One informant familiar with this phase of city life says that he is personally acquainted with half a dozen young men who would not work at low wages, but preferred the shifty arts of loafing and panhandling until war prosperity came along and offered its prizes. This was a temptation too strong to be resisted, and these professional loafers have now left their life of idleness and belong to the dinner-bucket brigade. In the opinion of this informant it is probable they will remain permanently in the ranks of the producers; at least they will stick until a period of depression throws them into the old life of idleness again. Work is much a matter of habit and is decidedly catching—especially when adorned with the enticing bait of big wages.

The peculiar situation the middle-class male salary worker has been up against throughout the war period is graphically shown by the experience of a certain steady and ambitious young man holding an assistant chief-clerkship in a large financial institution in Chicago. His salary is about one hundred dollars a month.

Four years ago he determined to get ahead, taking two hundred dollars in savings as a basis. He used that as a first payment on a lot, on which he borrowed enough to build a house. His monthly payments amounted to thirty-five dollars, decreasing slightly each month. When nearly two years had passed he had paid about $528 on his principal and had an increased value in the property of nearly four hundred dollars. This gave him a total saving of some $928 above his rent, which had been twenty-eight dollars a month. He sold the place at a net profit of $748.

Then he repeated the operation; and at the end of eighteen months he disposed of

(Continued on Page 29)

Good Morning, Have You Used Pears' Soap?

Yes, you've heard that before, but—*do you* use Pears' Soap?

Do you know that Pears' is recognized by chemists as the *ideal* toilet soap? By physicians, as ideal for the complexion?

Do you realize that back of every cake of Pears' is a standard of purity and skill more than a century old?

Do you know that the ordinary toilet soaps you buy contain a large percentage of water?

Do you know that there is not even a trace of moisture in Pears'? That every cake is aged *a year* before it is offered for sale?

Do you realize that a King can have no purer soap than Pears' and that the poorest man can have no more economical soap?

Do you know that Pears' Soap sells for only 15c a cake (box of one dozen, $1.50)? That Pears' Glycerine Soap (scented) sells for 20c a cake (box of 3 cakes, 51c)? They last twice as long as ordinary, un-aged, water-laden soap.

Thousands of families have standardized on Pears'. This means they have ceased to experiment, and order Pears' by the dozen cakes when their supply runs low.

Of course your dealer has Pears'. He has many customers who would refuse to consider any other kind.

If you wish to test Pears' for little expense, Walter Janvier, 419 Canal Street, New York (Pears' United States Agent), will send you a trial cake of the unscented for 4c in stamps.

Pears' Soap, made by A. & F. Pears, Ltd., has the largest sale of any high-grade toilet soap in the world.

This trade mark appears as a water-mark in every sheet

Eastern Star
Business Papers

THE Eastern Manufacturing Company owns and operates at Bangor, Maine, one of the biggest writing paper plants in the world. Its excellent strategic position on tide-water, close to its own forests, gives it a decided advantage in freight rates.

The Eastern controls the important raw materials and processes that affect cost or quality of its papers. Its up-to-date machinery is operated by cheap electric power from a big hydro-electric development. An efficient system of scientific management increases production and reduces overhead. Its ownership of 200,000 acres of spruce forest assures a permanent supply of wood. It owns and operates its own pulp mills and bleach-making plant. The enormous volume of its purchases wins the lowest prices on the big rag markets.

All commercial papers are a mixture of wood and rag fibers. The art of paper making is to mix the right proportions in the right way. Writing paper can be made of rags alone. So can a ring be made of 24-karat gold. One would be about as sensible as the other. For every grade of Eastern Star Business Papers the mixture of rag and wood fiber is scientifically determined by exhaustive study of the practical use to which the paper will be put.

These are the essential manufacturing economies that will help business men understand how we can give so much quality at so little cost in all writing papers bearing the Eastern Star water-mark.

It's the manufacturer's control of raw materials that determines the price you pay for paper

Look at that sheet of paper on your desk, so familiar that you never think of the wonder of it. Listen. To bring that scrap of paper to you:—

Woodsmen felled trees in a northern wilderness in the zero-depths of winter. Lumberjacks risked their lives driving logs down mountain torrents.

Men toiled over great vats like witches' cauldrons that boiled and stewed with steam and gases.

Chemists peered into retorts and test-tubes and stirred strange mixtures in their laboratories.

Ragpickers combed the world's great cities.

Miners burrowed hundreds of feet into the earth.

Tugs towed barges around stormy headlands.

Waterfalls were harnessed to great dynamos to breed tame thunderbolts of electricity.

Men brewed chlorine gas, the terror of modern warfare, and turned it to a peaceful purpose.

All that and more men did to bring to your desk one crisp sheet of Eastern Star Business Paper.

There is a suitable quality at a right price for each purpose—letterheads, business forms, ledgers, advertising printing, and every commercial use

EASTERN MANUFACTURING COMPANY, Bangor, Maine

(Continued from Page 26)

his second place at a net profit of six hundred dollars, making the total earnings he had made by investment and by judicious discretion in the business of building about $1348 at the end of three and a half years.

At this point the increased cost of living began to pinch. Unfortunately he had invested about eight hundred dollars in another lot. Because of the big increase in the cost of building materials and building labor, the house he had planned was not put up. Now his lot is lying idle and the taxes are making him groan.

Living expenses have increased immensely and his present rent demands more from him each month than did his payments for his first house.

In the last six months he has saved nothing. Instead of watching his thrifty savings scheme add a little each month to his resources, his eyes are now fixed on the high cost of living, the thermometer of which is steadily climbing. Semimonthly his glance anxiously shifts to the figures on his salary check. They have not moved up a peg. As a self-starting thrifter he is a little discouraged; and when he hears what munitions workers and all other laborers, from common to semiskilled, are getting his disposition undergoes a severe strain. He says the only possible relief he can see ahead is the hope that he may be continued in his position and at his present salary when thousands of unskilled laborers who are now getting unprecedented wages are out on the street looking for jobs.

This young man, who receives one hundred dollars a month, is unable to draw any appreciable amount of sympathy from his fellow clerks. Most of them are able to point out to him that he is getting considerably more than they are and that he has at least something salted away for a rainy day. They remind him that they have reason to complain if anyone has.

Speaking of the situation generally, junior bank clerks appear to be getting from thirty-five to sixty dollars a month, depending upon their length of service; while, upon the same basis, senior clerks receive from sixty-five to eighty dollars a month. Bank "cage men" are a little better paid, their salaries ranging from seventy to ninety dollars a month. "Currency men" and stenographers seem to be in about the same class on the salary list, drawing from seventy-five to one hundred dollars a month. Stenographers drawing eighty-five dollars a month or more, however, are usually classed as secretaries.

The Tale the Tellers Tell

The salaries of tellers range from ninety to one hundred and twenty-five dollars a month in the large banks. If the man at the receiving or paying window who handles your funds gets one hundred and twenty-five dollars a month, or more, he is above the average, and his ability is being recognized in his pay.

When official rank is reached in banking circles salaries have a remarkably wide range, but the starting point is about twenty-five hundred dollars a year. Many bank presidents receive salaries of more than twenty-five thousand dollars a year, and it is reported that some of these officials get in the neighborhood of one hundred thousand dollars a year.

Though every bank clerk begins with the idea of becoming a president some day, times like the present compel him to turn sadly speculative eyes upon the callings where the worker enjoys less "class" and fewer white collars and sport shirts, but more coin at the end of the month.

The general manager of a New York labor exchange which handles about nine hundred accepted applications a month says that bookkeepers and clerks generally have not been advanced in salary to exceed ten per cent since the start of the war. He even believes that ten per cent is a high estimate. Bank clerks have benefited to some extent, in his opinion, by the war pressure. Every financial institution has been swamped with business, and consequently the call for additional help has been loud and strong. Contrary to precedent and tradition, therefore, the bank clerk and bookkeeper have looked at their positions in the light of competitive demand, and have forced a raise out of the scheduled order for advancement.

According to this man, whose observation is remarkably broad, the bank clerk who changes one employer for another, as a rule, does not realize more than three dollars a week as a result of his move. Young boys just starting at clerical work, in positions which are expected to be permanent and lead to promotion, begin at six dollars a week now, instead of at four dollars, and are extremely scarce at that. Male stenographers of the better grade, when taking initial positions, now receive fifteen dollars a week as against ten paid before the war.

In concert with nearly all students of the salary problem of to-day, this expert in furnishing office help calls attention to the fact that the perplexed employer of to-day is more inclined to pay an advanced price for the new or additional office help he must have than an advance in the salaries of his established helpers of the same grade. Of course he justifies this attitude on the ground that he will retain his old employees after he is obliged to dismiss the later recruits to his pay roll.

The extent to which the conflict between the classy allurement of the white-collar position and the sordid attainments of the munitions-maker's wage is pressing for an adjustment in the minds of workers is oddly illustrated by the experience of a young man in the Philadelphia district.

Back to the Overalls

His family had been inclined to education and had a decided leaning toward the professions. At the outbreak of the war, when the labor scouts were beating the highways for helpers who wanted big earnings in preference to genteel positions, Jimmy yielded to their bland statements and felt quite heroic—especially after he struck his gait and made an average of six dollars a day straightening rifle barrels.

It was rather expert work and for that reason was decidedly interesting. Consequently Jimmy was happy in his job until a particular circumstance impressed him with the fact that he was not living up to family traditions in making his way by the sweat of his brow rather than by the exercise of his mental faculties. After an inward struggle of some duration and seriousness Jimmy finally decided in favor of the family traditions and secured a transfer to the clerical department of the munitions plant, where his salary check was just one-half of what his pay envelope had contained, on the average, when he was a wage-earner.

For a time the consciousness that he was in the class to which he belonged, and that his working garments were neat enough to wear to a family gathering, seemed to fill the void between eighteen dollars and thirty-six. After awhile, however, Jimmy began to work his arithmetic overtime and to neglect the worship of his proud family traditions. He grew restless and irascible, and finally applied to the management for a shift back to his old job, on the ground that his eyes could not stand the strain of clerical work. But now they have no difficulty in squinting along the length of scores of shining rifle barrels and detecting the slightest curvature; and they can also see eighteen dollars a week in his savings account that was not visible when he wore a white collar at his work.

The question as to how the men who are helping to prepare "preparedness" for Uncle Sam are faring in comparison with those who are making munitions for other nations is both interesting and pertinent. On this score Col. George Montgomery, commandant of the Frankford Arsenal, at Philadelphia, said:

"There has been no advance whatever in the pay of government clerks, so far as I am informed, since the advance in prices; but there has been a very appreciable advance in the pay given to labor and to shopmen.

"In 1909 we were able to get plenty of labor for $1.50 a day. During the years between 1909 and this year that rate was advanced to only $1.76; but within the present year it has gone from $1.76 to $2.40. Ordinary workers on machines have been advanced from $1.76 to $2.24 and $2.40 a day here at the Arsenal. These men are not skilled mechanics at all in any sense of the word. We pay a little more to those working outside the shops than to those working inside. Other people here earn up to $3.50 and four dollars a day, without counting piecework reward.

"The fact is, we have men loading shells who have been earning seven dollars a day, without any overtime. And they deserve it. Before piecework was established the men did not make so much, and we did not have to pay so much before the present labor stringency began.

BLUE STREAKS

These Tires Must Be the Best We Can Make

Every Goodyear Blue Streak Bicycle Tire is our card of introduction to some boy. Through this tire he gets his first impression of The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company. And first impressions are lasting.

Some day that boy will own an automobile and we will want to sell him tires for it. Or he will own a power plant and will be a prospect for belts and packing.

Can't you see that we *must* give him in Blue Streak Bicycle Tires a product that will reflect credit upon the name of Goodyear?

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company
Akron, Ohio

GOODYEAR
AKRON

"Smacking Good"

PEP-O
LIFE S
FOURTEEN sweet little LIFE SAVER breath kisses wrapped in a novel tin-foil roll.
Look for the package with the name LIFE SAVERS; then you are sure of getting the pure, genuine candy mints.
The hole identifies each mint and the name LIFE SAVERS identifies the whole package.
MINT PRODUCTS CO.
New York
Canadian Sales Agents:
MacLean, Benn & Nelson, Ltd.
Montreal
5¢
Everywhere
PEP-O-MINT
LIFE SAVERS

Always Sold in the Yellow Box
Pro-phy-lac-tic
REG. IN U.S. PAT. OFF.
Pro-phy-lac-tic
A CLEAN TOOTH NEVER DECAYS.
GUARANTEED
FLORENCE MFG CO
GUARANTEE
IF THIS BRUSH FAILS TO GIVE THE SERVICE WHICH YOU THINK IT SHOULD RETURN IT TO US AND WE WILL SEND YOU A NEW BRUSH WITHOUT CHARGE
FLORENCE MFG. CO.
FLORENCE MASS.
THE LONG TUFT CLEANS THE BACK TEETH AND INNER SURFACES OF ALL THE TEETH.
"A CLEAN TOOTH NEVER DECAYS".
MARKED WITH ONE OF THESE IDENTIFYING SYMBOLS YOUR BRUSH HUNG ON ITS HOOK DRIES QUICKLY AND ALWAYS HAS ITS OWN PLACE.
PAT. OF F.
RD TOOTH BRUSH. PRESERVES THE TEETH.
THE WORLD'S STANDARD
REG. IN U.S. PAT. OFF.
FIT THE TEETH AND CLEAN THE TEETH WHERE DECAY START-
N TOOTH NEVER DECAYS"
"A Clean Tooth Never Decays"
The tooth brush that really cleans between the teeth

"Last July toolmakers were advanced twenty per cent. They have been advanced once since then. The advance in the pay of mechanics was as follows:

"Machine-tool makers have been advanced from the rate of $3.52, maximum, to five dollars a day. The lowest-paid have been advanced from $2.76 to $3.24 a day. Foremen have been pushed ahead from $4.25 and five dollars to from six to nine dollars a day. As a matter of fact, there are only two who are getting nine dollars a day. They are night foremen. They are practically night superintendents. They get three thousand dollars a year. Of course they get no piecework payments. Neither do mechanics working on instruments, because the work is too irregular and not of sufficient volume to warrant piecework payments.

"Operatives of automatic screw machines get $4.56 a day, and piecework raises that. Though these men—about fifty in number—are not machinists, they are bright and resourceful workmen. If they were not they could not operate such machines.

"The men in the shops have had large advances. In other words, it was no more than natural that we had to meet competition. On the other hand, the clerks have had no advances; though, of course, they have to pay just as high prices for necessities as the shopmen."

The Pay of Railroad Men

Railroad salaries out on the lines are certainly not on the munitions scale. When the average station agent compares his earnings with those of the members of one of the "brotherhoods" of railroad employees he is not moved to any great amount of hilarity. The country-station agent in the Middle West who receives above seventy-five dollars a month is undoubtedly more fortunate than most of those who hold down jobs like his. If he has half a dozen men or more under him his pay may amount to close to a hundred dollars a month; but if it goes above that point his post is an important one and he must show himself to be an executive and a business-getter.

The freight clerk out on the line is able to command fifty-five dollars a month and a cashier about sixty-five. A telegraph operator and ticket agent is not likely to receive much under sixty-five or more than seventy-five dollars a month in salary.

A prominent railroad executive remarked that the clerks and their helpers receiving from forty to eighty-five dollars a month are, of all railroad employees, the ones who feel the present high cost of living most keenly, because their salaries are stationary and the range of their natural and legitimate wants is continually increasing.

In spite of all this, there seems to be no trouble in filling these posts with young men who are intensely disinclined to step out of the white-collar class. Not a few of them, according to this railroad official, whose view is a broad one, have had some college training—about enough, perhaps, to give them the feeling that it would be beneath them to work for wages instead of a salary, even though the wages were decidedly the larger.

He does not consider it unnatural that these young men should prefer to do clean work instead of dirty, or that they would rather wear neat business suits, white collars and sport shirts at their work than to go about in soiled overalls. He only makes the point that for the first time in the history of this country there is a genuine economic pressure to determine how high a value, in dollars and cents, young men of this class put upon the gentility of clerical pursuits—upon white-collar associations as contrasted with the grime of the shop.

Apparently one must count on working in a city railroad office for at least five years before being able to draw ninety dollars a month; and he must give a good account of himself, at that, in order to reach that point on the salary scale. On the other hand, brakemen and firemen start at about that rate of wages. At least in the West the brakeman or fireman who is fairly steady and capable may reasonably expect to find himself drawing a hundred and fifty dollars a month within from three to five years from the time when he begins his work with the railroad.

In other words, the testimony of those familiar with promotion and pay in railroad service indicates that it takes the clerk longer to achieve a ninety-dollar-a-month position than is required for a brakeman or a fireman to reach a one-hundred-and-fifty-dollar job—and overalls and dinner-pail living are decidedly cheaper than natty business suits and the sort of sustenance and associations they demand.

In the words of a rate clerk, whose brother has just been promoted out of the fireman class:

"Bill has it over me, coming and going. His pay is not quite double my salary and he doesn't have to spend a cent to put on dog—not a cent! The more grease and dirt he can accumulate, the more efficient he appears. What's more, he's independent. Lord, he's independent! That's a luxury to an office man. He has to play up to a lot of superiors who are all pulling in different directions. The dignity of a position and the splendor of a two-dollar shirt are the most expensive mistakes I ever made. Bill's pay envelope proves that to me every time I see it. I'm certainly in on the wrong side of the railroad game.

"As a boy, in Sunday-school, I learned a text to the effect that blessed are the humble: for they shall be exalted. If that verse wasn't built to fit these days in the field of work and its compensation, then I can't understand a line of the Scriptures. Right now the brand of meekness that doesn't balk at putting on overalls and grabbing a dinner bucket is the sort which is inheriting the earth at the rate of about three hundred and thirty-three and a third per cent."

A traveling salesman for a large wholesale grocery whose territory is nearly one hundred miles from Chicago makes this interesting comment on the condition of the clerks in the retail-grocery trade of a district that is decidedly prosperous:

"The best-paid retail grocery clerk in all my acquaintance—and I have more than three hundred customers—draws twenty-five dollars a week and has a reputation throughout my entire district of being a wonder. Other clerks speak of him as a man who has arrived, and they think of his salary check with a mixture of envy and admiration. They may well envy him, for the rank and file of them are not getting more than fifteen dollars a week; in fact, I am convinced that the average pay of this class of workers is not more than twelve dollars a week.

"In other words, they are getting about two-thirds as much as the commonest kind of street labor commands in their towns. A laborer who can scarcely speak English is able to get three dollars a day in many of the towns where these experienced clerks—most of them keen, energetic and faithful boys, who are keen business-getters—are getting twelve. In some of the towns in my territory the difference between the pay of the unskilled wage-earner and the experienced grocery clerk is considerably larger than this."

The Ill-Paid Grocery Clerk

"One of my best friends is a grocery clerk who draws a salary of only twelve dollars a week—and he's a capable clerk, too, who's been behind the counter for years. It would naturally be supposed that he would at least have the advantage, by reason of his position, of securing his family food supplies at a price that would not yield his employer a profit—but such is not the case. He pays the same scale of prices as the customers he waits upon.

"Not far from him lives a mason who is by no means remarkably proficient at his trade. He is just a good, fair workman, who prefers to leave the more difficult and fancy tasks in his line to others, while he puts in the foundations of farm buildings. This mason gets seven dollars a day, and his board in addition, when handling country jobs. The carpenter who works with him receives two dollars less.

"If either of these men was to put in the hours the grocery clerk gives to his employer the results would be rather startling; for this would mean from six in the morning until seven at night for all week days, save Saturday, when the clerk is lucky to leave the store before ten or eleven at night.

"It would not be fair to leave the impression that the retail grocers are, as a rule, underpaying their clerks. The fact is that a very large proportion of them are paying their help all their businesses will stand. In other words, the retail-grocery business is not an easy road to wealth and its net profits are far smaller than the public supposes. Many of these merchants could improve their own financial condition if they were able to change places with the masons, the carpenters and the ordinary mechanics of their communities—more especially at the present time, when it is difficult for them to get many kinds of goods, without regard to price."

Generalizations regarding salaries, wages and savings are difficult—and they must be accepted as generalizations only. Wide and persistent inquiry among all classes of men whose opinions might naturally be expected to be closest to the facts indicates that the average increase in salaries for office and clerical help since the European war began has not been above ten per cent, and is probably nearer six per cent.

On the other hand, the average wage increase in that period has been so great that one hesitates to make the most conservative guess that can be made. Possibly the average increase in wages would not be more than fifty per cent the country over; but to one who has been mixing with munitions workers and seeing their bulging wage scores this guess looks altogether too conservative. Certainly there are thousands upon thousands of cases in every munitions district where the increase has been several hundred per cent. These instances, moreover, are by no means confined to munitions workers.

If there is any section of the country where common labor cannot command from thirty to thirty-five cents an hour it is decidedly well concealed from the munitions scouts who are after workers. This same grade of labor was receiving from fifteen and one-half cents to twenty and one-fourth before the war—that is, when it could find employment at all.

How much the cost of living has increased since the war began is a matter of much speculation. Some very plausible authorities assert that the average is forty per cent. One large financial concern in New York is said to have made a searching investigation into the increase of living expenses, so far as its own salaried employees below official rank are concerned, and to have found the increase to be thirty-one per cent.

How Much is Saved?

What percentage of salaries is being saved must remain a matter of conjecture. Banks in munitions districts and officers of munitions companies and of concerns most sensitively affected by the activities of the war stocks very generally express the opinion that the salaried men under their immediate observation who receive pay checks large enough to permit them, by the exercise of fair economy, to save anything are, as a class, putting away about fifteen per cent of their earnings.

They include in savings life and accident insurance premiums and real estate and stock investments, as well as bank deposits. But this percentage does not apply to salaried men in general, without regard to where they are located, or to all grades of salaried men in the munitions centers.

As to the relative amount of savings "salted away" by the wageworkers in the service of the munitions plants, the general opinion of their superintendents, and of bank tellers, to whom they would naturally take the overflow from their fat pay envelopes, appears to be that it does not amount to more than five per cent of the total wage pay roll of the plants under their surveillance.

Probably the world of salaried workers never descended upon the Christmas stocking with quite the hopeful hunger that characterized their approach on the morning of December 25, 1916. Where expectations had not already been satisfied by pre-Christmas announcements on the part of employers, the big question in the minds of the salary-earners was whether the signer of the familiar pay check would "come across" with the bonus, or "extra," in recognition of the greatly increased cost of living.

All other possibilities under the patronage of Santa Claus became insignificant beside this question. Hundreds of employers of office help gave generous checks to all persons on their salary pay roll. One large Wall Street financial house, for example, gave each clerk a bonus amounting to one-third of his salary for the year, besides an extra bonus of twelve per cent.

Some of the banks in the same district announced a salary increase of ten per cent, besides a bonus of ten per cent. One large public-service company distributed about six million dollars to its salaried workers.

As a rule the employers of salaried help placed special stress upon the point that the Christmas check was "a gift—not a raise."

The New Year Brings No Change

A year ago we said:

Borrow an AutoStrop Safety Razor

Use it for 30 days. If you like it, pay $5 for it. If not, return it.

To Dealers: This is your assurance of the continuation of our Trial-Offer sales policy. Actual results justify this. You may rely upon full protection against loss under its operation. Write for particulars.

WE devoted a whole year's advertising to this extraordinary offer. We wish every man who shaves to have an opportunity to try this razor.

Those who know the convenience of self-shaving, should experience the supreme comfort of shaving daily with an edge that does not grow dull, but actually improves while in use.

The unusual merit of the AutoStrop Razor makes it safe for us to leave the decision to your personal satisfaction, and this offer is made without any qualification whatever.

The habit of self-shaving is so great a convenience that it is never abandoned unless it involves discomfort through poor equipment and dull blades.

The AutoStrop Safety Razor is more than a razor, more than a safety device. It is stropped, it shaves and is cleaned without removing the blade; and like a perfectly stropped, ordinary razor, the blade improves with use.

That is why we offer it on approval. That is why dealers loan it on 30 days' trial.

Write to us if you have any difficulty in borrowing it from a dealer.

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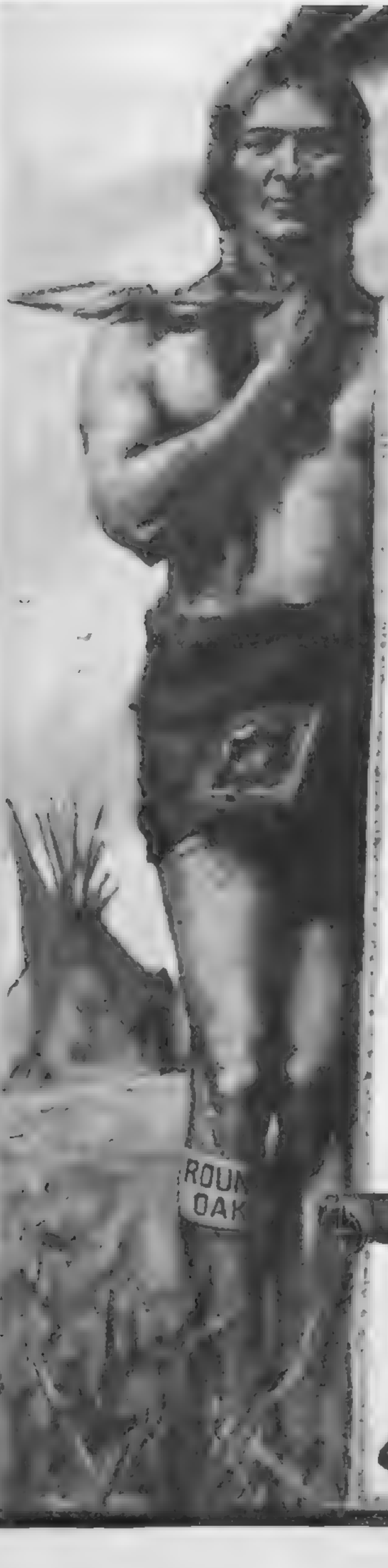

Heat Your Home Nature's Way-*with* Warm Moistair

Avoid Sickness! Save Money!!

NATURE built the perfect heating system. She gave the sun to warm us, the breezes to circulate the air, seas to furnish humidity—without which no human can live.

While men lived in the Open, coughs, colds, catarrh, pneumonia and tuberculosis were scarcely known. These ugly maladies are due largely to indoor life. And the principal cause has been the grossly unsanitary method of heating, ventilating, and humidifying hitherto employed.

Dirty, stagnant, breath-over worn-out air alive with disease germs and dry as tinder—sends thousands to an untimely end, impairs the health and efficiency of millions.

But no longer need *any* family be exposed to such danger.

Here is now a heating system which heats and ventilates *Nature's way*—with warm, MOIST AIR. This is the ROUND OAK MOIST AIR HEATING SYSTEM!

Steam and Hot Water have supplied heat. Warm Air Furnaces have supplied fresh air. But the Round Oak System supplies not only ample warmth but *everchanging Moistair*—free from dust, gas, smoke and other impurities.

When you replace your present heating plant or build insist on getting a

Round Oak Moistair Heating System

"Made by the Makers of the Genuine Round Oak Stove"

Makers of Good Goods Only

Five Star Points of Round Oak Supremacy

* **Health** Only Heating System that automatically ventilates and HUMIDIFIES.
* **Comfort** Delivers pure, warm, [illegible] and dampers.
* **Economy** Longest fire travel all inside casing. [illegible] most heat on [illegible] fuel
* **Convenience** [illegible] Easy to manage
* **Durability** [illegible] guaranteed. Good for generation of users

Of the 60,000 Round Oak Heating Systems in operation today, each, so far as we can learn, is giving unqualified satisfaction. Each is giving its owner a warm, cheery, comfortable home; each is flooding that home with *fresh* air; each is automatically humidifying the air; each is proving an extra durable plant, easily operated and requiring but little care and attention. And lastly, each

SAVES FUEL BY THE TON!

Properly humidified air at 68 degrees is more comfortable than dry air at 75 degrees. Add to this the further fuel economies effected by (1) the **Round Oak extra deep fire pot** with combustion chamber full size to the top; (2) longest fire travel inside the casing, [illegible] tight perfect fire control—and you will realize that every Round Oak owner makes a *fuel saving of 20 to 35 per cent*

The Round Oak Moistair story of "Health, Comfort and Economy" is too big to be told here. But it is *all* told in book form, and it [illegible] you'll find it tremendously interesting—and most [illegible]

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Dowagiac, Mich.
Established 1871

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THE ROUND OAK FOLKS,
34 Front St., Dowagiac, Mich.
[illegible]

ONE EVERY MINUTE

(Continued from Page 5)

"I didn't buy what I wanted, so that if the savings belong to anybody " began the turning worm.

"Of course they belong to somebody. But that's no reason you should think that you can take 'em out of the bank ——"

"Hold on! I only told you that I met Hen Wilkins and that he said ——"

"I know what he said. A silly, crazy yarn that wouldn't fool a three-year-old - "

The seed of rebellion within the soul of Wilberforce Shadd was sprouting. He said almost firmly:

"You really can't point to anything he said that isn't sound sense, my dear. If you admit that the control of the sea "

"Whoever heard," she interrupted, "that anybody made money in Wall Street?"

"Well, there was Harriman and "

"Who? Everybody I ever heard of loses money down there. Suppose you lose the money that you want to take out of the bank and ——"

"But I don't want to lose it. And I'm not going to."

He saw that her plump bosom was heaving. Her cheeks were flushed. She looked very pretty. Nevertheless, he must not do what she commanded him to do.

"Then why do you talk about it? Oh, Wilberforce, if you knew what it means to feel that you haven't a cent in the world that you can call your own, you wouldn't want to take the few dollars we've saved up with so much trouble ——"

It was the old story, the enslaving argument, the refrain of her lachrymose wail. He must do something to emancipate himself

He must disobey her. He must!

"I will!" he cried shrilly.

"W-what?" she gasped and gazed at him with such horrified incredulity in her eyes, that obeying a blood impulse to seek safety and success by sticking to his resolution he fled from the room.

III

HE HALTED, out of breath, at a corner three blocks distant and began to think. He felt that he had won a victory. A wave of courage engulfed his soul. He would be different in the future. By being different he would cease to be a failure. This thought cheered him greatly as he walked toward the savings bank.

He owned $1800. Not only did it represent the savings of years but it stood for all the pleasures he had not had. How many nice neckties he had not bought with that money! How many cigars he had not smoked, how many laughs at the theater he had not laughed! It was supposed, in return, to make him feel like telling all the world to go to Hades. Instead, what he felt like saying was "Leave me alone, please!"

The money had made him a coward!

Yet the rich were supposed to be arrogant. How much money would it take to make him arrogant? Millions! And he never would make more than he was making. He knew it!

That was the worst of it—he couldn't even delude himself into thinking that he would be rich some day. Not to dream of success was to be dead beyond all hope of resurrection. If what Hen Wilkins said could only be true he might make a lot of money.

Pshaw! The kind of man he was would never make money!

A burst of self-anger set fire to something within him and made him grit his teeth.

"I'll show them!" he muttered—aloud, as though he actually heard many derisive voices.

"I'll take the money out of the bank and make money with it," he asserted.

At the door of the institution that was supposed to be a reservoir of minted courage which would keep clerks from fearing to lose their jobs, he hesitated. Whereupon he again accused himself of cowardice and literally goaded himself into entering the institution. He approached one of the tellers.

The lack of practice at being a brave man made him loquacious. He smiled and said:

"I know I can deposit money after the usual hours, Monday nights, because I do it the first Monday of every month. But could I take out money?"

His sustaining anger having oozed out of his system, Wilberforce Shadd now hoped that the clerk would say No.

Instead, the clerk behind the bars stared a moment at Mr. Shadd, distinctly sneered, and replied in a voice full of insulting skepticism:

"Yes, if you have any money here to take out!"

It was a fresh prick, and Wilberforce's gorge rose again.

"I haven't got as much as a millionaire like you has," he said angrily, "but if I can take out ——"

"Unless you've got so much you need a truck, I guess we won't go out of business if you withdraw your deposit to-night."

"I'll take it all out," threatened Mr. Shadd with a fierce frown.

"You'll find blank checks just behind you," retorted the clerk with a murderous smile; and Wilberforce, with trembling hands, filled out a check and received from the savings bank $1802.68 in cash, the savings of ten years of a wife whose father had blighted her youth in order that she might blight her husband's life.

He clutched with a veritable death-grip the roll of bills that represented his entire fortune, and walked out. Once in the street he recalled every hold-up yarn he had ever heard. He saw a pedestrian coming who wore a woman's garb; but that merely made him remember that it was a favorite trick of thugs, as per Sunday newspapers, to don feminine habiliments in order to approach their victims unsuspected.

He forced himself to reason calmly. He concluded that if it had not been for his wife he never would have taken the money from the bank or risked having it stolen. She had accomplished this by forbidding him to lose the money in Wall Street.

He would not lose it. He would make money. Hen Wilkins was a clever chap. Just where was he wrong in his argument? Nowhere!

He saw again Hen Wilkins' confident face as he predicted that a fortune awaited all holders of the stock that was going to end the world war. With his soul in a tremble, Wilberforce Shadd decided that if he bought that stock he would make money.

If he had money how different life would be! He heard himself telling Morris & Cunningham to keep their job. No need to be vulgar. He would resign and live on the interest of his money.

Why not?

Fabulous fortunes had been made in Wall Street. Everybody knew it. Wall Street was the only place where a man could make a lot of money by risking a little.

He couldn't go to Wall Street at night, but he could and would go to the residence of his tall friend, Francis T. Woodcock, who was a member of the New York Stock Exchange and, therefore, just the man through whom to lose the money. He used to bowl with Woodcock before Woodcock moved into a house in West Eighty-seventh Street as a result of several years of relentless stockbrokering.

"I'll do it!" he threatened; but still walked toward home. If he did and made money, a lot of money, it would be heaven.

He saw what desirable things he could change dollars into!

"I'll do it!" he told himself again, and determinately walked toward Woodcock's house.

The broker was surprised to see Shadd; also a trifle disturbed by reason of the subtly desperate look on Wilberforce's face. Like all good stockbrokers, Woodcock specialized in face-reading, to enable him to size up the other brokers' real intentions when they were offering or bidding for stocks in which Woodcock had orders "at the market."

To play safe, the face-reader now looked at his watch and synchronously put on an expression of intense regret.

"Hello, Shadd! Glad to see you. What can I do for you?" He shook hands with Wilberforce with hasty cordiality, and once more looked at his watch with one of those transparent efforts at concealment that accentuate the guilt. Mr. Shadd was impressed by the manifold occupations of this man who had but a minute or two to spare. In this hour of business he also must be all business. His fingers tightened on the wad they had not ceased to death-clutch since leaving the bank. He said quickly:

"I've come to give you some money."

Mr. Francis T. Woodcock promptly and naturally smiled. Then he grew serious, even forbidding. It was a new one and he nearly had fallen for it.

(Continued on Page 35)

The Choicest

dates of the Arabian date crop, Dromedary Dates, come to you as fresh and clean as if you picked them yourself in the mellowing sunlight of the East. After being carefully selected, they are packed three layers deep in air-tight, dust-proof packages. Eat Dromedary Dates. They are appetizing as a food, as a confection, as a dainty. Better than candy for children.

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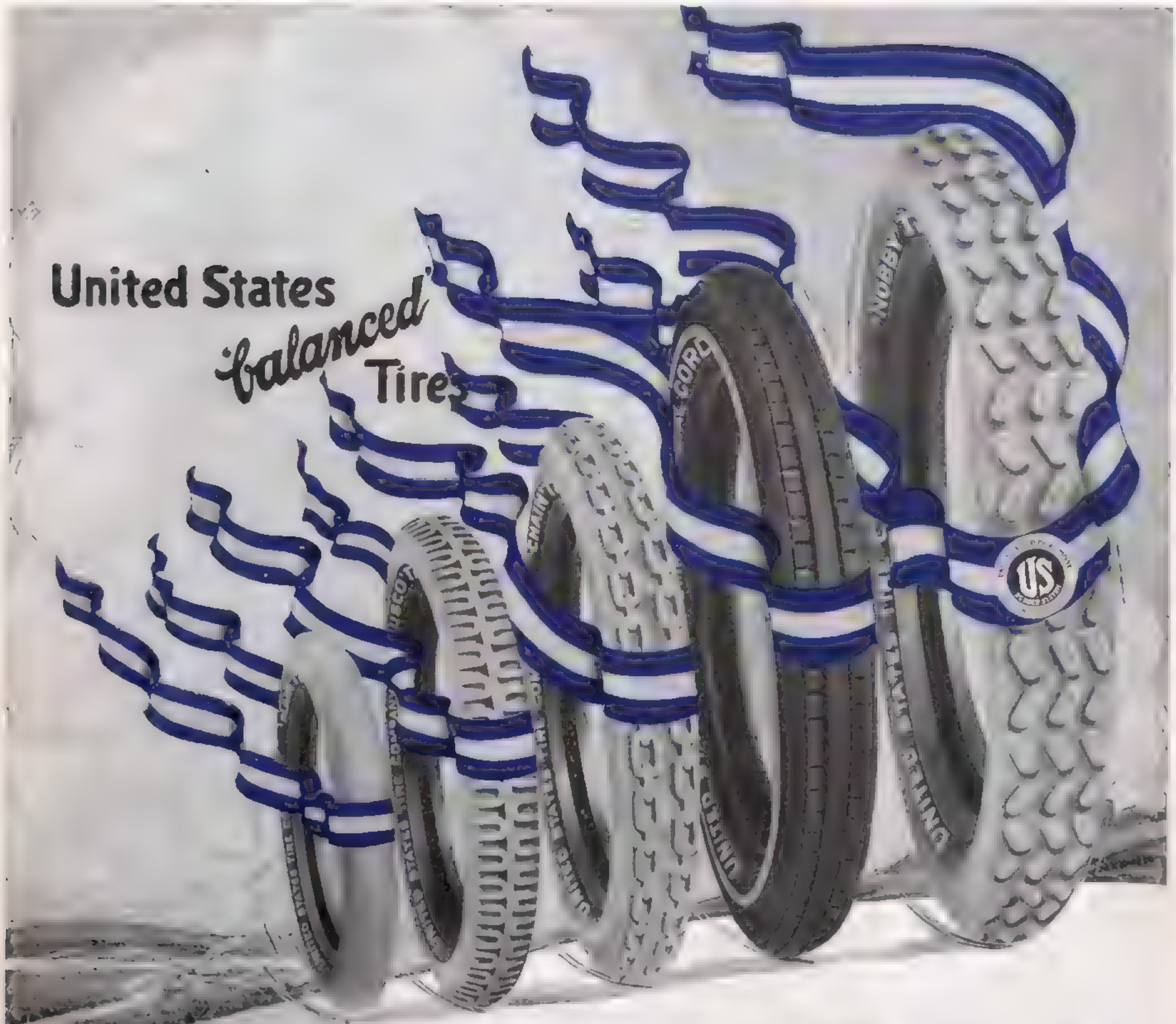

Climbing

Like a man of success, United States Tires still keep on climbing in prestige—still keep on climbing in sales—because, like a successful man, they deserve to succeed.

For years everyone has admitted that United States Tires are *good* tires. Year-after-year sales increases have proved that.

Last year the prestige of United States Tires piled up to a still greater climax. Their sales increases in 1916 proved that.

This year United States Tires have the self-same service-giving qualities that have kept them climbing year after year.

Ask any motorist, who today uses United States Tires, why he uses them, and continues to use them.

Then you will understand why United States Tires have climbed, and are still climbing, in prestige and sales.

United States Tire Company

(Continued from Page 33)

"And after you've given it to me," the broker spoke coldly, "how much do I give you back?"

"That," answered Shadd, playing for time in which to prepare his little speech, "is something that I cannot tell." Seeing the distrust in the broker's eyes grow acute, he went on: "Look here, I want you to buy some stock for me."

"If you'll come to the office ——"

"I—I c-can't," stammered Wilberforce Shadd, who did not see how he could very well tell this man he was afraid the firm would discharge him. "I—I—I can't get away from my work during business hours just now. We are rushed to death."

Stimulated by the excellence of his own excuse, he went on briskly: "I didn't think you'd mind taking the money and save me going downtown. I've brought it in cash—ah—so that there wouldn't be any trouble—er—about the check not being certified, you know."

He took the money from his pocket, gave it to the broker, said "There's $1832," and sighed with relief.

"Where did you get it?" jocularly inquired Woodcock after he had it in his possession.

"It represents our—no," he corrected himself, and said firmly, "it represents my savings. I took it out of the savings bank."

"They allow you only a measly four per cent," interjected Woodcock, to show that as a conservative business man he approved Shadd's action.

"Yes. Well, I want you to buy me as much ——" Wilberforce Shadd paused and stared blankly at his tall and ruthless friend, Woodcock. He had forgotten the name of the stock Hen Wilkins was crazy about.

"What's the stock?" asked Woodcock, in the voice of an overworked dispensary surgeon asking "Which leg?"

"Wait a minute," entreated Wilberforce Shadd, and endeavored to recall the name. There would be a first dividend of 650 per cent out of war profits from Germany for winning the war by controlling the sea by submarines, under the sea ——

"Undersea Craft common!" exclaimed Wilberforce Shadd triumphantly.

"What!" shrieked Woodcock, who still had a shred of conscience. "If you want to throw your money out of the window, why don't you do it without witnesses, instead of asking an old friend to cheer you on?"

"Look here," and Wilberforce Shadd spoke firmly, not being married to Woodcock. "Look here, I know what I'm doing. It's straight, scientific psychology."

"Ouch! Ouch!" squealed Woodcock so agonizedly that Wilberforce Shadd frowned angrily. This man was seeking to dissuade him from making money. But Shadd explained gravely: "I've doped it out that, of all the stocks you chaps in Wall Street trade in, Undersea Craft common is the——"

"It is! It is!" feverishly anticipated Woodcock. "The very worst! Why, I'm not sure the company did not go out of business years ago."

"That's all you know," said Shadd courageously, thinking of the money he would surely make. "It hasn't occurred to you that whoever controls the sea wins the war, and that since the company makes and sells submarines ——"

"You'll need a d——d good one to dive after your money!" broke in Woodcock.

"Mr. Woodcock, you may be wonderfully well posted and know all about—er—normal securities and gilt-edge investments and first-mortgage bonds and such things; but"—and here Wilberforce Shadd looked earnestly at the broker—"you don't know everything!"

"I admit I don't," said Woodcock grimly. "I only know that you've been reading fool editorials by naval experts. Does your wife know what you are doing?"

"She does not," said Shadd, and almost shivered. The reaction made him add hotly:

"Will you take the order or do you wish me to find another broker? In that case give me my money back."

"I hate like the deuce to execute such an order," said Woodcock resignedly, since he could not return the money; "but I suppose you know what you are doing."

"Do I know what I am doing?" echoed Wilberforce Shadd, and thought of his years of suffering. He had become a slave, a coward. But he would no longer be one. He'd rather be flat broke. He finished in a ringing voice: "You bet your life I know what I'm doing!"

The words and particularly the voice impressed Woodcock so that he said coaxingly:

"Say, old fellow, just what do you hear about U. C. common?"

Shadd instantly thought of Hen Wilkins' impassioned oratory. To repeat it would make it sound like nonsense. He replied firmly:

"I can't tell you. I'm sorry."

"Why can't you?" persisted the broker, sure now it was a confidential tip from the inside.

"I—I can't," said Shadd. Then in desperation: "Do I get a receipt?"

"Excuse me," said Woodcock coldly, thinking it distrust. "Of course you get a receipt," and he led the way into the library, which also was den, lounging room or cardroom, according to the visitor's errand.

The broker made out a receipt, gave it to Shadd, jotted down the latter's office address, and shook hands with the cocky little chap who wanted to buy eighteen hundred dollars' worth of one of the worst of the "cats and dogs" in which people had lost money on the Curb years before.

IV

ON HIS way home Shadd wondered whether he ought to tell his wife what he had done. This, he reflected, would involve telling her why, and he could not tell her why without telling her that she with her foolish fears had robbed him of his manhood. And if he blamed her for making his life a failure, what would she say, how would she feel—the loving wife who couldn't help worrying because her father's improvidence had driven her to it?

"Poor Ann Elizabeth!" he muttered. Then he thought of himself.

"Damn!" he said.

He decided it was wiser—that is, safer—to say nothing. Then he hoped she would ask no questions. He had never lied to her and it did not occur to him that he might begin now.

He kissed her more affectionately than usual. He loved her; and he feared; and he hoped.

"Where's the book?" she asked abruptly. A black cloud enveloped him. He couldn't speak. When he could he said:

"What book? Oh, yes. It's—in the bank. Ah—they—they have to balance it."

"It isn't six months ——"

"New rule!" he broke in desperately. "All the banks do it now. It's all right."

"I guess it is, if you say so, dear," she said trustingly.

Now how in blazes could he tell her that he had taken that money—her savings as much as his—to speculate with in Wall Street? Why had he taken it out of the bank at all? It was drawing four per cent, and everybody lost money in Wall Street. And the end of all unsuccessful gamblers, who had only themselves to blame, was the morgue or the penitentiary!

Gone! The savings of a lifetime, the refuge against a destitute old age, gone!

Eighteen hundred dollars!

What a lot of money any lot of money is when it is all the money you have in the world!

Ten thousand hardships endured in order to have that money in the bank—golden crutches for the days when the keepers of the house should tremble and the strong men bow themselves! The sweat of a life of toil solidified into eighteen hundred pieces of silver; courage coined and laid away for the day when he must be brave.

All gone!

And whose fault was it? Whose if not this woman's? If it had not been for her he wouldn't have had this money in the bank, and the tragedy of taking it and losing it would not have been enacted. And she must not know it was enacting under her eyes, like the ass that he was.

"I'll go to bed now," he told her. "I want to stop at the watchmaker's tomorrow morning." He had never before lied to her; but he wasn't going to make her unhappy.

After a night of troubled sleep he rose and was out of the house a half hour earlier than usual. Fortunately she did not notice that anything was the matter.

He wished to call up the broker and tell him not to buy that stock, but to hold the money and he would call for it. At 9.30 A. M. he told Mr. Lipps he wished to get a piece of toothache gum and went to the corner drug store—to telephone to Woodcock. He dropped his nickel in the proper slot with hands that trembled, and got the broker's office.

"I want Mr. Woodcock, in a hurry."

"He's out at the moment. We expect him in any minute. Will anyone else do?"

"Well, I just want to get my—er—my It's a personal matter and I'd rather talk to Mr. Woodcock." Life wasn't worth living!

"If you tell us when and where to call up, the moment he comes in——"

"No. I'll call him up in five minutes."

"Better make it ten. Hold on! Here he is! One moment." Shadd waited in an agony of suspense.

"This is Woodcock. Who is it? Oh, good morning, Shadd. Just got in. Out all morning getting that stock for you. I had to pay nine dollars a share. The two hundred shares was all the man had. Lucky thing I went out myself, for just after I grabbed the stock there came a bid for it over the phone. Somebody wanted all the U. C. common they could lay their hands on. What did you want to say to me?"

Wilberforce Shadd, realizing that his fate was in the hands of a Higher Power, replied resignedly: "Oh, I just wanted to know if you had bought the stock."

"I got it all right."

"Good ——" began Shadd, who, having lost all hope, could think of nothing but "good-by," but could not bring himself to say it when he recalled that "good buy" and "good-by" were the same over the telephone. But the broker took the syncopated farewell to denote approval and said:

"Don't mention it."

Shadd emerged from the telephone booth a corpse that somehow had not yet lost the power of locomotion. He felt he needed a bracer. For a moment he thought of having a drink of whisky. Then he thought that if he did, and Lipps smelled liquor in his breath and discharged him, he might as well curl up and die, now that he had nothing in the bank!

Nothing in the bank!

"Say," he said to the drug clerk, "I feel sick—kind of faint in my stomach. Will a drink of aromatic spirits of ammonia help me?"

"It won't hurt you," confessed the clerk.

"Give me one," said Shadd, forgetting to say "please" in his distress.

The money was gone!

He drank the bracer with the air of a Socrates gulping the hemlock, and returned to the office.

"Feel better?" asked Lipps with a perfunctory sort of kindness.

"Ye-es, thank you," said Shadd, and hastened to his desk.

THAT night his wife talked to him about the latest advance in sugar. What she had to pay for beef was an outrage. And at that she had been obliged to go to a Harlem cut-rate market. There was no use in going to their old butcher. He was a robber not only as to price but also as to weight.

"Yes, I know," said Wilberforce gloomily, and prayed for the miracle of silence. He loved his wife, but his secret was blackmailing his soul out of its usual placidity.

"Other people," she said, avoiding his eyes, "are getting raises."

He knew what was coming, so he said coldly: "And others are losing their jobs on account of the war. Molloy told me he had orders to let one packer and one driver go last Saturday."

She sighed, the nervous sigh of a person who chronically fears and therefore chronically has a weight squeezing the air out of the lungs. She inflated her chest, but instead of growing courageous merely allowed herself to deflate again.

It was fully five minutes before she said: "I don't see—really I don't, dear, though I've tried and tried—but I don't see how we can save as much as we have. There's the bills for you to look over ——"

"That's all right, sweetheart," he said kindly. "We won't save for a while, that's all. As long as we've got our health ——"

"That's the most important thing," she assented without enthusiasm. "At the same time, when you know you are not eating up every cent you make ——"

"Maybe I'll—I'll—get a raise," he said. Then quite boldly, almost threateningly, "I can ask for it!"

"Oh, Wilberforce! Suppose they said no and let you go, now that we are not going to be able to save up much. By the way, you haven't brought the book home. Is it in the bank? I can stop and get it ——"

An icy hand clutched his heart. This is no mere figure of speech. He distinctly felt the four fingers and the thumb; they were very cold, and they gripped very tightly.

(Continued on Page 37)

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An Advertisement by

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Women and children form a large proportion of the passengers of the Pullman Company. The safety of the cars, due to their unusually sturdy construction; the sanitary condition in which they are maintained; the numerous conveniences which their equipment affords, and the courtesy of the Pullman employes are all factors contributing to the increased comfort and enjoyment of railroad travel.

In the Pullman car only a limited number of passengers are accommodated; there is no crowding. Operating over practically every railroad in the country, it is rarely necessary for the passengers to change cars from departure to destination. Both of these conditions contribute to the safety and comfort of unescorted women and children.

For fifty years the Pullman Company has directed its efforts to the determination of the needs of the traveling public, and the development of a service to meet these requirements. That twenty-nine per cent of Pullman conductors and twenty-five per cent of Pullman porters have been in the continuous service of the Company for over ten years indicates the high personnel of the employes by whom the service is rendered.

(Continued from Page 35)

Then his heart got back on the job, the worse for the gripping.

He had assumed that the money had been lost. It was merely common sense to ask Woodcock if it had been a total loss. Then he must beg the broker to get some of the money back. Whatever was recovered he would instantly deposit in another bank, keep the book in the office and say nothing about the shrinkage.

If he could get a thousand back out of the eighteen-hundred-dollar investment, he would be more than happy!

"You haven't answered, Wilberforce," his wife reminded him.

"Answered what?" he said, in order to gain time in which to acquire a frozen face.

"Shall I get the book at the bank?"

"They wouldn't give it to you; and, besides, I've got it in the office. I think I ought to keep it there hereafter."

"Oh, Wilberforce!" she said tearfully. She did not like to tell him that she loved to look over the figures and add them and rejoice that they had that little nest-egg. She didn't wish him to think that she was getting to be a miser, because at times she feared she was.

"Won't you bring it home?" she pleaded.

She looked so broken-hearted that he couldn't help saying: "Very well. I'll try to remember to bring it to-morrow. It's in the safe."

He hoped it might be in the bank safe, so that it wouldn't be altogether a lie.

"Thank you, dear," she said, and looked her gratitude.

He couldn't bear it. He almost told her what he had done. That night he scarcely slept, thinking about that nonexistent bank book. He knew that sooner or later he must tell her. Well, suppose he got only a thousand back? It was better than losing the entire eighteen hundred. Woodcock, whom he had known for years, might be a decent chap after all.

On the next day, Wilberforce Shadd asked Lipps, the office manager, for permission to prolong his luncheon hour, and went to the office of Francis T. Woodcock & Co.

He was very brave on the way down, fully determined to hear the worst and be done with it. When he reached the door to the broker's office he hesitated. The toothache had ceased and he no longer wished to see the dentist.

While in doubt, a man may hope. When he knows that every cent is lost, there remains only death. As Wilberforce Shadd stood there, a man who evidently was a stranger to doubt and dyspepsia came out.

"Wish to see somebody in the office?" he asked, and smiled pleasantly at Shadd. Wilberforce gratefully thought him a fine man, not knowing that the kindly looking stranger was long of 'em to the hilt in a roaring bull market.

"Yes; I'd like to see Mr. Woodcock."

"Well, he's in there now, but he won't be in five minutes."

The stranger to dyspepsia—long of 'em and all going up!—stepped back into the office and held the door open for Wilberforce Shadd to enter.

"Hey, Frank! Somebody to see you!"

Woodcock came out. He did not seem surprised to see Wilberforce.

"Hello, Shadd! Got my message?"

"No. What message?"

"Why, about an hour ago I told them to telephone to you and find out if you wanted to do anything about that measly stock of yours."

That the heart can stop beating without causing death to the owner thereof is not a theory but a fact established by Wilberforce Shadd then and there.

"That's why I came," said Shadd; "though I didn't get your message."

He felt as if he had turned into lead. He asked himself why he had taken the eighteen hundred dollars from the bank. Then he asked himself the same question again. Then he shook his head. He didn't know why—now.

"It's fourteen bid," said Woodcock. "That means exactly one thousand dollars' profit."

"How—how—do you make exactly a th-thousand?" asked Shadd, not daring to hope it was true, yet hoping away!

"Of course, if I deduct commissions it may fall short by a few dollars. I call that being careful!"

"Careful?" echoed the dazed Shadd.

"Well, close then," corrected the tall broker defiantly. "I call it a d——d good three days' work."

Shadd was blinking furiously. All he could see was the gate to heaven wide open. Above it he saw dollar signs made of glowing stars. He had made money, not lost it! He had beaten the game! He had taken the first step toward a fortune!

"At $14 a share you can get $2800 for your stock—that is, if you get a hustle on and slide out before the suckers get wise to the play," continued Woodcock. "The talk is, of course, that if the company can get some big contracts from the belligerent powers it will mean big profits ——"

Shadd laughed hysterically. Then, to account for his laughter, he explained sheepishly:

"I couldn't help laughing when you said if the company got big contracts ——"

"Of course," interrupted Woodcock seriously, even respectfully, "if you know what's going on ——"

"I do! I do!" cried Shadd.

"You might tell a fellow. When it gets to 30 or 40 you'll probably blame me for not advising you to load up to the guards."

At 30 or 40 it would be $6000 or $8000.

"You think so?" Shadd, who was now breathing pure oxygen, meant to ask whether Woodcock really thought the stock might sell at 30 or 40—preferably 40. Shadd himself did not know any reason why any stock that could sell at 14 should not sell at 30 or 40. Woodcock naturally thought the cagy, close-mouthed Shadd was making fun of him. It annoyed him, so that he said, almost rudely:

"Well, if you want to sell now at 14, I'll see what I can do."

"Is that the best price?"

"I'll find out," corrected Woodcock, "if I can still do as well as that," and he sent to the Curb for a quotation on Undersea Craft common. It came back: *U. C. 16 bid; offered at 20.* The broker read it aloud and added reluctantly, being an honest man: "That means we might do a little better than 16 for your stock."

Shadd, whose mind was now working most actively, instantly figured that at 18 he would get $3600 for his stock. He had doubled his money. And yet he had been praying for the boon of losing only $800.

"I was a darned fool!" he began, unaware that he was thinking aloud.

A young man, thin, nervous, ferret-faced, shrewd-eyed, came in. He nodded at Woodcock and looked distrustfully at Mr. Wilberforce Shadd.

"Spit it out, Eddie!" commanded Woodcock.

"Say, you sent out a while ago for a quote on ——" He paused.

"On U. C. common," prompted Woodcock.

"It's 20 bid. I think that maybe I could get you 21 or 22 ——"

"Fade, friend, in the general direction of the pavement." Then as Eddie looked injured, Woodcock asked: "What's it offered at? And, remember, we're buying it here!"

"Well, it isn't offered ——"

"Oh, no! What's it offered at?"

"At 35," defiantly confessed Eddie. "Of course nobody is going to pay that price!"

"And your customer?" coldly inquired Woodcock.

"He's a nut. Honest, his people ought to put him away. He's lousy with it and wants to get rid of it. Somebody's got to get the commissions, and it might as well be me. Maybe I could work him up to give 23, but I wouldn't promise ——"

"No. Well, you needn't hurt yourself trying to look as if you didn't know in your heart of hearts that I was a d——d fool, Eddie. Wait for us in the other room, will you?"

The moment they were alone, Woodcock said to Shadd: "There, Shadd; you probably can get 25. I don't want to urge you to do anything. All I say to you is that you've got five thousand beans waiting for you to put in the bank if you give the word. Five thousand dollars!"

Shadd saw what $5000 would mean. It was wealth, and wealth was happiness. But the unscrupulous little curb broker, Eddie, who looked like a regular fox and was so anxious to buy the stock, had reluctantly admitted that 35 was asked for U. C. common. That meant that nobody except Woodcock was willing to sell the 200 shares Shadd owned for less than $7000.

The square of the hypotenuse of a right-angled triangle is equal to the sum of the squares of the other two sides. Also $7000 was better than $5000.

"I won't sell at 25," said Shadd. Things which are equal to the same thing are equal to each other. He thought of 35 and 25. They were not equal to each other. Wherefore Shadd added: "Certainly not!"

"You know best," said Woodcock, and left the room to tell Eddie to be grateful he didn't have him arrested for trying to obtain money under false pretenses.

In the meanwhile, Shadd, knowing himself to be a coward and beginning to fear that Woodcock might return and irresistibly urge him to accept even the $5000, astutely went away, trembling with excitement and happiness. He had made money and he was going to make more.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

REMEMBER bread-and-jam time after school when you were young?

"Starvation hunger" brought on by exercise!

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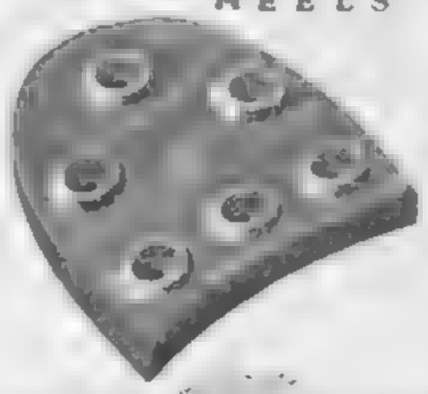
WING FOOT HEELS



GOODYEAR AKRON

A BOYCOTT WITH A BRASS BAND

(Continued from Page 17)

through cunningly planned combinations that made them afraid to stay downtown when their competitors were moving up, they had found rents too high and the advantages to themselves, their customers and their employees nothing like what they had anticipated.

Almost from the day it was born the women's-garment industry has been the football of the real-estate manipulator and promoter.

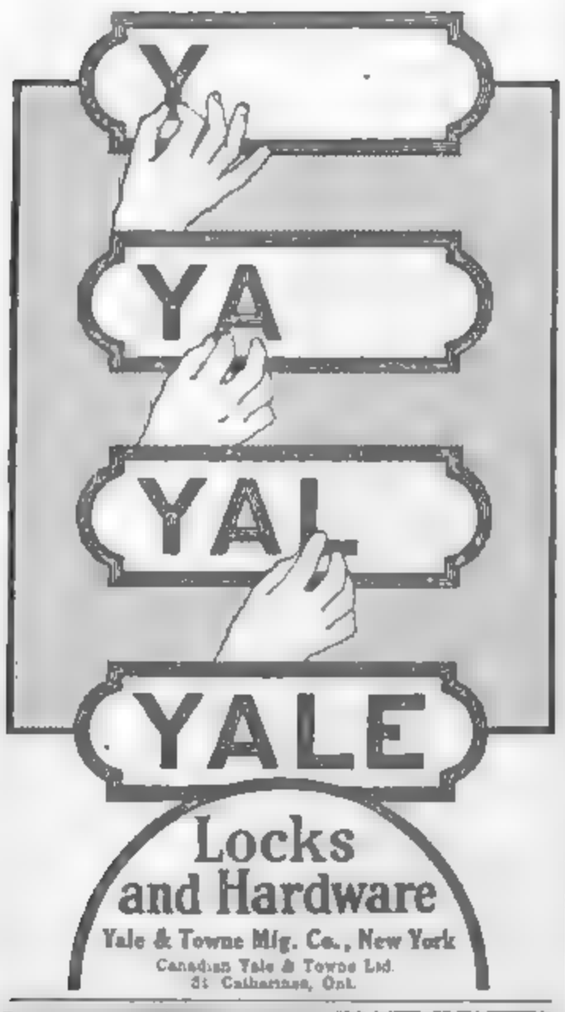
The first ready-to-wear clothes for women were made in New York back in the early seventies, with cloaks as the beginning. Women's suits followed in the eighties, and dresses and waists in the nineties; and since then the business has expanded in countless well-made, well-fitting, ready-to-wear garments for women, children and infants, American in every phase and feature, as any American woman who has searched the shops abroad will testify.

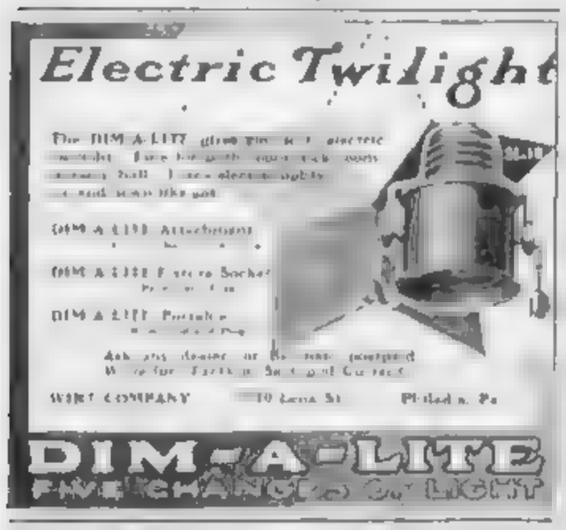
This business is the backbone of New York's manufacturing industries. It has also offered opportunities for advancement and prosperity to the thousands of Hebrew and Italian immigrants who have come to New York the past generation. When Abe Potash and Morris Perlmutter land from Ellis Island this business offers them jobs, an education in American business methods, and later sometimes a chance to go into business for themselves. Eighty per cent of our whole output of women's ready-to-wear clothing is made in New York. Small concerns are constantly making a start in aprons, petticoats, waists, trimmings, feathers and what not, and by energy, industry and singleness of purpose are growing into important manufacturing enterprises.

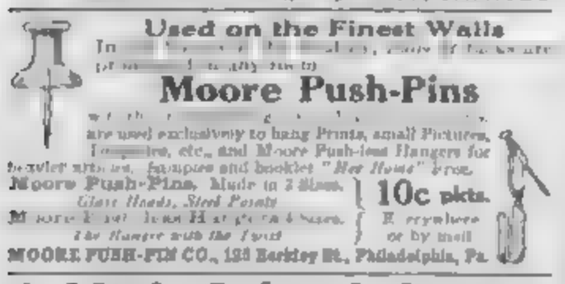
The business started far downtown, in the region of Grand Street, when there were still fine retail shops in that neighborhood. Its factories drove the retail business to Union Square. Then real-estate speculators moved the factories north, ruining land values round Grand Street, and the retail shops were driven to Twenty-third Street. Again the speculators moved the factories, and the shops went to Fifth Avenue, where they hoped to be left in peace. But the factories began to follow, and there was no other place for the shops to go, and so they were finally forced to make a stand and fight for life.

The New York real-estate speculator has been operating on a system peculiar to the metropolis, which has favored the planless moving about of different interests and industries. An obscure promoter, whose chief stock in trade may be an intimate knowledge of East-Side firms and conditions, gets hold of a site in some uptown street and erects a factory building. All the mechanism of New York money-lending seems to favor him in carrying out a project that would not be feasible elsewhere. He pays one hundred thousand dollars for the land, and puts up a building costing two hundred thousand dollars. He can borrow sixty thousand dollars on the land, and perhaps one hundred and fifty thousand on the building.

While the job is in hand he runs short of money, and the lenders advance him more to protect their own interests. When the building is done it stands as a masterpiece







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in borrowing, with its first and second mortgages. While it is going up the promoter canvasses for tenants, skillfully playing competitors against each other, so that one firm is afraid to stay behind in its old locality when rivals are moving into this new structure. Various tempting inducements of low rents for a year or two may be employed to help along the enterprise. When the building is filled the promoter sells it bodily to some investor, as a profitable plant.

Then the promoter puts up another loft building, with his profits, maybe in that very neighborhood, financing and filling it in the same way. With dozens of promoters working on that scheme one building often robs another of tenants. For fifteen years New York has been suffering from building booms of this description. Fictitious real-estate prosperity in one neighborhood is accompanied by real-estate panics in other sections, and lower values usually result in five years where any section has been invaded by a loft-building boom. These methods have been possible because organization and control have been lacking among the banking interests, the city authorities and the business and real-estate interests.

This was what the Save New York Committee learned when it probed into the difficulties of the garment industry. And it also ran plump into Dame Fashion as a disorganizer. While the women's-clothing industry had been growing up in the metropolis, a men's-clothing industry had also been developed along almost the same lines technically, but in a vastly different way in organization and standardization.

An Unstandardized Industry

The making of men's ready-to-wear clothing started in numerous small plants. As the experimental stage of the industry was passed, however, the business centered in large factories, and these were established in suburbs and smaller cities, where expenses were reasonable and congestion problems absent. The men's-clothing manufacturers have a strong national organization for dealing with general problems. Men's fashions are fairly stable. The season's models can be planned months ahead, and manufacturing lends itself to routine.

But the women's-clothing industry, unorganized and unstandardized, is so close to fashion changes that routine manufacturing is said to be almost impossible, and location in a factory town not to be thought of.

"Why don't you fellows move your factories over to Brooklyn," asked the committee, "and maintain just a salesroom here in New York for your customers?"

All sorts of answers were given to that question, but the principal reason seems to be that many of the garment concerns are too small to separate factory from salesroom, and even the large houses have to keep all their facilities close to their customers. It is nothing out of the ordinary for a buyer in these lines to order a certain garment from a model, but with changes in cut, trimming, and so forth, that must be carried out in a few hours. For buyers are anxious to show the public novelties, and manufacturers keep as close to buyers and fashion changes as possible. It is necessary to have workrooms, designers, salesmen, supplies and all other parts of the business together, and to work from hour to hour in many cases. Even then, when Dame Fashion changes her mood, the garment manufacturer may be left in a quandary.

Men's clothing is a fairly settled industry. Women's clothing is not. Various efforts have been made to organize it, but without success. It is still an industry in the making, despite its vast extent, and about the only way in which the manufacturers hang together is in moving to the same locality, so that buyers calling on one concern will find the others handy.

The Save New York Committee used both its club and its knife. The Fifth-Avenue shops agreed to give the preference in buying goods to manufacturers outside the threatened zone, at the expiration of one year, which was considered ample time for everybody to move. And the banking interests were led to see that more discrimination in lending money in that zone would protect their investments and realty values generally.

To put matters bluntly, the committee had all the weapons for a vigorous little boycott. By using only its club and knife it could have prevented more factory building in the zone, and probably it would have driven out all the manufacturers already established there. With a bit of secrecy and some high-handedness, evacuation might have been secured quickly, effectively—and intolerably. However, the committee took the curse off its boycott—and here is a suggestion for making a boycott pleasant and popular:

From the beginning, everything was conducted as openly as possible. The Fifth-Avenue merchants subscribed a fund of twenty-five thousand dollars, which was spent for big page advertisements in the New York newspapers, telling everybody all about everything. The danger to the city's finest district was shown, and the way to save it pointed out. The committee told exactly what it was doing, and why, and how, and this very openness took off all the curse, purified all the motives, disarmed resentment and criticism, and aroused public spirit and support everywhere.

After that, clearing the zone and insuring its future protection was a matter of patient adjustment of the individual difficulties of the invading manufacturers. Everybody understood the why of moving, and approved it, even those who were put to great inconvenience. What puzzled them chiefly was the how.

Mr. Perlmutter Has the Floor

Morris Perlmutter grew eloquently sentimental when the committee called on him, in the handsome new offices of Potash & Perlmutter, fitted up rococco, in antique bronze and Circassian walnut.

"Gentlemen!" he exclaimed dramatically. "Listen! For a lot of Fifth-Avenue retail fellers telling us we got to move, we should care nothing at all. Most of our customers is out-of-town firms, y'understand. This is the swellest place we ever had. We like it! We love it! Me and Abe, we live here all the day and half the night yet. All what we got in this world, everything what we been able to make since we come to America, poor young fellers, since way before the Spanish war, it's here, *Gott sei Dank!* But, gentlemen, more as our office, more as our customers, more as our business, more even as our very lives, we love New York. For, what we got, we got it in New York. *Aber* there was no more New York, like you pointed it out in the papers, I see myself our finish. Good night! We got a slim chance. So soon we could find out how we should get rid of our lease, and where we should move back to, move it is! And if your committee got more expense in this *Geschäft* as they counted on, and needs some more money for to save New York, call on us—y'see?"

And right there again is a question! When Abe and Morris moved north at the bidding of the real estater, they went into quarters larger than they had ever occupied before, and in a thoroughly modern manufacturing building, fireproof, light, clean, and conforming to the rigid factory regulations—very different from the loft building of twenty years before, from which they moved, and startling in its contrast to the converted brownstone residence where they first started in business. When they looked round to see where they could move back south, there was no building available of the same size and modernness.

In other words, there had to be coöperation between real-estate men, bankers, manufacturers and the committee, in order to erect modern loft buildings in the old manufacturing district, and these projects the committee took up in detail. Quarters for firms that were moving out within a year were found. But others had leases running for two years or more. They could not be moved back south until modern factory buildings were ready for them. So the committee had, in their cases, to extend the time set for giving preference in the buying of goods, and also to work with property owners and builders to provide proper quarters. The upshot was a comprehensive plan for centralizing the garment industry in a permanent home, where its customers could conveniently reach all the manufacturers, and all manufacturers be on a fair footing with their competitors.

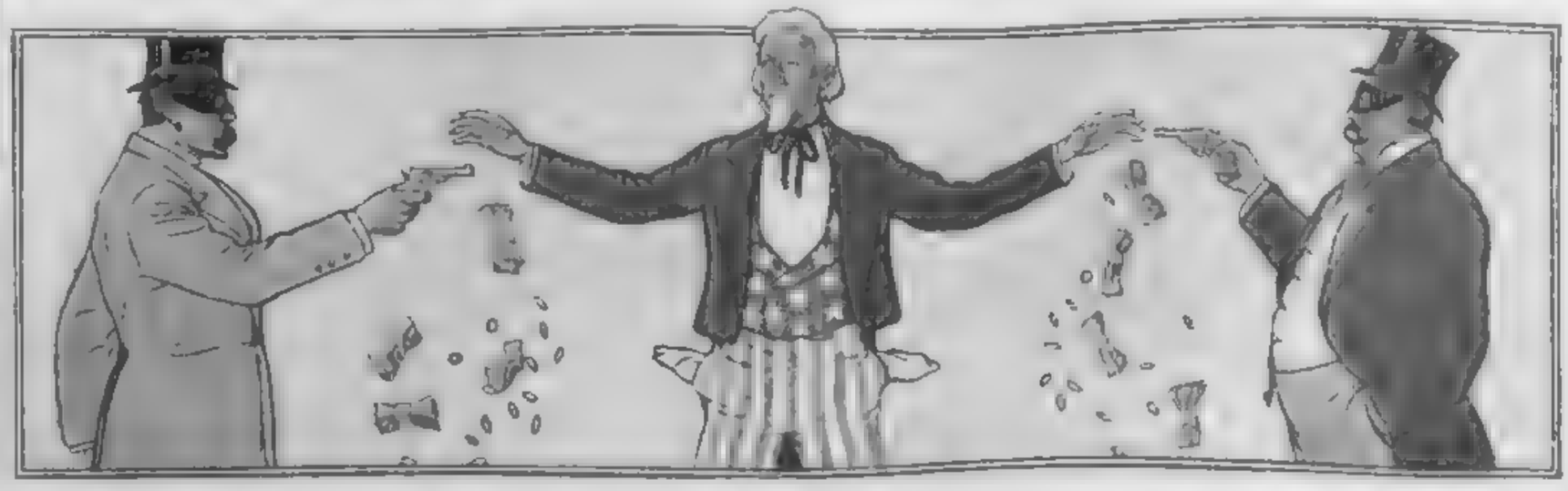
A Lesson for Other Cities

Another phase was the finding of unobjectionable tenants for the loft buildings in the zone to be vacated by the manufacturers. This called for constructive work in creating a permanent center devoted to the showrooms of manufacturers and wholesalers, locating them where they would be handy to the hotels for out-of-town buyers.

During the past fifteen years New York, aided by the energetic real-estate promoter, has been pretty thoroughly scrambled by the construction of new bridges, subways, tunnels and street-car routes. Conditions have finally become so chaotic that something must be done to unscramble the town. Factories must be located in suitable districts, wholesale business centralized in other sections, residence neighborhoods protected against invasion, and real-estate values stabilized so that taxes will yield revenue for running the community. The future of New York has been safeguarded by a new zone system, imposed by law, under which certain classes of buildings only can be erected in certain districts. To provide for the future by such a zone system is one thing, but to move objectionable concerns out of an invaded district is another.

From one aspect the work of the Save New York Committee may look like turmoil round the parish pump, and people in other cities might well ask what bearing this local New York problem has upon them. But from another viewpoint it has a national lesson. The tendency to let a city grow unregulated will be found in communities one-tenth the size of the metropolis, and any community that permits itself to become scrambled in this way will have the same job of unscrambling sooner or later.

The committee thought it was simply going to make a few badly needed repairs to the parish pump when it started operations. Somebody was hurting certain business interests. Things could be set right apparently by vigorously swatting that somebody with the weapon closest at hand. But investigation laid bare a big civic shortcoming. Practically everybody in New York was responsible, and matters had to be explained to everybody. At the outset, all that seemed to be needed was a brisk, quiet little boycott. What happened, however, was the education of an entire city in its laws of growth and the arousing of a civic spirit that would correct this evil and prevent its ever happening again.



Wanted!
A $50,000 Man
For the position of general manager. Must be the very best. Salary $50,000 to begin with; $100,000 a year after making good. Address

Wanted-A $50,000 Man

The response to this advertisement, run in several cities by a big Boston corporation, was enormous. Hundreds of applicants presented themselves, but one by one they were turned down. Their training and knowledge of business principles were not broad enough to fit them for the position. What was wanted was a man with a trained mind—a man who knew the great fundamental principles upon which all business is built.

There are many big positions waiting, right now, for men who are prepared to fill them. Yet qualified men are seldom found. There is a dearth of good material, a famine in the market. In almost every big business there are $10,000 and even $15,000 positions open, waiting for the right men to step in.

It is the knowledge of the fundamental principles of business, and the ability to apply these principles quickly and exactly, that make men valuable executives. Each move, each decision they make must be backed up by a clear grasp of the *why* and *how* of the problem at hand.

The problems that an executive must face are far more complicated than those listed below. Yet, these comparatively simple problems are the very rocks upon which business careers are smashed. Sooner or later you, too, will meet these questions. How will you answer them?

Do you know why most inexperienced promoters fail in trying to raise money for a new business, and how to avoid their mistakes?

Do you know what facts to get in order to figure the percentage of its sales that a business can afford to spend for advertising?

Do you know how to satisfy a bank as to your deserving a loan?

When you hire a man do you know what questions to ask and what to leave unasked in order to get a line on the applicant's character without his realizing it?

What are the essentials a business man should watch for and satisfy himself on before he signs his name to a business paper?

Can you answer a letter of complaint so as to satisfy the complainant and yet preserve the firm's prestige?

Can you analyze the market of a proposition so as to tell accurately whether it will be cheaper to sell direct by mail or thru usual trade channels?

By comparison of a series of financial statements, can you tell whether the business is going as it should, and then put your finger on the weakness or strength shown?

The knowledge that carries men thru

You cannot catalog the answers to these broad questions. Circumstances vary. But the big underlying principles always remain the same. It is the knowledge of the basic principles that carries men thru to success.

It is this broad grasp of the fundamentals of business that the Alexander Hamilton Institute is giving to more than 50,000 business men today.

The Modern Business Course and Service of the Institute gives you a logical foundation on which to build your future business knowledge and experience. All departments of business are covered and presented to you in interesting, practical form.

Based upon the actual experience of thousands of successful business men

The Institute collects, classifies and transmits to you thru the Modern Business Course and Service the best thought and practice in modern business. It will give you a thoro and sound training in the fundamental principles underlying all departments of business—it will give you a knowledge that could otherwise be obtained *only* by years of bitter experience—if at all.

Advisory Council

Business and educational authority of the highest standing are represented in the Advisory Council of the Alexander Hamilton Institute. This Council includes: Frank A. Vanderlip, President of the National City Bank of New York. Judge Elbert H. Gary, Head of the U. S. Steel Corporation. John Hays Hammond, the eminent engineer. Joseph French Johnson, Dean of the New York University School of Commerce; and Jeremiah W. Jenks, the statistician and economist.

The kind of men enrolled

Presidents of big corporations are often enrolled for this Course and Service along with ambitious young clerks in their employ. Among the 50,000 subscribers are such men as H. C. Osborn, President American Multigraph Sales Co.; Melville W. Mix, President of the Dodge Mfg. Co.; George M. Verity, President of the American Rolling Mills; William H. Ingersoll, Marketing Manager of the biggest watch company in the world; N. A. Hawkins, General Sales Manager of the Ford Motor Co., and scores of others equally prominent.

In the Standard Oil Co., 242 men are enrolled in the Alexander Hamilton Institute; in the U. S. Steel Corporation, 450; in the National Cash Register Co., 194; in the General Electric Co., 282; in the Pennsylvania Railroad, 87; and so on down the list of the biggest concerns in America.

Helps men succeed in a big way

What the Alexander Hamilton Institute has done for its subscribers will probably never be known in its entirety. But daily there filter into headquarters in New York many intensely human stories, showing what the Modern Business Course and Service has done for its subscribers.

One day you hear of a brilliant lad of twenty-two, in a big New York bank, rising to a $9,500 job, and giving credit to the Institute for his success.

The next day a factory manager writes that the Course has just helped him save his firm $7,000 a year and that a "fair slice" of this went to increase his salary.

The next day a man in a Western concern tells how he saved the firm $37,000 a year *by one suggestion*, and what happened then to *his* salary.

These are only typical cases. There are literally thousands of them. Such remarkable cases are cited by the score in "Forging Ahead in Business."

"Forging Ahead in Business"

A careful reading of this 130-page book, "Forging Ahead in Business," copy of which we will send you free, will repay you many times over. It will help measure what you know—what you don't know, and what you should know—to make success sure. This Course and Service will fit you to grasp the opportunities that are bound to come to those who are prepared.

Alexander Hamilton Institute
550 Astor Place **New York City**

Send me "Forging Ahead in Business"—FREE

Name

Business Address

Business Position

No Other Six Resembles Hudson Super-Six

Don't Be Misled—It is a Hudson Invention

Sixes have come into renewed popularity since the Super-Six won the top place. But the Super-Six invention—controlled by our patents—added 80 per cent to the six-type efficiency. And that 80 per cent is what gave it supremacy, when the V-types threatened to displace the Six.

Late in 1915, remember, the Six in front rank cars seemed a waning type. Even the Light Six, which Hudson gave first rank, had revealed some vital engineering limitations.

It had not solved the problem of motor vibration. It had not minimized friction and wear. Its endurance had proved disappointing.

Sixes at that time held hardly a single record. They were mostly held by Fours.

And leading engineers, including the Hudson, were seeking a remedy in Eights and Twelves. At that time the Six, for high-grade cars, seemed to be giving way to 8's and 12's.

What Saved the Day

It was the Super-Six invention, remember, which then saved the day for the Six.

Hudson engineers discovered the shortcoming. By a basic invention they corrected the fault. They ended nearly all the vibration. They doubled the motor's endurance. Thus they created a motor which has since won all the worth-while records.

Don't think that the Super-Six is like any other Six.

'Twas the Super-Six That Won

The Super-Six, in a hundred tests, has out-performed all other motor types. It has not merely broken records. It has made new records which, a year ago, no man considered possible.

It broke the 24-hour endurance record by 52 per cent. It broke the transcontinental record twice in one round trip. A Super-Six touring car went from San Francisco to New York and back in 10 days and 21 hours.

It beat twenty famous rivals up Pike's Peak. It broke all stock-car speed records, and all for quick acceleration.

Then, after 7,000 record-breaking miles, it showed itself in new condition. Not a part or bearing showed evidence of wear.

No other motor ever built has shown anywhere near such endurance.

All By Saving Waste

The Super-Six develops no more power than other like-size motors. It simply delivers more. It almost eliminates motor friction and wear by ending nearly all the vibration.

That vibration, which wasted power, was the great fault of the Six. It is that which led to the Eight and Twelve as a possible solution. Any motor in which that fault remains can't compare with the Super-Six.

A New Gasoline Saver

The Hudson Super-Six, in endurance and performance, stands foremost in the world. The new-style bodies which we have created make the car look its supremacy. A new exclusive feature—a gasoline saver—gives it this year another advantage.

It now outsells any other front-rank car. It has 25,000 enthusiastic owners, who know that no rival can match them.

You can prove in one hour, at any Hudson showroom, that this car deserves its place. And that no other car, at any price, can be classed with its performance. Do that before the spring demand overwhelms us.

Phaeton,	7-passenger, $1650	Touring Sedan	$2175	Town Car	$2925
Roadster,	2-passenger, 1650	Limousine	2925	Town Car Landaulet	3025
Cabriolet,	3-passenger, 1950	*(All Prices f. o. b. Detroit)*		Limousine Landaulet	3025

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

A SCRAP OF PAPER

(Continued from Page 23)

"Can you drive a car?" demanded Mack with seeming irrelevance.

"Yes; why?"

"Day before yesterday Cardigan wanted to drug me and take me to his place on Long Island. Masterman has country places at Bar Harbor and Pinehurst. Too far! Blaisdell's nearest country place is in the Thousand Islands. Now they wouldn't let any more people into the secret than necessary. They wouldn't send her to some other millionaire's place. Too risky. Cardigan's is the nearest place. It's a cinch they wouldn't keep her in town, so she must be in the country, and that means Cardigan's country place at Bellmere. You've heard of it?"

"Seen photographs in the Sunday papers," said Grant.

"So have I. Well, that seems the most likely place to look for her. Easily reached by automobile, no need of taking her on a train where crew and passengers might see something to arouse suspicion. And it's the place Cardigan proposed taking me! I'll bet she's there!"

"Then, let's start now," said Grant, rising. "It will take us four hours to get there, including the time we waste now getting started."

"No hurry," said Mack. "We don't want to get there until after dark, you know. Still, we'll want to get down to Edgewater, the nearest village to Cardigan's place, and scout round. Come on, let's hire a car!"

At eleven o'clock that night an electric wire, cleverly concealed in the shrubbery that girded the lawns about the Cardigan country house, was trod upon by the foot of Harry Mack. Within the house six Greenham operatives prepared for action. Ten minutes later Handsome Harry Mack and Dixon Grant were dragged into the presence of Martin Masterman. For the master of transportation was a very shrewd man. It had occurred to him that Grant might learn where Kirby was, and that Cardigan and an aged caretaker might not be sufficient to cope with an outraged lover. And as he wished to question Kirby, and to try to succeed where the Cardigan threats had failed, he had come down to Bellmere himself, bringing the Greenham operatives.

He looked from one to the other of the captives who had been surprised and overcome before Mack could even place his hand on the automatic pistol in his coat pocket.

"Well, gentlemen," said the master of transportation, "Miss Rowland won't tell where that paper is. One of you gentlemen will! No? I don't want to use force, gentlemen, but I want that paper! Cardigan, bring in the girl!"

And Kirby Rowland, sick at sight of brutal fingers crushing the throat of Dixon Grant, told the hiding place of the paper.

"In my own vaults!" said Masterman, gasping. "Of all the nerve ——"

He never finished that sentence, for at that moment the front-door bell clanged ominously. Bellmere had other visitors besides Mack and Grant that night; and these later visitors came not like thieves in the night, but boldly and unafraid. And they pounded on the front door.

"There's a dozen of 'em," gasped a Greenham operative who had peered through a window. "A dozen, and I just heard one of 'em orderin' the others to fire their guns at the lock to bust it in!"

Masterman glared.

"Cardigan, open the door for them and see who and what they are. Threaten them with the law. If that doesn't warn them off advise them that armed men are here and will resist any forced entrance."

But it takes more than threats, more than bullets, to stop the advance of United States marshals. They swept in like a tide, and at Cardigan's protest one seized him by the arm and declared that he was under arrest.

"On what charge?" demanded Cardigan.

"On the charge of conspiring in restraint of trade, and on a warrant issued by a United States Court! And we want Masterman! Where is he?"

They flooded into the house, followed by two men whom Cardigan, fear clutching at his throat, recognized. So did Masterman, a moment later, and he thanked the presence of mind that had made him order Kirby, Dixon Grant and Harry Mack hidden away in a room on the top floor.

"What does this mean?" he blustered, glaring at the men he recognized.

But his bluster broke down when one of them, ignoring his question, said:

"In addition to other charges, Mr. Masterman, there will be the one of kidnaping, for which I guarantee you twenty years behind the bars unless you immediately produce one Kirby Rowland, alleged to be detained by you."

Masterman knew the game was up. He looked at a Greenham operative. The man sullenly left the room. A moment later the three prisoners were confronting their erstwhile captors and their rescuers in a room where economic history was shortly to be made. For the thin-faced man with the stern manner was Morley Ellis, attorney-general of the United States of America; and behind him stood Lindley Jackson.

XVIII

WHEN Handsome Harry Mack flicked a pellet into the high ball of Tom Hanrahan, he thought that his little finger had sent enough of the narcotic into Tom Hanrahan's glass to render the reporter harmless for at least ninety-six hours. But the international crook reckoned without the newspaperman's wonderful constitution. Hanrahan had been a football star and captain of his crew at college. And during the four years that had elapsed since graduation he had kept himself in fine condition. Within twenty-four hours after being found unconscious on the floor of the Tube, Hanrahan awoke. He found himself in a small room whose white furnishings were proof of its connection with a hospital.

"Well, where the deuce — how the deuce ——" Then he knew, and despite a splitting headache and a nauses that enfeebled him he rolled out of bed and staggered toward a half-opened closet wherein he could see his clothes hanging. Halfway to the closet he collapsed, and the noise of his fall brought in a nurse from the hall outside. A passing doctor came in answer to her cry, and together they managed to get Hanrahan back into bed. But when the nurse put something to his lips Hanrahan had recovered his senses again and brushed it aside.

"Get Jackson — Lindley Jackson," he gasped.

"Here, here, my man, drink this," commanded the doctor. "You're mighty sick! No time to talk now."

He put his arm about Hanrahan's shoulders and raised him that he might swallow the easier. But a sudden fury seemed to sweep over Hanrahan. He broke the doctor's grip and hurled the glass across the room, where it splintered in a score of pieces.

"I'm Hanrahan—of the Citizen. Get Jackson—Lindley Jackson!"

The doctor looked at the nurse.

"Is this so? Did you find any papers on him?"

The nurse shook her head.

"Just some letters without their envelopes. Over ninety dollars, so we put him in a private room. His clothing was expensive too; but no identification."

The reporter listened to her, then spoke again.

"Inside pocket—my vest—police card. Send for Jackson—vital—important—get him."

The nurse sped to the closet; she brought out the waistcoat, and in that neglected pocket which Hanrahan mentioned she found his police identification card.

"Better phone his employers," suggested the doctor. "Tell them the man was found drugged in the Tube last night; that no one there seemed to know who he was; that we have just discovered his identity; and that, while he is in no danger, perhaps someone in the office might care to see him. Add that the man states that he has something of vital importance to tell his employers."

Hanrahan heard these instructions and sank back on his pillow with a sigh of relief. Twenty minutes later Lindley Jackson, who for twenty-four hours had wondered about Hanrahan, greatly perturbed entered the sick room. The doctor had told him of Hanrahan's condition, had stated that only a man wonderfully endowed with physical and mental strength could have recovered so quickly, and warned Jackson not to excite his employee.

Hanrahan thrust out a feeble hand.

"Got the goods, boss. Had most of it, and then met Harry Mack—wanted to put personal in paper, threatening Kirby Rowland and Dixon Grant with exposure unless they came across. Mack got wise that I was next to his game. Drugged me. Guess they must have a new barkeep in the Tube. All the old-timers know me." He grinned feebly. "Here's the dope: Mack found paper lost by Masterman. Kirby Rowland, chum of girl I know, Jessie Sigmund—and Miss Sigmund started me on right trail—got hold of paper. With Dixon Grant, friend of hers, started some game of their own. Masterman's agents—Greenhams—after them. Miss Rowland hides in Masterman's house under name of Adele Rohan, the artist. Rowland girl is artist herself. Don't know about Grant. Get the girl. She can tell story. In Masterman's house. I know it. Don't ask me how—get her! She'll talk. You'll find some way. But before you get her"—and now he fought desperately with the drowsiness that attacked him—"ask permission of Jessie Sigmund. Gave me first tip. Must have her permission to use tip. Got to be square or she won't—she won't—marry me. Got to be fair ——"

His voice died away. He was not to speak again for fifteen hours; he was not to be his old, jovial, healthy self for a month. Jackson looked down at him. His eyes softened; he patted the unconscious head.

"Some boy!" he said. Then he turned to the doctor.

"The best the hospital can afford, doctor," he said curtly. "Send the bills to me. Have you a telephone?"

Of course they had, and Jackson was led to it. He found Miss Sigmund's number in the book and called her up.

"Miss Sigmund? . . . This is Lindley Jackson, publisher of the Citizen. Mr. Hanrahan, one of my men, has informed me that before seeing Miss Kirby Rowland I must ask your permission. . . . Question of honor, I believe. . . . You gave him a tip that has led to her discovery. . . . Why doesn't he ask you? Well, Miss Sigmund, he's ill—not seriously, no. . . . Yes, you can come up and see him—Presbyterian Hospital. . . . Drugged—all right in a day or so, I assure you, Miss Sigmund. . . . We may act, then, upon whatever tip you gave him. Thank you. . . . No, don't worry; he's all right. Sleeping and in no danger. . . . And when he's able to talk, Miss Sigmund, kindly tell him that the paper gives him a month's vacation, and that he's to be managing editor on his return."

Then, with a last command that Hanrahan be treated well, Jackson dashed from the hospital and into the car that awaited him, giving his chauffeur the name of a hotel.

In ten minutes he had sent up his name to Morley Ellis, a guest at the hotel, and was riding in the elevator to Ellis' room. The attorney-general met him at the door. They shook hands warmly.

Each admired the other tremendously, and in addition to admiration and liking there was gratitude on the side of Ellis, for Lindley Jackson's money and support had made Ellis district attorney of his state. In that office he had made a remarkable record, and upon the accession of his party to national power Jackson, who had supported the new administration with both money and brains, had forced upon a president, reluctant to appoint so pronounced a radical, the name of Morley Ellis as his attorney-general.

Ellis never forgot a friend. He knew that what he was he owed in great measure to Lindley Jackson. He was his own man, nobody owned him, but he knew his debt and would pay on demand, provided the demand was in accord with his conscience. And Lindley Jackson's demand would not offend the conscience of Ellis! Jackson got right down to business.

"Meant to see you to-night anyway, Ellis," he said, "but didn't think it would be on business. However, it is. You're over here investigating the turpentine crowd, aren't you?"

Ellis nodded.

"Suppose you've got a pile of blank warrants, eh?"

"Lots of subpœnas and a few warrants, yes."

"Would you have the nerve to arrest Martin Masterman?"

Ellis smiled grimly.

(Concluded on Page 43)

What's the Good of Having Bunions?

"NO good at all," you *say*. But you go right on wearing narrow, pinching, bone-bending shoes that *cause* bunions—and corns, callouses, flat-foot, ingrown nails, etc.

Give up this cruel "fashion"! Wear broad-toed, comfortable Educators instead. Because Educators are built by experts to "let the feet grow as they should."

Made for
MEN, WOMEN, CHILDREN

Get your whole family fitted with them today. When buying, look for the mark EDUCATOR branded on the sole. It's your guarantee of the correct orthopædic Educator shape.

"Bent Bones Make Frantic Feet" is a startling booklet of facts about feet. Free. Send for copy today.

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Makers also of All American and Sunset Shoes for Men and Mayfairs for Women

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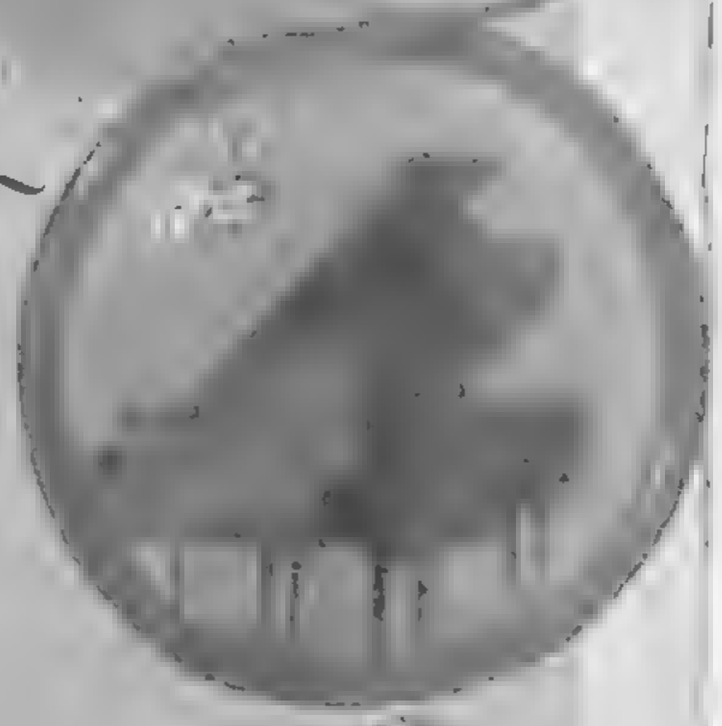
The two Godowskys



As makers of music they are the same. Liszt himself, virtuoso that he was, would find little fault with either's interpretation of his work. An ultra-critical audience of musicians and music-lovers heard them in joint recital at the Biltmore last October and applauded them both impartially.

But in one important respect they are entirely different.

One is the Godowsky of the metropolitan concert hall, inaccessible to thousands who would like to hear him, but are prevented by mere distance. The other is the Godowsky of the home—who is always yours to command—whose art will at your pleasure *vitalize* the works of the masters.

This is the Godowsky of the Ampico Reproducing Piano.

It needed that memorable "comparison concert" at the Biltmore to prove that the delicate art of a great concert pianist *can* be reproduced.

But the proof was made, and an audience including such artists as Ornstein, Adler, Brockway and Volavy were convinced. These artists, along with Godowsky and many others have already endorsed the Ampico and are recording their work for it, for they recognize in the Ampico the only perfect means of perpetuating their art for posterity.

To hear the Ampico, go to any music dealer selling the Chickering, Haines Bros., Marshall-Wendell or the celebrated Knabe pianos. There you can hear Godowsky, Bauer, Ornstein, Goodson—the foremost living pianists of America. Also some celebrated rag time virtuosi, who give you popular music at its best. For dancing the Ampico "automatic encore" enables you to repeat at will the whole or any portion of the roll.

A remarkable feature of the Ampico is that it may readily be transformed into a "player piano", playing any standard roll, to which you may impart your own interpretation. And the tone and touch of the piano itself are unimpaired for hand playing.

The Ampico may be had in the world's oldest and best pianos. Hear it at your dealer's. Our new illustrated catalogue will be sent on request.

The AMERICAN PIANO COMPANY
437 5th Ave. N.Y.C.

The AMPICO Reproducing Piano

(Concluded from Page 41)

"You know me, Lindley. Show me some evidence justifying his arrest, and I'll act."

"Then you'll act," said Jackson grimly.

Swiftly he reviewed the events of the past twenty-four hours, beginning with his invitation to attend the conference at Masterman's house and ending with the words of Tom Hanrahan.

"Of course," he ended, "I learned of the existence of this remarkable document only in confidence. I would not have thought to search for it except for what Masterman told me. And yet, what I've found out is without betraying the confidence. It was not to be expected of any newspaperman that, learning of the existence of such a paper, he should make no effort to find it, even though knowledge of its existence was learned in confidence. Masterman himself admitted that the paper might be brought to me. In that case I saw no reason why I shouldn't make an effort to have it brought to me. At any rate, right or wrong, I feel that I'm relieved of my promise to keep silent. From outside sources I have learned what Masterman was so anxious to keep secret. Further, before even exacting any confidences he mentioned a force that menaced something—himself. I've tried to be fair to him, Ellis, but the thing is too big. So then, do you summon a bunch of marshals, raid Masterman's house, get hold of the Rowland girl, force her—if we can—to tell the nature of this paper, arrest Masterman—or not?"

"You've given me evidence enough, Lindley," replied Ellis, "to make me believe that there is a criminal conspiracy behind this universal transfer business. And as the Consolidated Car Lines does a business in Jersey City, and is therefore an interstate concern, it comes under the control of the Federal Government. We'll raid Masterman in an hour."

And in just exactly that time Morley Ellis rang the bell of the Masterman mansion. Behind him were a dozen United States marshals. It was the United States Government against the Masterman money, and servants who would have scoffed at the police broke down before the attorney-general.

In ten minutes Ellis had learned that Kirby Rowland was at Cardigan's place at Bellmere, and that Masterman had gone down there an hour earlier. The servant who had aided in the laying of the false trail to cover Kirby's whereabouts, who had witnessed bribe money time and again, dared not lie to a member of the cabinet. And four hours later the attorney-general, Jackson, Cardigan, Masterman, Mack, Grant and Kirby Rowland, with a dozen or more marshals and detectives to act as supernumeraries, staged the final act of the drama that had begun when the hand of Handsome Harry Mack seized the paper that had blown from Masterman's office.

XIX

"MISS ROWLAND," said the attorney-general, "am I right in presuming that you have in your possession a paper signed by Martin Masterman?"

The old gray wolf of finance was not dead yet. He showed his teeth.

"I have it in my vaults," he snarled. "This woman just confessed to me that she had placed it there. You can't get it!"

"No?" Ellis smiled his thin-lipped, frosty smile. "I have yet to learn of the vault that will refuse to open for the United States Government! Miss Rowland, will you kindly tell us the nature of that document?"

Again Masterman spoke.

"There is a million dollars, Miss Rowland, to be distributed between you and Grant and Mack if you refuse to answer that question. No, Ellis, don't threaten me! You think you can jail me. For what? For kidnaping? But I think the young lady will listen to reason, a million dollars' worth will listen to reason, and will refuse to press that of reason, and will refuse to press that charge. For conspiracy in restraint of trade? Prove it! My lawyers will fight for twenty years! Miss Rowland, refuse to answer him."

"And, Miss Rowland, the alternative is jail for contempt of court," said Ellis. "We have evidence that you know of a paper, have a paper, that would convict Martin Masterman and others of agreeing to sell Consolidated 'short' in advance of granting universal transfers. A conspiracy! Am I correct?"

"You are not," said Kirby. And while Jackson and Ellis gasped, Masterman smiled. But only for a moment, for Kirby went on: "Clear the room, Mr. Ellis, of your detectives, and then I will tell you ——"

Mack broke his silence.

"You'll tell him? So help me, if you do, I'll ——"

Grant, recovered from the throttling to which he had been subjected in the effort to make Kirby confess to Masterman, wheeled upon the crook.

"You'll do nothing, Mack," he said softly. "Nothing! You've bragged about being willing to go to the chair for either of us. You'll never see the chair. One threat against Miss Rowland, and I'll save the state expense—with my own hands!"

Mack stared into eyes as coldly angry as his own were hotly venomous, and gone were his dreams of great wealth. Opportunity had knocked, but she had not paused. He sank down into a chair and was a mere spectator and auditor of what followed. He held a part no longer.

Cardigan's voice broke the pause that followed this by-play:

"Make it more money, Martin!"

Kirby stilled him.

"Don't waste your breath," she counseled. Then she looked at her lover. "Will you tell, Dick, or shall I?"

He nodded:

"Go ahead, Kirby."

She turned to the attorney-general; her voice was calm, almost unexpressive.

"Mr. Masterman, Mr. Cardigan and Mr. Blaisdell signed a paper. In some way that paper got into the hands of Harry Mack there," and she pointed at the slumped figure of the international crook. "Mack placed it, for some reason or other—probably because he was in danger of arrest—in the pocket of Mr. Grant. Mr. Grant showed it to me. It seemed to me that with that paper Mr. Grant and I could reconstruct the country. We began by demanding that Mr. Masterman grant universal transfers in this city. We had made further demands—that he and his associates reduce railroad fares, the price of coal and food, and that they increase wages. We thought that in this manner the great corporations would be unable to meet expenses and that the Government would be compelled to step in and take charge. Which was what we wanted—all utilities, all wealth, to be owned by the people. Then Mr. Masterman captured me and, by hurting Mr. Grant, forced me to confess that I had hidden this paper in his vaults, under the name of Margaret Blake."

She paused.

"But the contents of the paper?" demanded Ellis and Jackson almost in the same breath.

The girl walked to the door and opened it; the detectives and marshals had left the room and were not in the hall. She returned. "It would not do for others to know the contents of this paper," she said. "Too many know it now. Gentlemen, it was an agreement whereby Masterman, Cardigan and Blaisdell agreed to act in concert with certain bankers. They were to cease the mining of coal, cease the production of food, cease the manufacture of all raw materials, call all loans issued by banks to all merchants, reduce all transportation facilities to an absolute minimum! In short, they were to tie up not only business but the function of eating—of living, practically. That was the paper!"

Ellis gasped.

"But the reason, Masterman, the reason?"

"To make money, more money. What better reason could we have?" said Masterman. "To make all the money possible to be made. To get the money of this country into the hands of the men who've made this country! If I could have trusted Cardigan and Blaisdell not to betray me by selling stocks short But you can't trust anybody in this world but yourself." He glared at Ellis and at Jackson. "Arrest me! Publish the story! And then what will the people say when they learn that half a dozen men could have done what I and my associates proposed doing?"

Never so tremendous, so virile, so scornful of mere humans had Masterman been as in this the hour of his defeat. Ellis stepped back from him, staring incredulously at the man whose ruthless motives had at last been disclosed. He spoke softly, incredulously.

"So this was your plan, Masterman?"

He drew a paper from his pocket. "This, Masterman, is a warrant for your arrest." He tore the paper into several pieces, then rose from the chair into which he had dropped.

"Miss Rowland, may we attend you back to town?"

Masterman's jaw dropped; Jackson stared; the others stood rigid in amazement.

"Good Lord, Ellis, are you mad?" gasped Jackson. "Aren't you going to arrest Masterman?"

The blue eyes of the thin-faced radical who was attorney-general took on a filmy look. Prophets scorned have worn that look—a look of communion with something beyond, something greater than this world holds.

"Arrest him? Jackson, it's too big! With that paper I could do anything. I could do as this enthusiastic but misguided young lady hoped to do. I could break the power of money, force Government ownership, could create a Utopia. But I won't!

"Why? Because a Utopia created by force could not last! The people are not ready for it. When they are it will exist already. But the time has not yet come! Only what God puts into the hearts and minds of men may last for long! Men do not want Utopia! If they wanted it they would have it. By struggle man shall achieve, not by gift! That is and has been God's law! And a Utopia created but to fail—as it inevitably would to-day—would postpone the coming of the real Utopia a thousand years. When men are ready for a world for which the Golden Rule shall be sufficient government, that world will be theirs. It cannot be forced upon them ahead of God's destined time!

"Arrest Masterman and let the world know? Masterman is right! The people, with definite proof of the puppets they have always been, would tear down in a day a nation it has taken a century to build! I will not see it torn down! Come!"

"But you can make yourself president," cried Jackson. "I get your point; almost I agree with you; I do agree with you! But the power, man, the power! You can win all your cases against the trusts! You can make a record such as no prosecuting officer has ever made! The White House—Ellis, are you mad? Don't publish the paper, but keep it to force Masterman, not to establish Government ownership or the Utopia you talk about, but to yield to the laws already established! You will win your cases ——"

But Morley Ellis shook his head.

"While that paper exists the nation is not safe! I want it destroyed. Someone would find it some day. In whatever place I put it, it would be found! The White House? Man dear, that's why I want it destroyed! I am ambitious. If the paper were in my possession God knows to what ambition would lead me. I might use this paper to force the moneyed interests to support me. I dare not use it legitimately; I will not use it illegitimately! If I cannot enforce the present laws against the trusts with the means provided my office, then I am a failure; and failures do not belong in the White House!"

He looked at Masterman.

"In your own heart, Masterman, you are convicted of being a traitor to your country. You have been false to your kind, and you know it. No words of mine can add to that knowledge. Come!"

He turned again to Jackson and Kirby, who stood with Grant, staring at a man whom suddenly they knew to be worthy of standing beside the greatest the nation had produced.

But Masterman stopped them with an upraised hand.

"Ellis, I thought all men were like myself; that all craved power, and merely pretended love for their kind because they were failures. But you have given up something for the right! I used to believe all you preachers of the people's rights were crazy—or liars. But you're a better man than I am, Morley Ellis, and it's Martin Masterman talking! A better man. You have eyes; you see! You almost make me see with your eyes. I have thought you a faker, a demagogue, but you're a man! And—Ellis, hereafter the trusts will obey the laws strictly. Your cases will not be defended. You will win for the Government.

"It's only in stories that a man reconstructs his whole view of life in a moment, not in real life. But, Ellis, you've made me think. And you, Miss Rowland; you gave up a fortune for the sake of others. I'll remember that."

He swept the room with his fiery old eyes. They lighted on Handsome Harry Mack. The harsh lips curled in a smile.

"Mack, you and Cardigan and myself are the same breed. No reason why we should quarrel. You're clever; if you want a chance in the world—an honest chance, not blackmail millions—well, I've been given another chance, there's no reason why you shouldn't be. Come to my office to-morrow."

Mack lifted his eyes. He did not answer, but his eyes spoke for his lips. Foreign to all his principles were these happenings of to-night, but something stirred in the breast of Handsome Harry Mack which we might call conscience. He felt a sudden desire to earn rather than to steal.

"And you, Grant," went on the suddenly mellow voice of the financier, "would you work for such a scoundrel as myself?"

"If you had my kind of work," said Grant.

"Books?"

Grant shook his head.

"I'm a civil engineer. I couldn't get work, so I entered Bryant & Manners' office. But it's not my line, and I hate it. If there were some construction work ——"

"Come to my office to-morrow," said the financier.

He looked at Kirby.

"Miss Rowland, to-day my daughter wept because you had gone away. I understand that you are an artist. Could you not come to my house? You are a miniature painter, eh? I would like one of my little girl. Miss Rohan will paint the portrait that shall hang in my study, but you will paint the likeness that I shall always carry with me. Will—will you come? It is not Martin Masterman who asks you; not the man you believe to be responsible for the poverty of millions—a poverty he will try to remedy, my dear, if you do not ask too much—but it is the father of a little girl named Laurel, who loves you and is unhappy because her new friend has gone away.

"You think I am a bad old man. Maybe I am, my dear, maybe I am not. At the moment it looks as though I were, and that my whole life has been wrongly employed. But I have only done what others before me, countless others, have done in lesser degrees—gained power and forgotten the weak. And even if I am guilty of evil, surely my little daughter is not to blame for my sins—sins which shall be atoned by good because Martin Masterman can play the game!"

He lifted his shaggy old head. "You had me down, Ellis! You got me up! I was beaten and spared. I do not curse the hand that spared me!" He turned once more to Kirby. "Will you come to Laurel, not to me?"

Kirby's hand stole out and gripped the fingers of Dick.

"If—if my husband"—and she blushed—"will let me, I'll come to both."

Next day Martin Masterman announced the gift of ten million dollars of land and reparation paid for the city of the city. The papers which announced this announced also Morley Ellis' great victories over the trusts. The Citizen was the only paper which did not express surprise over the failure of the trusts to fight the Government suits; but the Citizen gave no reason for its lack of surprise. Even Lindley Jackson, most vocal radical, had yielded to the arguments of Ellis. And he saw, as I saw, that the time was not ripe for a people's war; and when it should be ripe there need be no war. For what belonged to the people would by that time have been given to them.

Time cannot be accelerated. God is not hurry.

THE END

One of Seventeen New Body Designs i

A New Achievement

The Overland line now includes four complete groups of cars—light fours, big fours, light sixes and a seven passenger group.

From cars that emphasize the utmost economy without sacrifice of quality, to the very highest type of car in the luxurious class, virtually every size and type of car is represented in the Overland line.

This is a new achievement in the automobile industry.

Its accomplishment has necessarily been gradual, involving as it did the accumulation of vast resources, extensive physical properties, an enormous amount of equipment of itself, and the training of a huge organization.

This has been distinctively an Overland aim and achievement.

Its Value to You

From the beginning our policy has been the quantity production of quality cars.

It has been our steadfast policy to share the economies and advantages of quantity production with buyers of Overland cars.

Heretofore this policy has benefited certain classes of buyers only.

Our greatest pride in the accomplishment of our aim lies in the fact that now there is a quality car in the Overland line for every class of buyer.

And each car is bigger value because it has shared proportionately in the greater economies of our larger production.

The Willys-Overland

Manufacturers of Overland a

"Made

Two Passenger Roadster
Light Four, 104 in. wheelbase $650

Four Seater Sport model
The Country Club, 104 in. wheelbase $750

Big Four Roadster, 112 in. wheelbase $835
Light Six Roadster, 116 in. wheelbase $970

All prices

Overland

TRADE MARK REG.

The Light Four

$665

f. o. b. Toledo

n the Line—Quality Higher Than Ever

A Concrete Example

The new Overland Light Four is an achievement in smart style and luxuriousness for a car of its size.

It has a new motor exhaustively tested over rough roads, mountain roads, through hub-deep mud and sand—a motor of the most modern type—quiet, powerful, flexible.

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See What You Save

This brief description of the Light Four will serve to illustrate Overland quality standards which are higher than ever and which are characteristic of the entire line.

And straight through from top to bottom quality considered with price will show you values in every class, possible only as the result of this consummation of our plans.

—*One* executive organization,
—*one* factory management,
—*one* purchasing unit,
—*one* sales management,
—*one* dealer organization, produce and sell the entire line.

Enormous economies thus effected are distributed so that every car shares proportionately.

And buyers of Overlands, regardless of class, save materially.

See the Overlands *first*.

Company, Toledo, Ohio

nd Willys-Knight Automobiles

U. S. A."

Big Four Coupé, 112 in. wheelbase — $1250
Light Six Coupé, 116 in. wheelbase — $1385

Big Four Touring, 112 in. wheelbase — $850
Light Six Touring, 116 in. wheelbase — $985

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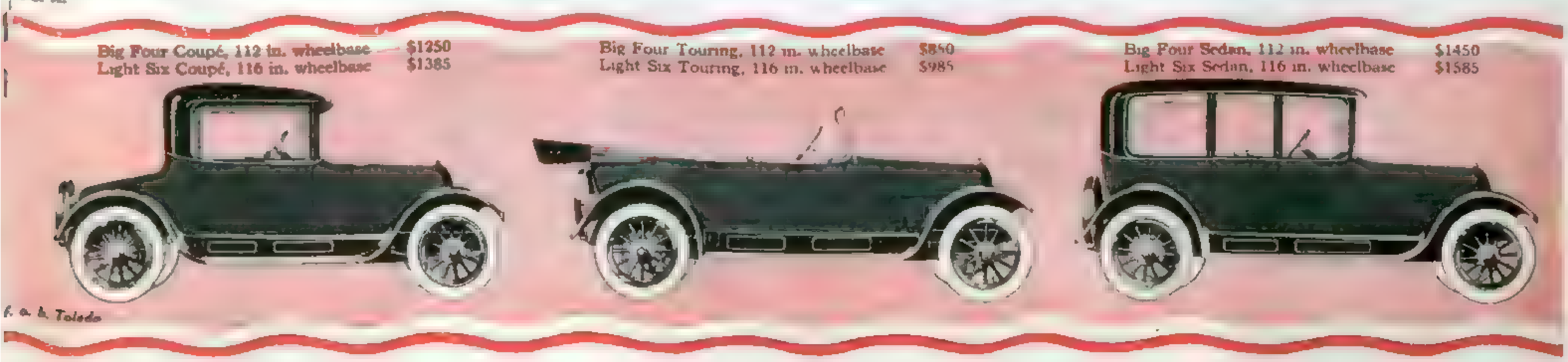
Light Six Sedan, 116 in. wheelbase — $1585



f. o. b. Toledo

G T D

American Industries Threatened

American manufacturers have been supreme in turning out [illegible] the world market, in spite of high labor cost and [illegible] in some respects both wasteful and inefficient.

To maintain leadership after the war, our manufacturers *must* correct their methods, eliminate the inefficiencies, adopt standardization.

There is shown below a Thread Limit Gage, one of the many G. T. D. Gages. The two pairs of points are set by standards to maximum and minimum limits respectively and sealed. Any bolt that is too large will fail to pass the upper points, or if too small will fall through the lower ones.

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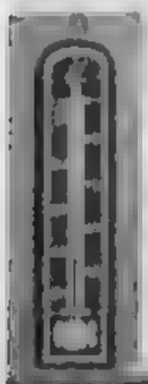

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THE GARB OF MEN

(Concluded from Page 20

they can fight. Oh, if only the good God for one little hour, for one little minute, would give me back my eyes, to see the men of France fighting for France!"

The last straggling pair of legs went shambling awkwardly past the portholes. To the Breton, watching, it appeared that the owner of those legs scarcely could lift the weight of the thick-soled boots.

Beyond the cellar, to the left, whither the marchers had defiled, the firing became general. It rose in volume, sank to a broken and individual sequence of crashes, rose again in a chorus, grew thin and thready again. There was nothing workmanlike, nothing soldierlike about it; nothing steadfastly sustained. It was intermittent, irregular, uncertain. Listening, the blind man waggled his head in a puzzled, irritated fashion, and shook off the grasp of his comrade, who still appeared bent on trying to make something clear to him.

With a movement like that of a startled horse the old leader-woman threw up her head. With her fingers she clawed the matted gray hair out of her ears.

"Hark! Hark!" she cried, imposing silence upon all of them by her hoarse intensity. "Hark, all of you! What is that?"

The others heard it too, then. It was a whining, gagging, thin cry from outside, close up against the southerly wall of their underground refuge—the distressful cry of an unhappy child, very frightened and very sick. There was no mistaking it—the sobbing intake of the breath; the choked, distressed note of nausea which followed.

"It is a little one!" bleated one woman.

"What child is missing?" screeched another in a panic. "What babe has been overlooked?"

Each mother took quick and frenzied inventory of her own young, groping out with her hands to make sure by the touch of their flesh to her flesh that her offspring were safely bestowed. But when, this done, they turned to tell their leader that apparently all of Courney had been accounted for, she was gone. She had darted into the dark passage that led up and outward into the open. They sat up on their haunches, gaping.

A minute passed and she was back, half bearing, half pulling in her arms not a forgotten baby, but a soldier; a dwarfish and misshapen soldier, it seemed to them, squatting there in the fading light; a soldier whose uniform was far too large for him; a soldier whose head was buried under his cap, and whose face was hidden within the gaping collar of his coat, and whose booted toes scraped along the rough flagging as his rescuer backed in among them, dragging him along with her.

In the middle of the floor she released him, and he fell upon his side in a clump of soiled cloth and loose accouterment; and for just an instant they thought both his hands had been shot away, for nothing showed below the ends of the flapping sleeves as he pressed his midriff in his folded arms, uttering weak, tearful cries. Then, though, they saw that his hands were merely lost within the length of his sleeves, and they plunged at the conclusion that his hurt was in his middle.

"Ah, the poor one!" exclaimed one or two. "Wounded in the belly."

"Wounded?" howled the old woman. "Wounded? You fools! Don't you see he has no wound? Don't you see what it is? Then, look, you fools—look!"

She dropped down alongside him and wrestled him, he struggling feebly, over on his back. With a ferocious violence she snatched the cap off his head, tore his gripped arms apart, ripped open the coat he wore and the coarse shirt that was beneath it.

"Look, fools, and see for yourselves!"

Forgetting the danger to themselves of stray bullets, they scrambled to their feet and crowded up close behind her, peering over her shoulders as she reared back upon her bent knees in order that they might the better see.

They did see. They saw, looking up at them from beneath the mop of tousled black hair, the scared white face and the terror-widened eyes of a boy—a little, sickly, undernourished boy. He could not have been more than fourteen—perhaps not more than thirteen. They saw in the gap of his parted garments the narrow structure of his shape, with the ribs pressing tight against the tender, hairless skin, and below the arch of the ribs the sunken curve of his abdomen, heaving convulsively to the constant retching as he twisted and wriggled his meager body back and forth.

"Oh, Mother above!" one yowled. "They have sent a child to fight!"

As though these words had been to him a command, the writhing heap half rose from the flags.

"I am no child!" he cried, between choking attacks of nausea. "I am as old as the rest—older than some. Let me go! Let me go back! I am a soldier of France!"

For all his brave words, his trembling legs gave way under him, and he fell again and rolled over on his stomach, hiding his face in his hands, a whimpering, vomiting child, helpless with pain and with fear.

"He speaks true! He speaks true!" yelled the old woman. Now she was on her feet, her lean face red and swollen with a vast rage. "I saw them—I saw them—I saw those others as I was dragging this one in. He speaks true, I tell you. There was a captain—he could not have been more than fifteen. And his sword—it was as long as he was, nearly. There are soldiers out there like this one, whose arms are not strong enough to lift the guns to their shoulders. They are children who fight outside—children in the garb of men!"

The widow, who continually wept, sprang forward. She had quit weeping and a great and terrible fury looked out of her red-lidded eyes. She screeched in a voice that rose above the wails of the rest:

"And it was for this, months ago, that they took away from me my little Pierre! Mother of God, they fight this war with babies!"

She threw herself down on all fours and, wriggling across the floor upon her hands and knees, gathered up the muddied, booted feet of the boy soldier and hugged them to her bosom.

In the middle of the circle the old woman stood, gouging at her hair with her hands.

"It is true!" she proclaimed. "They are sending forth our babies to fight against strong men."

The palsied man twisted himself up to her. He shook his head to and fro, as if in dissent from what she declared. He pointed toward the north; then at the sobbing boy at his feet; then north again; then at the boy; and, so doing, he many times and very swiftly nodded his head. Then he repeated the same gesticulations with his arms that he had made at the time of giving the first alarm of the approach of the enemy. Finally he stooped his back and shrank up his body and hunched in his shoulders in an effort to counterfeit smallness and slightness, all the while gurgling in a desperate attempt to make himself understood. All at once, simultaneously his audience grasped the purport of his pantomime.

"The Germans that you saw, they were children too—little boys like this one?" demanded the old woman, her voice all thickened and raspy with her passion. "Is that what you mean?"

He jerked his head up and down in violent assent, his jaws clicking and his face muscles jumping. The old woman shoved him away from in front of her.

"Come on with me!" she bade the other women, in a tone that clarioned out high and shrill above the sobbing of the boy on the floor, above the gurgling of the cripple and the sound of the firing without. "Come on!"

They knew what she meant; and behind her they massed themselves, their bodies bent forward from their waists, their heads lowered and their hands clenched like swimmers about to breast a swift torrent.

"Bide where you are—you women!" the blinded man commanded. "You can do nothing. The war goes on—this fight here goes on—until we win!"

"No, no, no, no!" shouted back the old beldam, and at each word beat her two fists against her flaccid breasts. "When babies fight this war this war ends! And we—the women here—the women everywhere—we will stop it! Do you hear me? We will stop it! Come on!"

She pushed him aside; and, led by her, the tatterdemalion crew of them ran swiftly from the cellar and into the looming darkness of the tunnel, crying out as they ran.

Strictly speaking, the beginning of this story comes at the end of it. Yesterday, in the morning paper, I read, under small headlines on an inner page, sandwiched in between the account of a football game at Nashville and the story of a dog show at Newport, a short dispatch that had been sent by cable to this country, to be printed in our papers and to be read by our people, and then to be forgotten by them. And that dispatch ran like this:

BOYS TO FIGHT WAR SOON

GERMANY USING SOME SEVENTEEN YEARS OLD. HAIG WANTS YOUNG MEN

LONDON—The war threatens soon to become a struggle between mere boys. The pace is said to be entirely too fast for the older men long to endure. It is declared here that next year, in 1917, the Entente Allies will be facing boys of seventeen in the German Army.

General Sir Douglas Haig, commanding the British [illegible], is said to have objected to the sending out of men of [illegible] age. He wants young men of from eighteen to twenty-five. After the latter year, it is said, the fighting value of the [illegible] shows a rapid and steady decline. The older men have their place, but generally speaking, it is said now to be in the army behind the army, the men back of the line to the supply and transport services, where the strain is not so great. These older men are too susceptible to trench diseases to be of great use on the firing line. England already is registering boys born in 1899, preparatory to calling them up when they attain their eighteenth year.

So I sat down and I wrote this story.

THE THIRD ENCOUNTER

By ROLAND PERTWEE

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT McCAIG

A DEALER'S life is full of disappointments — any of them will tell you that—and Simon Caleb's had been no exception. Of all the bitter disappointments which had come his way not the least was that in connection with the strange old man he met on Dartmoor.

Caleb was visiting some of the remoter districts of Devon at the time in search of Welsh dressers, luster teapots or any other odds and ends the unsophisticated cottagers might be prepared to sell for about a third of their real value.

It was in a tiny house, just beyond the village of Mary Tavy, that he came upon the old man. Caleb had walked up the lane and, sensing that there was no one in the front room, had flattened his nose against the windowpane. To his astonishment he saw the room was furnished with a remarkably fine claw-and-ball-foot table and four Chippendale chairs of very rare design.

Caleb fairly gasped, and in another moment was rapping his stick against the door. It was opened by a quaint little old man in a shabby pair of breeches and waistcoat. He wore a green baize apron, with a white one over it. On his head was a skullcap embroidered with forget-me-nots and scarlet pimpernels. His sleeves were rolled up, showing a pair of hairy hands and arms, knotted and gnarled with toil. He had a simple, almost babyish face, and sported a short stubbly beard. He peered at Caleb benignly through a pair of pebble glasses and asked him what he needed.

"I've had a long trudge," said Caleb glibly, "and my throat is that dry I came to beg a drink of water."

"Won't you take a drop of cider?" said the old man. "I was about to have one myself. Step inside and sit down while I draw a jug." And he held open the door of his little sitting room as he spoke.

Caleb was enchanted. If ever he had seen a soft thing, here it was. While the old man was away he feasted his eyes on the furniture.

"No doubt about it," he murmured to himself; "these are the goods."

"Are You Mr. Simon Caleb?" He Asked of a Fusty-Looking Old Man

When his host returned, bearing a jug and two blue china tankards, he casually remarked:

"You've some nice bits of furniture here."

"You like 'em?" asked the old man, pouring out the cider.

"Quite nice," Caleb allowed, without too much enthusiasm.

"You know a bit about furniture perhaps?" the old man asked.

"Yes; I know a bit."

"Would you take these pieces to be genuine?"

Caleb did not entirely approve of the turn the conversation was taking. It appeared as if the old man might have some knowledge as to the value of his property, which would never do. Accordingly he assumed a critical expression and lied.

"They are effective enough pieces," he replied, "but they are certainly not genuine."

Then, intensely to his surprise, the old man clapped him upon the back and cried:

"Well done, sir! You are perfectly right."

"Eh? Beg your pardon?" exclaimed Caleb.

"You are a smart man, sir," the other went on; "one of the smartest I ever run against."

"Eh?" repeated Caleb, still uncomprehending.

"I made every bit of it myself."

"You're a liar!" broke forth from Caleb in spite of himself. "You never made these pieces any more than I did."

The old man took this remark in the light of a pleasantry.

"'Tisn't everybody would have spotted it," he said. "Why, sometimes when I turns out a thing I hardly know it from the original. Come along and see a bit I'm workin' on now."

So saying, he bundled Caleb through the back door and into a large shed, in which stood a carpenter's bench and a great assortment of broken-down pieces of furniture of different periods.

"These are all genuine," the old man rattled on, "and I uses them as models. There! Little Queen Anne table I'm makin'—see? When I've finished the joinery I polishes it up in the back room yonder and brings it down to the right color. I use naught but old wood; 'tis that makes it hard to tell the difference—that and my way of treating the surface. Lovely work! Keeps me happier nor any wife would. On'y thing that troubles me is that I mayn't be able to go on."

"How's that?" asked Caleb, who by this time had realized that he was in the presence of a veritable genius among woodworkers. "What's to prevent you goin' on?"

"Money," said the old man sadly. "Wood and tools costs a lot and I haven't much to spare."

"But you ought to be rich, bein' able to turn out stuff like this."

"I don't sell," said the other gravely. "I makes for my own pleasure. Maybe, here and there, a friend has a sample of my work; folks I can trust implicit—d'ye see?"

It was then that Caleb made the mistake of his life.

He introduced himself as a dealer in antiques of very high repute. He offered to supply the old craftsman with all the materials he wanted and give him fifty per cent on all sales. He asked for an option on the whole of his output.

"Stuff like yours," he wound up, "is good enough to deceive the Archbishop of Canterbury himself."

"Deceive?" roared the old man. "Understand me and then get out of here. It is folks of your kidney as stops me from selling what I make. Yes—because you'd be after taking people in with it. I'm an honest man; and, please God, I'll stay so. D'ye think I've so little respec' and rev'rence for those great masters Chippendale and Sheraton that I'd shame their memory by pretending my poor handiwork was theirs? I come to this place to get away from smooth-tongued robbers and sharks like you. Yes—so I did! So the sooner you clears out of this, the better."

And Caleb went.

Memory of that interview never failed to rouse the bitterest feelings in Simon Caleb's breast.

"If I'd have had that fellow workin' for me I'd have made me fortune," he declared. "I'd have sent stuff to Christie's and no one would have been any the wiser."

That, of course, is a matter for doubt, for shrewd men assemble in those famous salesrooms; but there is no doubt whatever that Caleb would have tried.

Mutual help being the essence of happy marriage, people who are engaged cannot begin the study of each other's requirements too soon.

Lord Louis Lewis was removing the peel from a Duchesse pear, balanced on the end of a fork, while his fiancée, Miss Jill Marston, sat opposite to him, in the dining room of the Clarence Hotel, cracking walnuts and placing the exquisitely skinned quarters beside his plate. The last of the peel having gone, he cut the pear in four pieces, extracted the core and proffered her the results.

"I have received an invitation to dine with a relative of yours on Saturday next," he remarked.

"Oh!" said Jill. "Who?"

"The Duke of Bethincourt."

"Then I certainly shouldn't go. Beth is a horrid little beast."

Lord Louis smiled.

"And yet," he murmured, "it is said that blood is thicker than water."

"He is only a second cousin twice removed," she returned. "I wouldn't be sorry if he were removed altogether."

"He wrote me a very charming letter."

"That's quite likely. It is also likely he will give you a very charming dinner; and more likely still he will borrow a hundred with the liqueurs."

"Dear me!" said Lord Louis. "And is he like that?" Jill nodded emphatically. "Tell me the worst," he pleaded.

"I can't," she said, "because I'm glad to say I don't know it. I do know that he drinks too much and that he ran through all his own money and most of his father's, who was a dear."

"Died a few weeks ago, didn't he?" queried Lord Louis.

"Yes; after selling the estate and nearly everything else to pay Beth's gambling debts."

"I wondered why the old duke had taken that house in the Avenue. Wasn't there a room in their old place which Queen Anne was supposed to have occupied?"

Jill nodded over a mouthful of pear.

"Um! There was some furniture in it you'd have loved!"

"Sold?" asked Lord Louis.

"Rather not. Uncle Jack had it put in a special room at the Avenue house."

"That being so, I am sorely tempted to accept your degenerate cousin's invitation. The Queen Anne Room intrigues me."

"It is a lovely period," said Jill. "One of my dreams is to have a Queen Anne Bedroom."

"For the future," said Lord Louis Lewis, "my chief ambition is to make your dream come true."

When people who are engaged begin to talk in that strain the wise man will remove and leave them to pursue its course alone.

Lord Louis accepted the invitation and presented himself on the day and hour indicated. *(Continued on Page 50)*

Clicquot Club

Pronounced Klee-Ko

Ginger Ale

When ginger ale is bought for the home, by the case, it is usually Clicquot Club Ginger Ale.

Clicquot is an ideal home beverage—sparkling, lively and harmless.

It makes thirst a pleasure.

Good grocers and druggists sell it by the case. Also at fountains, clubs, hotels and cafés.

The Clicquot Club Co.
Millis, Mass.

Before the new Detroit Athletic Club
—the Automobile Capital of America

GOODYEAR

AKRON

THE SUPERLATIVE TRIBUTE

DOWN here in Akron our files are stuffed with enthusiastic letters from users of Goodyear Cord Tires.

There are thousands of these letters, each conveying its separate and particular note of approval. Some of them are brisk, brief, factful; some fairly glow with admiration for the tires they praise.

The experiences they detail, and the mileages they recount, are little short of astounding. Records of 10,000, 15,000, and even 20,000 miles of service from a single set of Goodyear Cord Tires are not uncommon.

But there is one letter here transcending all the others in importance—we call it the superlative tribute.

It recites, in effect, the experiences not of one man with one set of Goodyear Cord Tires, but of thousands of men with thousands of sets, in service under every condition of road and travel that broad America can offer.

It was written by Mr. Alvan Macauley, President of the Packard Motor Car Company, of Detroit, on his own impulse. It is expert testimony, voluntarily given.

"We have just ended the first year's use of your tires as standard Packard equipment," this letter reads—*"and have renewed with you for a second year.*

"Your tires have been so exceedingly satisfactory to us and to the owners of our cars that a word of appreciation from us is deserving. Our owners have found your tires exceedingly satisfactory in the following important qualities:

(1)—"Easy riding, comfort, resiliency and ability to absorb road-shocks.

(2)—"Durability and high mileage secured.

(3)—"Economy in gasoline consumption.

"In every respect in which a tire should be good, we have found your tires fully measuring up to expectations. We have never had a more successful or satisfactory tire equipment."

This letter is signed by President Macauley. It is, in many respects, the most remarkable indorsement of a product we have ever seen.

For it is the authenticated expression of a man at the head of an institution producing an article famous the world over for quality, the annual output of which can be valued only in multiplied millions—an expression commending, without reserve, a vital part of that article's equipment, after it had been tested at the hands of everyday users for a year.

Highly important as this indorsement is to us, it is even more important to the prospective buyer of automobile tires, as an unmistakable and unerring indication that Goodyear Cords represent the utmost in tire value and tire worth.

And the letter given here is not the only instance of President Macauley's outspoken approval of these tires.

In a communication to Packard dealers, written perhaps three weeks earlier, he concluded with these words:

"We call your attention to the very extraordinarily good service we have received from Goodyear Tires, since we find it not unusual to secure 8,000 to 10,000 miles before the tires have to be discarded."

There can be no higher praise. There can be no surer guide for you in the selection of superior tires for *your* car than this.

Chosen for the Packard Twin Six—Goodyear Cords are standard equipment on the Franklin, the Locomobile, the Peerless, the White, the Haynes Twelve, the Stutz, the McFarlan, the Roamer, the Lexington "Thoroughbred Six," the Daniels Eight, the Owen Magnetic, the Milburn Electric, the Detroit Electric, the Baker Electric, and the Rauch & Lang Electric as well. They will be underwheel three out of every four cars starting their careers on Cord Tires in 1917.

Their quality makes them higher-priced—and *better.*

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.
Akron, Ohio

Goodyear Tires, Heavy Tourist Tubes and "Tire Saver" Accessories are easy to get from Goodyear Service Station Dealers everywhere.

CORD TIRES

(Continued from Page 47)

The Duke of Bethincourt was twenty-eight years old and the direct product of overbreeding; which is quite as bad, if not worse, than no breeding at all. His face was colorless and cavernous; his eyes heavy lidded and slow of movement. His hair was so smooth as to resemble some form of lacquer. He had an irritating habit of polishing his finger nails on the lapel of his coat.

His greeting of Lord Louis was more than cordial.

"Delighted to welcome you, Lewis," he said; "and as you are marrying into the family I hope we shall become fast friends."

Lord Louis thought it unlikely, but refrained from observing as much.

The dinner, an elaborate affair of many courses and many wines, began pleasantly enough. The Duke of Bethincourt, however, addressed himself to the bottle with more energy than wisdom, and by the time the quails were served his tongue was so loosened that he began a series of amative reminiscences reaped from his lurid past.

Finding the subject distasteful, Lord Louis intervened with some personal adventures in search of antiques.

The duke enjoyed these very much, particularly one about Simon Caleb and Mr. Palliser, furniture dealers of the City of Bristol, who had tried to swindle Lord Louis in the matter of the Cellini Saltcellar, to their own undoing.

"What a pair of crooks!" he cried. "I suppose they cleared out—what?

"No. Caleb continues his business in Hennigan Street," said Lord Louis.

By the time they had lighted cigars and returned to the smoking room Lord Louis was painfully aware that his host was intoxicated. He experienced the greatest difficulty in articulating words of more than two syllables. His conversation began again to ramble through the glades of Eros, and he explained how many past indulgences were the cause of much present embarrassment, financial and otherwise.

"Th' ol' man lef' me jolly badly off," he declared. "If I get fif'een hun'ed a year after th' will's proved I'll b' lucky—dam' lucky! 'Ferna! exec'tors taking a long time to wind up th' estate. Tol' me, t'day, be 'nuther four, five months—p'raps six. Tol' me mus' be 'conomical. I ask you! People won' wait—they dun a feller. Women worse than men—mush worse! Jolly glad you're marryin' int' th' fam'ly. Jill's a goo' girl—a straight girl; strai's a die!"

Lord Louis frowned.

"There are things, Bethincourt, too obvious to require indorsement," he said. "You will oblige me by making no further encomiums on my future wife."

"You miss th' point," continued the duke, unconscious of the reproof. "What I mean's this: Bein' one o' the fam'ly, shan't mind comin' t' you when I'm in a hole."

Lord Louis rose and glanced at his watch.

"Before I go," he said, "I should very much like to see the Queen Anne Room."

"So you shall," said Bethincourt, struggling to his feet—"so you shall—if I can fin' th' infernal key."

"The key?"

"Room's locked—val'ble stuff. Old Queen Anne slep' in th' bed—she's dead now. I know where 'tis—on my chain. Come on!"

The Duke of Bethincourt made very heavy weather in traversing the hall, but he contrived to unlock the door and with a perilous gesture invited Lord Louis to enter.

In the room were a carved bed, a tallboy, a very delicate little chest of drawers and mirror, four chairs and a writing table. There was nothing very remarkable about the pieces: they were merely well-made and well-proportioned examples of the period. Their chief charm lay, of course, in their association with the departed sovereign.

Lord Louis caressed the glowing surface of the little writing table and passed a loving hand over the front of the tallboy.

"The preservation of these pieces is wonderful," he remarked.

"My folk were crazy 'bout th' stuff. Silly, when you come t' think of it. After all, wha's it 'mount to? A few bits and sticks—tha's all."

"They belonged to a queen," said Lord Louis coldly; "and as such demand our respect."

"Don't get it, then not from me. Som'-ing better t' think 'bout."

And he launched into a long recital of his financial woes. But Lord Louis was an unsympathetic audience, who offered neither practical nor verbal help.

"Tell you wha' 'tis, Lewis," said the young man, pointing an accusing and unsteady forefinger; "you're a miserly ol' devil! Sorry t' 'ave to say 't; but tha's what you are."

"Bethincourt," Lord Louis replied, "you are doing less than justice to the traditions of your family."

"Go to th' deuce!" said the duke with an airy gesture.

Lord Louis moved toward the door.

"Good night," he said; "and thank you for showing me the Queen Anne suite. I can, at least, compliment you on that part of the entertainment."

"Look here," said the duke, sobering a trifle; "if you are so struck on the stuff, why not buy it?"

"You can hardly be serious," said Lord Louis.

The duke explained that he was entirely serious. Furniture was nothing to him, and if Lord Louis cared to put up two thousand pounds he could have it and be welcome.

Lord Louis considered the point with mixed feelings of excitement and contempt. Presently he said:

"I shall take no advantage of your offer to-night, as your condition may cause you to make suggestions you may regret later on. If, however, you are of the same mind to-morrow I might be prepared to accept the proposal. *Au revoir.*" And he let himself out of the house.

At eleven o'clock the following morning he was back again, having responded to a note from the Duke of Bethincourt.

"Yes, I am willing to sell," said the duke. "I can see no other way. What did I tell you you could have the set for?"

"Two thousand," replied Lord Louis.

The Duke of Bethincourt laughed. "I must have been far gone!" he exclaimed.

"For the Future My Chief Ambition Is to Make Your Dream Come True"

"You don't imagine I meant it? It's worth double that."

"On the contrary," said Lord Louis, "as furniture, pure and simple, it is barely worth a quarter. I am willing to pay the extra fifteen hundred, however, for the historic interest."

"I might let it go at three thousand," said the duke.

Lord Louis rose and buttoned his glove.

"Then you must seek another market," he said.

"What an impatient chap you are!" declared the other. "There, there! Sit down. To tell the truth, a couple of thousand would come in extremely useful just now. So if you'll give me your check I'll receipt for it and send along the stuff when the legal matters of my pater's will have been settled."

"I don't quite follow you."

"It isn't in my power to let you have it before. The delay won't be over six months. Plenty of time for your wedding."

"Very well," said Lord Louis. "I will ring up my solicitor to come round and draw up a contract."

"But I suppose I can have the check now?"

Lord Louis raised his eyebrows.

"I will give it you when the furniture is available," he answered.

The Duke of Bethincourt made a great fuss at this, but eventually consented.

"You are a tight-fisted beggar!" he said. "I was counting on that money to have a little flutter on the Grand National."

The solicitor appeared, the contract was drawn up, signed, and carried away to be stamped.

When his guest had gone the Duke of Bethincourt reviled the name of Lord Louis Lewis and drank deeply to his downfall and future misery.

The week that followed surpassed all others in his experience for bad luck. Everything went wrong. He was dunned; he lost at cards; and he had the ineffable anguish, at the Grand National, of watching the unbacked horse which he had so greatly favored win at a canter. Wherefore his rage against Lord Louis knew no bounds. About this time he made the acquaintance of a certain Mr. Edgar Salmon, who had made half a million by sheep farming in Australia. It was murmured abroad that this gentleman's methods of doing business were not always guided by the strictest principles of honesty. He spoke the English tongue with the purest Australian accent.

To borrow his own phrase, he was "leounging areound, on the lookeout for a few bits of first-class stuff" for the place he was building at Brisbane.

It flattered him greatly to know a duke, even though rather a degenerate example of the species, and he did not mind spending a bit of money for the sake of the *cachet* given to his vulgar dinner parties by Bethincourt's presence.

It was after one of these affairs, the rest of the guests having gone, that the duke confided the story of his deal with Lord Louis.

"Ts-s!" said Mr. Salmon. "Why didn't you let me know? I'd have put deown three theousand for that stuff and not minded waiting for it."

The Duke of Bethincourt declared that such luck as his was more than flesh and blood could endure.

"Well," said Mr. Salmon, "he hasn't got the stuff—and you haven't been paid. What's wrong with turning the deal over to me?"

"Can't be done," wailed the duke. "I've signed a contract."

"Never put your name to paper!" said Mr. Salmon, and recounted several anecdotes in support of the advice. Bethincourt heartily applauded his friend's business acumen and invited him to stroll round and have a look at the Queen Anne set. The invitation was readily accepted.

Mr. Salmon, as a connoisseur, lacked several essentials. He had no taste of any kind, but it pleased him to pay high prices for what he bought, for the pleasure of boasting about it afterward. He thought it would be very fine for a Brisbane sheep raiser to sleep in a bed once occupied by a queen, and to keep his offensive neckwear in a chest of drawers where the lavender-scented garments of a sovereign had reposed.

"I am pretty sick abeout missing this chance, Bethincourt," he said.

"So am I," said the duke.

"Seems a pity we can't come to some arrangement abeout it. Let's have a look at that contract." The paper was produced and examined. "H'm! He's pinned you deown, all right."

He turned his eyes covetously toward the furniture; then suddenly slapped his thigh.

"I say, Bethincourt!" he exclaimed. "I've got a notion!"

Briefly the notion was that why shouldn't Bethincourt raise a duplicate for Lord Louis? He'd seen the originals only once; and, after all, there was nothing very unusual about them. There must be plenty of similar pieces knocking about, if one took the trouble to look for them. He—Mr. Salmon would plank down three thousand pounds for the set then and there, and not mind waiting for delivery.

To the duke's credit it should be stated that he did not accept the proposal without demur. Probably he would have refused outright but for Mr. Salmon's masterly tact. With a wealth of oratory, and appropriate gestures with his check book, he denounced the meanness of Lord Louis. Whereby the Duke of Bethincourt fell from grace and became a partner to a fraud.

"He'll never suspect!" declared Mr. Salmon. "You'll show him the duplicate set in this room and in the same positions in which he saw the originals. There's not a scrap of risk—and that's where the advantage of your name comes in"—a remark which caused even the Duke of Bethincourt to blush.

He forgot his scruples, however, when Mr. Salmon's fat check had been tucked into his pocketbook. He awoke the next morning with a feeling of great uneasiness.

"I've let myself in for it," he mused, rubbing his finger nails on the front of his silk pyjamas; "but where the deuce I am to find duplicates I don't pretend to know."

At breakfast an idea came to him. He remembered the tale Lord Louis had told about Simon Caleb.

"That fellow bears my lord a grudge," he said.

An hour later he entered Mr. Caleb's shop in Hennigan Street.

"Are you Mr. Simon Caleb?" he asked of a fusty-looking old man who was winding up a grandfather clock.

The old man snuffled and said he was.

"You have been mentioned to me as knowing all about furniture," proceeded the duke. "Now I have six or seven pieces of Queen Anne that I want duplicated."

Mr. Caleb blew his nose.

"I have no facilities for making furniture," he said.

"You misunderstand me. I want some genuine pieces—exact replicas of the ones I have."

"Might be managed," grunted Caleb. "May I see the stuff?"

"Certainly. If you are free we can go at once. I have a car outside."

On the drive up Caleb asked the name of his patron.

"I am the Duke of Bethincourt," replied the other.

"Oh!" said Caleb. "Is it the Queen Anne set you want duplicated, then?"

"Yes," replied the duke with a start. "How did you know?"

"Thought it might be," said Caleb laconically.

Together they entered the house. The Duke of Bethincourt produced his keys and admitted Caleb to the Queen Anne Room.

"Here we are!" he said.

Simon Caleb stuck his hands into his pockets and, chanting a tuneless air, wandered round. He peered at the chairs, the bed and other appointments of the room. Sometimes he pushed his glasses to his forehead and scrutinized some detail at a range of about one inch. During the whole examination he made no remark. Then he took off his glasses, wiped them, put them on again, blew his nose, and sat down on the bed.

"Well?" said the duke, who found the ordeal a little trying to his nerves. "Can you get me some replicas?"

Simon Caleb whistled a scale of eight notes up and down again. Then he said:

"No, Your Grace, I can't; and, what's more, no one can."

"You surely don't mean that!" gasped the duke. "There is nothing out of the ordinary about these pieces."

"Yes, there is," said Caleb. "No end of little things you'd never find in another set. It was made by one man, this was; and he had his own ideas on the way of moldings and what not. Look at the back slats of those chairs! Different from any I've ever seen. That tallboy too! See the proportion? Never find another like it—and my fee is thirty shillings."

"Good Lord!" exclaimed the duke. "But this is serious. It is absolutely essential that I should find a duplicate set. Can't you suggest a way of helping me?"

Caleb's shrewd little eyes narrowed. "Not being in Your Grace's confidence,"

(Continued on Page 54)

Science Has Created a Perfect Baking Powder

Several years ago a group of American scientific men determined to solve the baking-powder problem.

Their company had long been producing the materials used by baking-powder manufacturers, and included some of the most eminent men in chemistry. These scientific men cast aside all tradition, attacked the problem from its beginning and worked over it for years. Finally they were satisfied.

Samples were sent to famous cooking experts, who reported that this was the most wonderful baking powder they had ever tried, that less was required than of other baking powders, and that the results were *perfect*.

A great American pure food authority examined it and stated that this baking powder "has qualities of excellence and physiological relations which entitle it to the confidence and patronage of the public."

So the General Chemical Company offers to the public at a fair and moderate price the product of their genius—

RYZON

THE PERFECT BAKING POWDER

¼ lb., 10 cents ½ lb., 18 cents 1 lb., 35 cents

The finest and best known hotels, restaurants and clubs of New York City use RYZON. Institutions and cooking schools have adopted it. Thousands of American homes now use RYZON daily. Dealers are recommending it to their best customers.

And small wonder! RYZON is pure. It is healthful. It is economical to use, and the RYZON Baking Book insures perfect baking results.

The choicest recipes from the prize selections of ten thousand women, with Master Recipes from the Country's foremost cooking experts, edited by Marion Harris Neil, make the RYZON Baking Book a treasure for any home. It is the first scientific, accurate baking manual based on the use of standard level measures.

The RYZON Baking Book is for users of RYZON. It may be obtained free through grocers with the first order of RYZON. If your grocer cannot furnish it, the RYZON Baking Book, with a pound of RYZON, will be sent postpaid upon receipt of one dollar by General Chemical Company.

Leading grocers who desire to stock RYZON and obtain the RYZON Baking Books for their customers, are invited to communicate with General Chemical Company.

GENERAL CHEMICAL CO.
FOOD DEPARTMENT
NEW YORK

31 Extra Features
8 Styles of Bodies
Built by John W. Bate

Mitchell SIXES

$1460 For 7-passenger Six—48 h. p. 127-inch Wheelbase
$1150 For Mitchell Junior—40 h. p. 120-inch Wheelbase Six
Both Prices f. o. b. Racine

John W. Bate's Standards

Judge if You Want Them in Your Car

The Mitchell claims your attention because it embodies the final result of Bate-method Efficiency. See what that means.

What the Mitchell offers is something unique in the field of high-grade cars.

That is, Efficiency carried to a fine art—in the factory and in the car.

It is coming, perhaps. It must come. But the Mitchell started with that aim. We have spent 15 years in developing it. Every building, every machine, every part and detail was designed with efficiency in view.

And we had the master expert. Since efficiency was first considered—30 years ago—its foremost factor in lines like this has been John W. Bate.

From the Beginning

We employed John W. Bate to design the first building for making the Mitchell car. And he designed it with the present plant in view

It now spreads over 45 acres. But it is all like the first small plant. One-story construction; no elevators. No hitch, no delays—just ceaseless progress—from the steel to the finished car.

About 98 per cent of the Mitchell—including all bodies—is now built here, under Bate efficiency methods. Our best information is that such a car could not be built elsewhere within 20 per cent of our cost. And our extra values prove it.

15 Years of Efficiency

We employed Mr. Bate to direct our start. For we were old manufacturers then. In 68 years of fierce competition we had learned what efficiency meant.

But our first car was soon out-of-date. All our machinery soon had to be changed. We saw in this line the constant need of an efficiency engineer.

So Mr. Bate has remained here. And for 15 years—save for one year in Europe—he has directed the Mitchell production. That is why the Mitchell stands today unapproached in efficiency as applied to a fine car.

A Saving of 50%

The Mitchell in time became standardized. The present type was adopted. Since then every factory machine—more than 2000 of them—has been adapted to economical production of this type. Our factory cost has been cut in two.

Our prices have been lowered immensely. Our engineering standards have been raised to the limit. Our margins of safety have been doubled. Endurance has been multiplied. And all the extras conceivable, in finish and equipment, have been added to the car. All these have been paid for out of factory savings, evolved by Mr. Bate.

TWO SIZES

Mitchell—a roomy, 7-passenger Six, with 127-inch wheelbase. A high-speed, economical, 48-horsepower motor. Disappearing extra seats and 31 extra features included.

Price $1460, f. o. b. Racine

Mitchell Junior—a 5-passenger Six on similar lines, with 120-inch wheelbase. A 40-horsepower motor—¼-inch smaller bore than larger Mitchell.

Price $1150, f. o. b. Racine

Also all styles of enclosed and convertible bodies. Also demountable tops.

Now Another 15%

Last November we started operation in a new body plant. With the yards it covers 14 city blocks. From now on all Mitchell bodies, open and enclosed, will be built in our plant by Bate efficiency methods.

This will save at least 15 per cent on our bodies. Every penny of this saving goes into added luxury, as detailed on next page. So this car's extra beauty, extra finish and luxury, now show in a startling way the results of efficiency.

That's another new advance in fine cars. To save all body makers' profits and put them into added beauty.

When you see these results, you will want your next car built under Bate methods, we think.

20 Per Cent Extra Value
Due to Factory Efficiency
John W. Bate's 18th Model

Mitchell SIXES

$1460 For 7-passenger Six—48 h. p. 127-inch Wheelbase
$1150 For Mitchell Junior—40 h. p. 120-inch Wheelbase Six
Both Prices f. o. b. Racine

Some Notable Results

100% Over-Strength
24% Added Luxury
20% Extra Value
31 Unique Features

Here are some of the chief results of Bate efficiency methods. They mean more than economy, you see. They mean an ideal car.

The standard in the Mitchell for some years has been 50 per cent over-strength. That is, one-half more strength than needed in every vital part

Even that was considered extreme. Under that standard the Mitchell attained a world-wide fame for endurance.

Seven Mitchell cars built under that standard have averaged 175,000 miles apiece—over 30 years of ordinary service Two have exceeded 200,000 miles, and are still in good condition.

Because of that standard the Mitchell is called "The Engineers' Car." Many noted engineers have selected it. Every Mitchell dealer has a list of them.

Now a Lifetime Car

But in 1913 Mr. Bate spent a year in Europe. And he became impressed with the over-endurance embodied in costly cars.

He came back and said, "I shall aim in the Mitchell at a lifetime car, even for American roads. I shall double the over-strength."

In three years he has done that, part by part. He has worn out fifty Mitchell cars in learning strength requirements. And he has invented tests to prove for each important part twice the needed strength.

Now, for the first time, we announce Mitchell cars built to a new standard—100 per cent over-strength.

All Toughened Steel

Now over 440 parts in the Mitchell are built of toughened steel. Hardly a casting remains in it. All important parts are oversize. All parts which get a major strain are built of Chrome-Vanadium.

Let us cite one conspicuous example of this Bate over-strength. Rear springs, as you know, break under shocks very often. Countless lay-ups are due to that.

The Mitchell for two years has used Bate cantilever springs. In all that time—on thousands of cars—not one has ever broken. In all our factory tests, designed to learn the limit to these springs, not one leaf yet has broken.

Yet they are the most comfortable springs ever used on a motor car. Rough roads are like pavement to them. Shock absorbers are never necessary, never used Not even rebound straps or snubbers.

Mitchell Models

The Mitchell is built with eight styles of bodies—

Touring Car	**4-Pass. Cabriolet**
Roadster	**Convertible Sedan**
Coupé	**Demountable Top**
Limousine	**Club Roadster**

***Mitchell Junior* is built with Touring Car and Roadster bodies only.**

Quoted prices, of course, apply only to open models.

Added Luxuries

Our new body-plant savings go into added luxury. This year we have added 24 per cent to the cost of our finish, upholstery and trimming

We have added 50 per cent to our leather—50 per cent to our cushion springs. Dainty touches have been added to a hundred details

And now our finish coats are fixed by heat in enormous ovens. This gives a deep, enduring lustre which will long keep new

The new Mitchells stand out among any cars as exquisite, artistic productions

31 Extra Features

And this year we embody 31 extra features. That is, comforts, conveniences and economies which are generally omitted. No car at any price, we think, embodies more than four

They include a power tire pump, reversible headlights, a new-type gear-shift, a ball-bearing steering gear, an engine primer at driver's hand There is a light in the tonneau, a locked compartment in front, a tool box under hood. You will see 31 such extras

---

We claim that in these ways the Mitchell offers 20 per cent extra value. Much more as compared with some cars.

See if you agree. If you do, you will want these results of efficiency.

MITCHELL MOTORS COMPANY, Inc
Racine, Wis., U. S. A

(Continued from Page 50)

he replied, "I can add nothing to what I have said. I think I mentioned what my fee was."

He rose as if to go.

"One moment," said the duke. "It is like this, Mr. Caleb: In an ill-advised moment a few days ago I agreed to sell this set. I have since found out that, under the terms of my late father's will, I have no power to do so. I am faced with the awkward problem of having to return the money—which, I regret to say, I have already spent—or deliver the furniture. It seems as if I shall be obliged to do the latter, in which case I must have a duplicate set so as to keep my father's executors in ignorance. You will, of course, respect my confidence."

Simon Caleb assumed an air of the utmost piety.

"I would rather not be mixed up in an affair of this kind," he said. "My reputation ——"

But the duke did not allow him to finish the sentence.

"You can cut that out, Mr. Caleb," he said. "I know all about your reputation from Lord Louis Lewis."

Simon Caleb started.

"Oh, you do!" he exclaimed. "I suppose it isn't him that's bought the stuff—is it?"

"Yes; it is," came the reply.

"Then," said Caleb, "if you think I'm going to help him to get the goods you have made a big mistake. Good morning!" And he laid his hand on the doorknob.

"Hold on!" said the Duke of Bethincourt. "Suppose I tell you I mean to keep the genuine set myself and let him have the spurious one? Doesn't that appeal to you?"

Simon Caleb scratched himself behind the ear and smiled.

"I wouldn't mind putting one over on Lord Louis Lewis," he said, "and I'm not above confessing as much."

"That's the spirit!" said the duke, slapping him heartily on the back.

"It would have to be a very clever fake, Your Grace," went on Caleb. "I wonder whether I could get it done?"

His thoughts seemed far away. Suddenly he darted forward and looked at the brass fittings of the tallboy and dressing table.

"Ha!" he exclaimed. "That's lucky! I can get plenty of genuine ones like these. If the old man would tackle the job ——" He halted, then said abruptly: "I'll let you know in a few days. If it comes off I shall want forty per cent of what Lord Louis has paid you."

"To be strictly honest," said the duke, "he hasn't paid me yet; and he won't until the stuff is delivered."

"I see," said Caleb very slowly. "Then you were out to scalp him all the time?"

The duke nodded.

"He's an unpleasant fellow, Mr. Caleb."

"How much is he going to pay?"

"Two thousand. Here's the contract." He drew it from his pocket as he spoke.

"Good enough!" said Caleb. "Then you'll pay me eight hundred pounds when you get his check."

"And for that you will ——"

"I'll provide the duplicate set—if any man alive can do it."

Thereupon they shook hands; and Caleb, with a staccato little bow, withdrew.

As he shuffled homeward his thoughts were far away in distant Dartmoor. Not in that part where Prince Town Prison rears its granite wall as a warning to wrongdoers, but to a quieter recess, set back from the main road, above the little hamlet of Mary Tavy.

"If I could only hit on a way to make him do it!" Caleb muttered to himself. "There must be a way. But what are you to do with a man who ain't to be tempted by money? I wonder ——"

A vague idea began to take shape in his brain. The old woodworker had confessed that occasionally he did jobs for friends, or people he could trust.

"Thing 'ud be to find somebody he would trust—somebody of high standing, who'd bamboozle him into taking on the job."

It might almost have been regarded as the working of Fate that at this point of his reflections he should have observed the person of Mr. Palliser mouching along on the opposite side of the road.

Caleb had not seen his late partner since their disastrous venture with the Cellini Salt-cellar, the failure of which he laid at Palliser's door. Nevertheless, the ingenuity of the man was remarkable.

Caleb eyed the shabby figure as it proceeded a little ahead of him, in the same direction. Palliser was evidently down on his luck. The idea of further association with the man was most distasteful to Caleb, but he was bound to confess that he knew of no one more likely to succeed with the old craftsman of Dartmoor.

Acting on impulse, then, Caleb whistled twice. It was an impertinent sort of whistle—the kind one employs to attract the attention of a lowbred dog. Palliser stopped and turned round.

"Bless my soul!" he said. "Simon Caleb!"

Caleb adopted a very high hand.

"If you'll walk round to the shop, my man," he said, "I might be able to put a bit of work in your way. But you can keep to the other side of the road, as I'm particular who I'm seen walking with."

In the Intervals Between Story-Telling He Contrived to Find Out the Names and Vocations of All Present

Mr. Palliser had his pride; also, what is more valuable, an understanding of the human mind. He knew that Caleb would not have addressed him unless he wanted something pretty badly. Accordingly he pulled his hat over one eye, looked Caleb up and down contemptuously, and sauntered off in the opposite direction.

In matters of diplomacy Caleb was no match for his late partner. Palliser had gone barely twenty paces before the crook of Caleb's stick arrested farther progress.

"Don't be touchy!" said Caleb. "I was having a bit o' fun—that's all. It'll pay you to come round to the shop."

Palliser had every intention of doing so, but he demurred not a little before consenting.

"Very well," he said; "but I hope you are not goin' to waste my time."

A few minutes later they forgathered in Caleb's parlor.

"We've talked over one or two little deals in here, Simon," said Palliser reminiscently.

"We 'ave," returned Caleb; "and if you want me to keep my temper you won't remind me of it. The question is, Do you think you could look like a gentleman?"

Palliser digested the plan in silence; then said: "Who is the fellow these fakes are to be planted on?"

"That I don't know," replied Caleb, thinking it inadvisable to mention Lord Louis' name. "But that doesn't matter to us, does it?"

"No; but I was just thinkin'," said Palliser, "if, b' any chance, it 'appened to be Lord Louis, I should stand off."

Caleb blew his nose.

"It's hardly likely to be," he said brazenly. "Anyway, I don't see what difference it 'ud make."

"We've had two goes at Lord Louis," said Palliser, "and I don't seem to recall any particular success in either of 'em. My nerves is gone, where he's concerned. I give him best, Caleb; so I tell you."

"That's not like you, Palliser."

"P'raps not; but, anyway, I'm not such a fool as to tackle a third encounter if I can help it."

"Well, we needn't waste time talkin' about that," said Caleb. "Will you do the job?"

"On terms," replied Palliser.

Mr. Palliser was never shy where terms were concerned and he now struck a hard bargain. He was to have four new suits, shoes, hats, socks, and all other impedimenta of a knight on a holiday. Five and twenty pounds for the week he proposed to spend on Dartmoor—traveling and hotel expenses. If he succeeded in inducing the old man to do the work he was to receive two pounds a week until the furniture was delivered, and a final sweetener of twenty-five per cent of Caleb's profits.

Then, observing a hot retort on the tip of the other's tongue, he went on hastily: "I believe you could. Clean-shaved, with a good suit of clothes, you'd pass as a gentleman in any company."

Palliser did not reply, but he struck an attitude on the hearthrug that an earl would have found hard to outrival.

"It's a delicate undertaking," proceeded Caleb, "and I'm not above admitting that some people would say it was sailing a bit close to the wind."

"You wouldn't be in it if it wasn't," observed Mr. Palliser.

Caleb ignored the interruption and, without mentioning Lord Louis' name, recounted what had just taken place at his interview with the Duke of Bethincourt.

"But where'll you get the stuff copied, Simon?" said Palliser. "Modern imitations don't fool a blind man."

"That's where you come in," said Caleb. "I never told you about the old chap on Dartmoor, did I? Then I'll tell you now." And he did. "Go down to Dartmoor," he concluded. "Get to know the old chap. Palm yourself off as a gentleman. Might not be a bad plan to put a handle to your name—Sir John Palliser sounds good. Win his confidence—see? Get him to copy the stuff. You can do it."

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That evening Caleb consulted with the Duke of Bethincourt, who would have agreed to anything to extricate himself from the difficult predicament.

Mr. Palliser placed an order for four suits with the best tailor in Bristol and made innumerable purchases from hatters, hosiers and bootmakers.

The Duke of Bethincourt received some fairly staggering accounts for the getting out of Mr. Palliser's person, which, one regrets to state, are still unpaid.

While his clothes were being made Palliser spent what leisure was left him, after the barbers and manicurists had had their way, in studying the habits of the Upper Ten. He acquired a walk and a manner of swinging his cane only to be observed in the highest circles.

By a stroke of luck he came upon a copy of Stevenson's New Arabian Nights, and did his best to emulate the polished address of that cream of gentlemen, Prince Florizel of Bohemia.

At last the day arrived when, with a pile of elegant luggage, he entered a first-class compartment of the Devonshire express.

Caleb, who had come to see him off, could not refrain from expressing admiration at the picture of traveling nobility Mr. Palliser presented.

"You look Sir John Palliser to the life!" he exclaimed.

"Haven't made up my mind to take that name," said Palliser. "I may think of something a bit more classy."

During the journey Palliser solved the problem of his future identity. Being alone in the carriage he threw back his head and laughed. The very thing! He would borrow, for the nonce, the august name and title of Lord Louis Lewis.

In the past he had worked for that nobleman and had had endless opportunities for studying his charming manners. He recalled Lord Louis' quiet way of dealing with all emergencies; his unfailing good humor, his gracious bearing toward those on the lower rungs of the social ladder. A hundred details crowded on Palliser's memory and he determined that his impersonation should lend luster to the original.

Accordingly he inscribed a new set of labels, which he tied to his luggage while waiting for the Lydford train at Oakhampton. A few curious passengers read the labels, and it was gratifying to observe their looks as they watched the pseudo Lord Louis lighting cigarettes and throwing them away half smoked, or playing imaginary golf with his silver-mounted Malacca walking stick.

Palliser alighted at Lydford and hired a fly to convey him to the village of Mary Tavy.

He was much distressed to find there was only a small inn, for he had looked forward to putting up at an expensive hotel. However, he bade the coachman carry his traps within. The proprietor, a simple-minded Devonian, was very effusive to his guest and apologized for the humbleness of his entertainment. Palliser inspected his room with kindly tolerance.

"It will serve," he was pleased to remark. "I perceive the sheets is passably clean, and an old campaigner, like what I am, can put up with a bit o' discomfort once in a way."

A little parlor was set aside for his use, and within half an hour he was seated before a dish of delicious trout lets, and a pigeon which had fallen to mine host's muzzle-loader. He addressed the landlord's daughter, who attended to his wants, by the title of "My good girl!" or "My dear young miss!"

In order to suggest an aura of gracious birth he ordered a bottle of Château Yquem;

(Continued on Page 57)

Detroit, Mich

Newcastle, Ind

Dayton, Ohio

Maxwell

Dayton, Ohio

MAXWELL CARS ARE MADE IN MAXWELL FACTORIES

ALL of the finest and highest-priced cars in the world are made complete in their own factories. The manufacturers of these cars know that, in order to safeguard the high standards to which they attain—in order to be sure that every part is made as they want it made—the work must be done under their personal supervision.

Some manufacturers of assembled cars advance the argument that it is better to purchase the various parts from specialists. We do not agree with this argument. We maintain that this plan is not better, but is merely more expedient.

It requires large capital and years of effort to establish the facilities for actually manufacturing instead of simply assembling cars.

We know that Maxwell Cars could not be made as well if the parts were furnished by detached organizations instead of being manufactured in our own plants. There must be unity in the finished car.

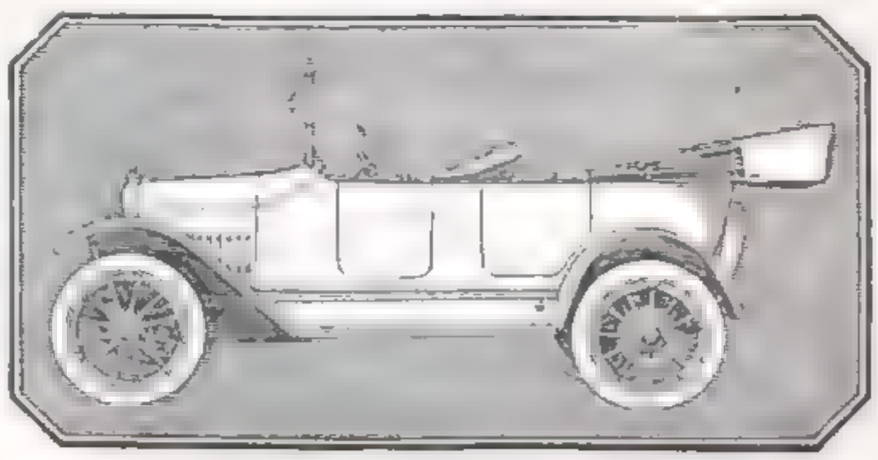
Hence we have four great factories making all the vital parts for Maxwell Cars. Only the accessories and a few minor parts are purchased from outside sources.

The Maxwell Factories represent an investment of thirty-eight millions of dollars ($38,000,000). They contain fifty-seven (57) acres of floor space and they employ twelve thousand (12,000) men. This enormous investment is at stake in the operation of the Maxwell business.

We are making one hundred and twenty-five thousand (125,000) cars this season. Our future success and the growth of our business depend upon the satisfaction which these one hundred and twenty-five thousand cars—and the thousands of Maxwells made in years past—give to their owners.

These vast plants and the great investment which they represent are not only a guarantee of satisfaction to Maxwell owners. More than that, they explain why Maxwell Cars can be sold at such low prices.

With our own plants operating efficiently and making practically every part used in the car; with unlimited capital enabling us to purchase materials most advantageously; with building a single standardized chassis in great quantities—we are able to offer *the greatest automobile value obtainable anywhere in the world.*



And we have the satisfaction of knowing that the Maxwell Car is as much an outstanding value for quality as for quantity. We are wholly responsible for Maxwell quality. We know that it is built into the car—in our own shops.

Roadster, $580; Touring Car, $595; Cabriolet, $865; Town Car, $915; Sedan, $985.
All prices f. o. b. Detroit. All cars completely equipped, including electric starter and lights.
Canadian prices: Roadster, $830; Touring Car, $850, f. o. b. Windsor, Ontario.

Maxwell Motor Company, Inc.
DETROIT, MICH.

How I Make My "Pay Outs" Pay In

By William Flintzer

I had my delicatessen store on upper Second Avenue, New York, for two years before I fully realized that there are two parties to profit —Pay Out and Pay In.

Profit isn't merely a matter of cash received—it's even more a matter of cash paid out.

You can't always control prices but you *can* control expense.

That is, you can *if you know what your expenses are.*

I didn't know—but I decided to find out.

So I bought a Burroughs Figuring Machine.

The Simplest Kind of Bookkeeping

I keep my own books.

On the back of each "pay out" ticket from the cash register I make a note of what the amount is for. At odd moments I classify these tickets: merchandise bought for cash; merchandise charged; salary; heat and light; rent; furniture and fixtures; and general expense—all are grouped separately.

At the end of the day I list each item on the Burroughs, and total each group.

This machine-printed, accurate list is pasted in a yellow book as the day's record.

These daily totals are added for the month to show the monthly expenses under each division.

I don't guess at anything—I get facts. Monthly receipts are totaled and pasted in a cash book. Then expenses and receipts are compared.

I know each month just what my percentage cost of doing business has been—and my profits are there in plain figures.

In more ways than one the Burroughs Machine has helped me. It relieves me of figure worry. I use it in checking invoices. It prevents mistakes. Above all, it shows me the progress of my business from day to day and year to year.

Figure knowledge has been a big factor in my success. Is it any wonder I wouldn't be without a Burroughs Machine?

A Model for Every Business

Ninety-eight models of Burroughs Machines afford a wide selection. Your banker or your telephone book will supply the address of the nearest of the 170 offices maintained by the Burroughs Adding Machine Company in the United States and Canada.

FIGURING AND BOOKKEEPING MACHINES PREVENT COSTLY ERRORS-SAVE VALUABLE TIME

PRICED AS LOW AS $125

Burroughs

"I Keep My Own Books"
—*William Flintzer*

(Continued from Page 54)

but, on learning that neither that particular vintage nor any other was obtainable, he contented his lordly palate with a pint of half-and-half

When he had finished he announced the intention of taking a liqueur in the bar and gave his host time to spread the tidings of this great condescension before putting in an appearance.

Giving the assembled company a very good evening, he graciously called for a round of drinks. Thereafter he made himself most agreeable, and recounted many anecdotes suitable to the intelligence of his audience.

In the intervals between story-telling he contrived to find out the names and vocations of all present, including some who were not. Thus he learned that everybody in Mary Tavy, with the exception of a certain Mr. Higgery, was engaged in either tending to the soil or raising those beasts which graze upon it.

He put a question as to Mr. Higgery's employment, and from the answer it appeared that this gentleman spent his time in making chairs and tables. Why? No one could tell. He never sold anything. Perhaps he was a bit strange in the head.

"Takes a wunnerful pride in his work," said mine host. "But the poor old chap's a bit low-spirited these days. Told me he could scarce afford to buy wood any more. Mus' be purty short, I think. Used to be in here most every night; but now 'tis only of a Wednesday or a Saturday us ever sees un."

"It is Wednesday night to-day," said Palliser.

"Dessay as you'll see un, then."

Sure enough, a little later on Mr. Higgery put in an appearance and was presented to the spurious Lord Louis with all ceremony.

Palliser was a little cold in his greeting such coldness as a person of substance should affect when speaking with inferiors; and when Mr. Higgery happened to address him while he was conversing with Ebenezer Hannaford, pony owner, he remarked:

"Wotsay, my good man?" in quite a corrective tone.

It was plain that Mr. Higgery, no less than the others, was impressed by the personality of Mr. Palliser and desired to present himself in attractive colors. He mentioned his own poor skill as a craftsman and begged the nobleman, should he happen to be passing, to step into the cottage and have a look round.

"I'll see about it, my good Higgery," said Palliser, "and I can't say fairer than that."

For two days Palliser, with consummate tact, made no effort to better his acquaintance with the old man. On the morning of the third they chanced to meet and Mr. Higgery raised his hat in response to a curt salutation from the silver-mounted Malacca.

"And how do we find ourselves th' morning, Mr. Higgery?" inquired Palliser.

"A bit down, y' lordship, thanking you kindly. 'Tis the trouble of a small purse and the high prices of wood and tools."

"I perceived you was not yourself, my good man," said Palliser. "But don't take on: there's always a silver lining before dawn."

They conversed in this strain for a few minutes and Mr. Higgery repeated his invitation of before.

"Well, I don't mind havin' a look if your domicile isn't too far off," said Palliser very graciously. "But I must confess to a feeling of lassitood to-day and my feet ache something crool!"

All excitement, the old man ushered his famous guest into his humble abode. Palliser managed everything in a masterly fashion and acted the lord to his own complete satisfaction

It is true he made one or two little slips of the tongue—as, for instance, his rejoinder when Higgery showed him an exquisite little spider-leg table, and claimed to have made it.

"Yes; did it all myself!" said the old man with justifiable pride. To which Palliser replied "Go on!"—an expression it is doubtful that Lord Louis would have employed.

"Well, my good Higgery," he allowed when he had seen everything, "there's no doubt at all you can turn out delectable furniture. I hope and pray you are never tempted to pass these things off as bein' genuine!"

This sentiment made an immediate appeal to Mr. Higgery, who condemned all furniture frauds as the vilest of offenses Palliser heartily agreed and spoke feelingly on the beauty of honesty, which, he declared, was dearer to his soul than any other virtue.

They parted on the best of good terms and met again at the bar during the evening. Palliser invited Mr. Higgery to take a glass of something in the privacy of his parlor

"I've been thinking things over," he said, "and wondering whether you would care to do a piece of work for me."

Mr. Higgery listened attentively while Palliser told a story of a beautiful Queen Anne suite of furniture in his possession. It appeared that his brother, Lord Archibald Marmaduke Lewis, was to be wed in six months' time; and now, in view of the said Archibald's great love for the Queen Anne suite, he—Palliser had conceived the idea of having it duplicated as a wedding gift. Now would Mr. Higgery care to take on the job?

Mr. Higgery could hardly speak from excitement. He protested that nothing in the world would give him greater satisfaction

And so it was arranged. The original set he was to copy would be sent down during the forthcoming week. The wood and any other materials he required would be paid for, and he was to receive one hundred pounds as remuneration when the work was done

"But you'll have to keep your nose to the grindstone, old son—I mean, my good Higgery," said Palliser, by way of conclusion, "because the stuff must be finished in time for the wedding."

Mr. Higgery called heaven to witness that he would work day and night rather than disappoint his noble patron

Then Palliser wrote to Caleb—and Caleb congratulated Palliser. The genuine Queen Anne set was dispatched to Dartmoor Old Mr Higgery rolled up his sleeves and got to work. The Duke of Bethincourt breathed freely for the first time in many days, and the pseudo Lord Louis Lewis returned to Bristol, covered with glory and four new suits, to enjoy six months' idleness, with five pounds a week in his pockets and the prospect of a fat commission when the completed copies were delivered.

We now approach a point in this narrative which owes so much to chance that one hesitates to set it down. It came about in the simplest manner three months after the foregoing scene.

Lord Louis' fiancée, Miss Jill Marston, had to pay a duty visit to a relative in Scotland. Being at a loose end, it occurred to Lord Louis that a week's motor tour through Devon would be a pleasant way of killing time till her return. Accompanied by a friend of his preëngagement days, Mr. Russell Yorke, they covered many a highway and byway of that delightful country.

One day, as they were passing over Dartmoor, Lord Louis observed that his engine was running very hot. Stopping the car, he found that the water in the radiator had reached a low level.

The roof of a cottage showed at the end of a short lane near by, and together they strolled thither to beg a pailful from the well. An agreeable old man opened the door and asked them to step into the hall while he went in search of their need. There was a half-open door a little to the right of where they stood, through which part of a Queen Anne tallboy was visible.

"That's a good piece," said Lord Louis, and when the old man returned with a brimming can he asked permission to have a look at it.

Readily acquiescing, the old man led them into the room.

"Beautiful!" said Lord Louis.

"A fine old piece!" said Mr. Yorke.

Following his usual custom, Mr. Higgery hastened to disabuse their minds on the point of the tallboy's antiquity.

"You can see for yourselves, gentlemen," he concluded; "the polish is hardly dry."

Lord Louis and Mr. Yorke were amazed.

"If this is indeed your work," said the former, "you are the finest cabinetmaker of the age. It is easily the best reproduction I have ever seen."

The old man's face saddened.

"Ah, sir," he replied, "Chippendale was the finest cabinetmaker of his age, and Sheraton of his; but they went beyond that—they had the Idea. I can use my tools as well as either of 'em—better maybe, for 'tis a subtle thing to give a semblance of age to a new piece; but I haven't got the Idea, and never had. If the imagination had gone with the craft King George might have seen his period in furniture as well as any of the others."

They continued talking for a little while, the old man confiding why he never worked for the trade. He told them the piece they had seen was part of a commission he was executing for a very highborn gentleman, whom he could absolutely trust

Lord Louis would have liked to have seen more, but Mr. Higgery did not invite him into the workshop, where the genuine Queen Anne set was reposing, because he doubted whether his employer would approve. He insisted on walking with them as far as the car, so as to bring back the empty can. Then Mr. Yorke and Lord Louis shook hands with him very heartily and drove away.

Presently Mr Yorke said:

"Wonderful work!"

And Lord Louis replied:

"Astounding!"

"I am ashamed to confess," said the first speaker, "that I left a finger mark on the wet polish of the tallboy. I simply hadn't the courage to own up."

Lord Louis smiled

"I doubt whether I should have had," he admitted. "Did it show much?"

"Fortunately not. It was on the narrow edge of the second drawer the part that closes inside"

"It is curious," said Lord Louis; "but, to the best of my recollection, that tallboy is identical with the one I am buying from Bethincourt."

"Really!" said Mr. Yorke. "But there is not a great deal of variation in the designs: I wonder for whom he is making the copies?"

Three months later Simon Caleb, accompanied by Mr. Palliser, called on the Duke of Bethincourt.

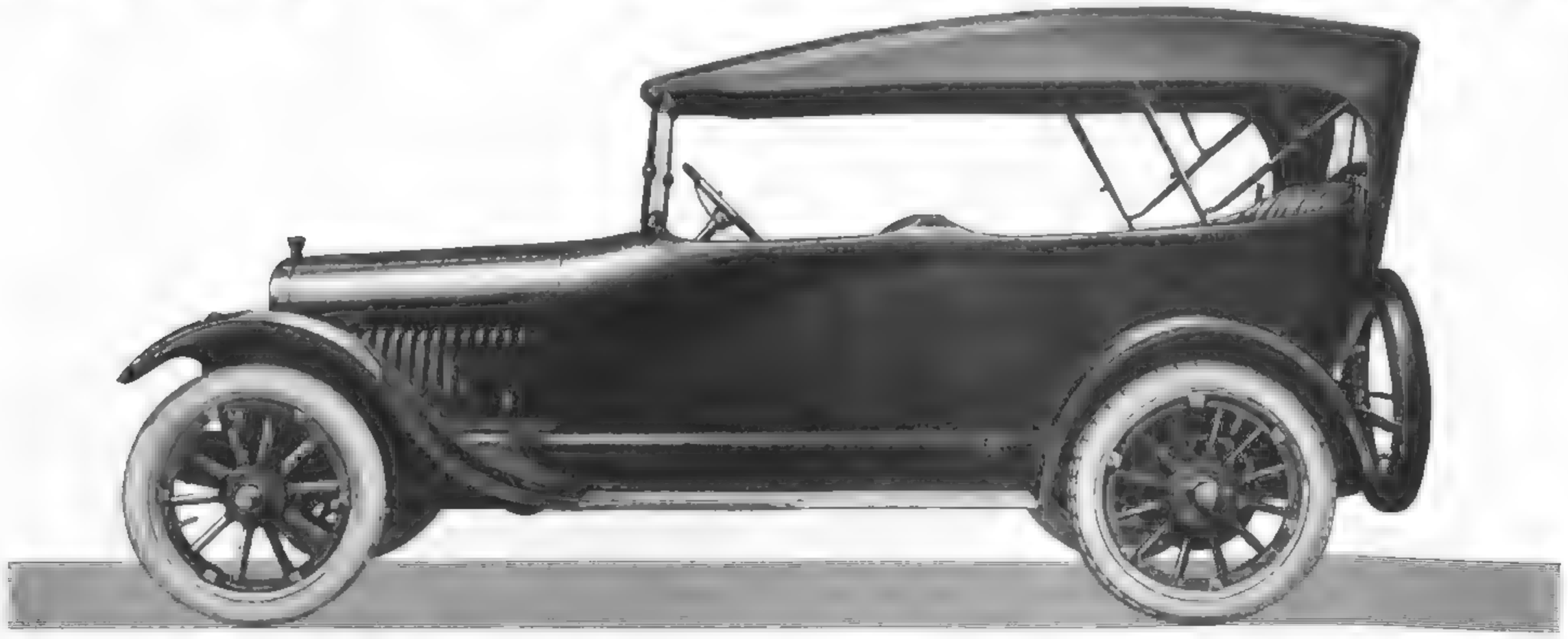
The legalities in connection with the old gentleman's will had been settled, with results disappointing to a young man of extravagant tastes. The three thousand pounds from Mr. Salmon had long since been dissipated, and the Duke of Bethincourt was quite looking forward to the margin of Lord Louis' check which would be left him after settling up with Caleb.

Up to this point Caleb had paid for everything—Palliser's five pounds a week; Mr. Higgery's fee; and all the materials. The only score the duke had settled was Palliser's original twenty-five pounds. Caleb had protested a bit at first; but his hold on the duke was a fairly good one, and he had no real objection to laying out his capital in so excellent an investment

(Concluded on Page 61)

"Well, My Good Higgery, I Hope and Pray You are Never Tempted to Pass These Things Off as Bein' Genuine!"

CHANDLER



This Great Car Leads All Sixes

THOUSANDS of men and women who would pay hundreds of dollars more for an automobile, if *paying* more would *get* them more, choose the Chandler. They are not seekers after a low price. They desire the best six-cylinder motor regardless of price. They desire a Six because time has shown that a six-cylinder motor, correctly designed, gives all the power and all the *flexibility* of power that any motor can give; that such a motor has the life and snap and "go" they desire; that such a motor is genuinely economical in cost of operation.

So these devotees of the Six choose the Chandler, because through four years of intelligent, conscientious, manufacturing effort, and without radical or experimental changes of design, the Chandler motor has been developed to a point approximating perfection.

Chandler Low Price is Important, Too

While with so many the question of price is of secondary consideration, still Chandler leads in price today quite as distinctly as it has always led.

In the face of advanced cost of all materials and labor, the Chandler price is but $100 higher than two years ago. And the car is finer than then. Not a feature has been cut out of it. Much has been added.

And other cars in the Chandler field have advanced as much as three hundred dollars the past year, either because of necessity or opportunity.

The Chandler Company has not been willing to take advantage of a situation which would have permitted price inflation.

And this year we shall probably build and sell more cars than any other manufacturer building a car of even similar quality.

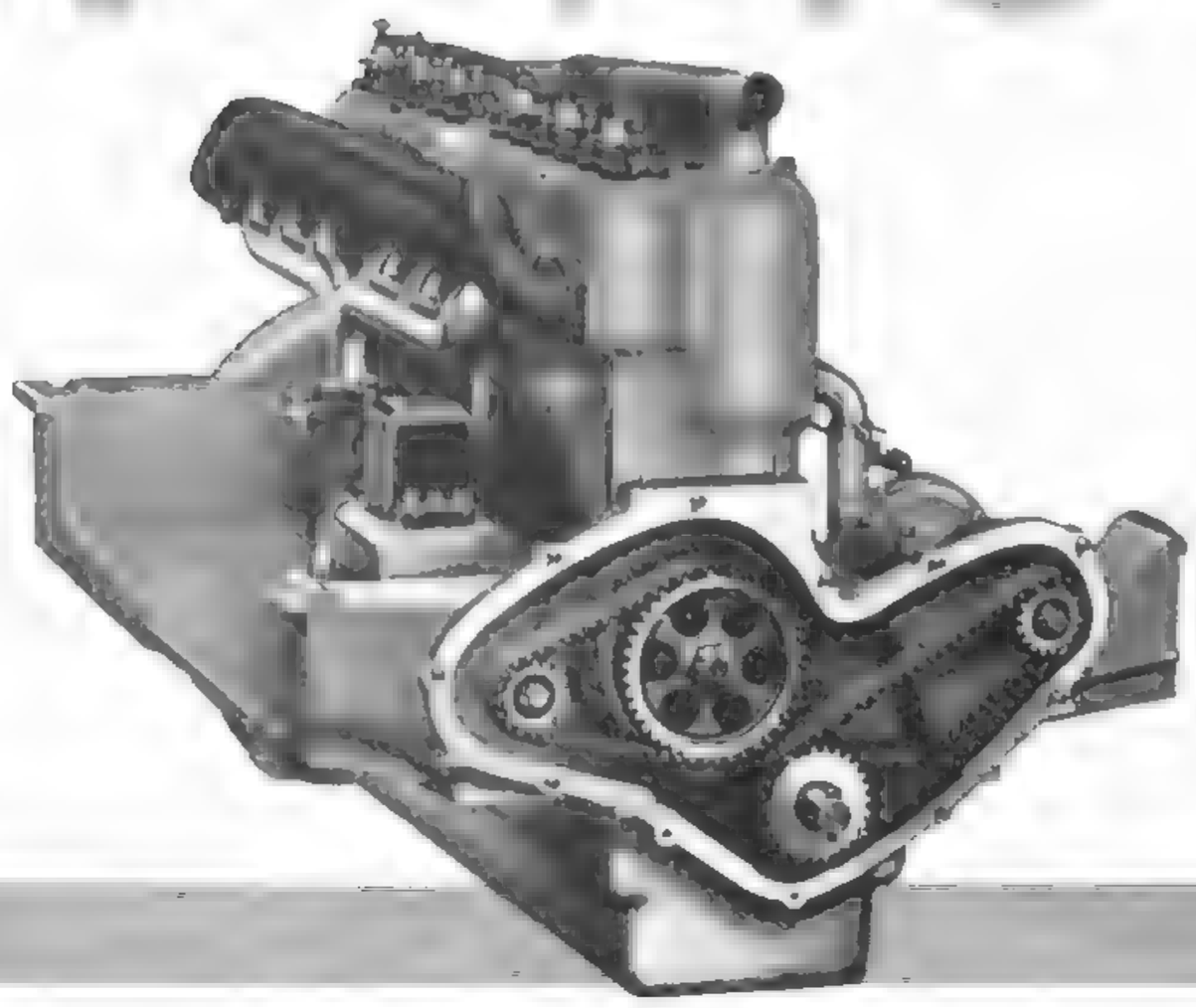
Owners Named it "The Marvelous Motor"

Chandler owners gave the Chandler motor the name by which it is now so commonly called—"The Marvelous Motor." Upon the remarkable performance of this motor, more than upon the beauty of its body design or the economy of its operation, the popularity of the Chandler car has grown. Men in position to *know*, believe it the most highly developed six-cylinder motor in the world. Its power, flexibility, freedom from vibration, its life, its responsiveness, are little less than marvelous. It has been well named.

Motor Refinement is Evident

The refinement of Chandler motor design is evident at a glance. The solid cast aluminum motor base extends from frame to frame and

SIX $1395



Because of its Marvelous Motor

insures rigidity of the engine mounting. Upon this motor base, and easily accessible, are mounted all the features of engine equipment. The Chandler crankshaft is heavy and perfectly balanced. Crankshaft and connecting rod bearings are extra large. The cam, pump and magneto shafts are driven by three big silent chains, running in a constant shower of oil. Starting and lighting are furnished by separate electric starting motor and separate electric generator. Ignition is by Bosch high tension magneto.

Built in the Chandler factory, under the constant supervision of Chandler officials, the Chandler motor naturally reflects in its operation, the most capable and careful workmanship, in every detail of its construction.

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You who demand such a motor as the Chandler demand grace of body design, also, and richness of finish. In its big seven-passenger touring car and graceful four-passenger roadster, the Chandler offers two of the most attractive models ever presented to the public. The popularity of the Chandler Roadster has created a demand never even approached in previous history of the trade. The four-passenger convertible coupé, with seating arrangement similar to that of the roadster, the seven-passenger convertible sedan, and the limousine, seating five in the enclosed compartment, are other models in the Chandler line. All these types of body are mounted on the one standard Chandler chassis.

Seven-Passenger Touring Car, $1395
Four-Passenger Roadster, $1395 *Seven-Passenger Convertible Sedan, $1995*
Four-Passenger Convertible Coupé, $1995 *Limousine, $2695*

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The "Meditation" from "Thaïs" is a triumphant song of the soul as played by Thibaud on this new Pathé Record

SOFTEN the lights as you start this wondrous record playing. Let the magic of Thibaud's violin paint pictures for you in the darkness.

See—as Thibaud saw when he played—a vision of radiant *Thaïs*, idol of all Alexandria, beautiful beyond men's words.

See her as she muses—alone—struggling against the strange Power, greater than all earthly things, that has crept in upon her soul—has made her dissatisfied with her wanton life.

Listen to the haunting melody rise to its thrilling climax, then subside to the serene calm that means—*regeneration.*

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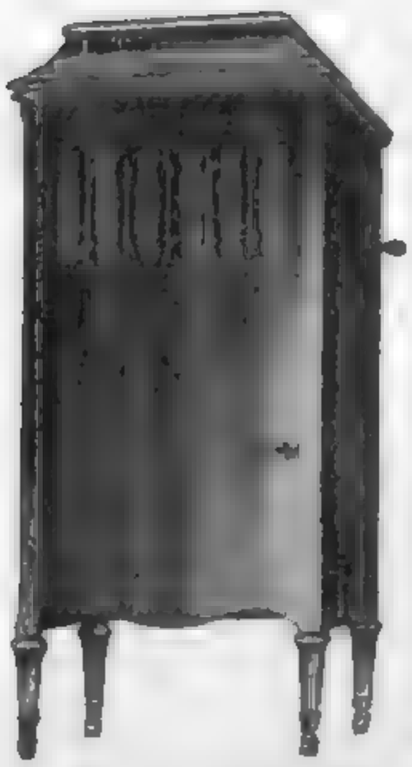

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NEW Pathé Double Disc RECORDS for FEBRUARY 1917

THE NEW EXCLUSIVE THIBAUD RECORDS

THE exquisite music of Jacques Thibaud is familiar to countless Americans who prefer art in its fullest sense to mere pyrotechnics

[illegible]	Thaïs (Massenet) Meditation Aria for the G String (Bach) Jacques Thibaud, Violinist.	Piano Accompaniment	29 C M (about 12 in.) $2.00
60046	Melody in F (Op. 3, No. 1, Rubinstein) Piccolini (Guiraud) Jacques Thibaud, Violinist,	Piano Accompaniment Orchestra Accompaniment	29 C M (about 12 in.) $2.00

(To be issued early in February)

NEW OPERATIC SELECTIONS
By Muratore, Didur and De Cisneros

MURATORE is the success of the Chicago Opera season. His first appearance as *Canio* in *Pagliacci* was the occasion of a great demonstration. For this month's Pathé list, Muratore has sung, with all the richness of his superb lyric tenor, the pathetic "Vesti la giubba" (On with the Play), which closes the first act of *Pagliacci*. He also sings the gay "La donna è mobile" (Woman is Fickle) from *Rigoletto*. This double record is a treat for music lovers.

64005	I Pagliacci (Leoncavallo) "Vesti la giubba." Sung in Italian. Rigoletto (Verdi) "La donna è mobile." Sung in Italian. Lucien Muratore, Tenor.	Orchestra Accompaniment	29 C M (about 12 in.) $4.00

TO be able to offer exclusive recordings by the famous basso of the Metropolitan, Adamo Didur, is a great privilege, as well as a striking tribute to Pathé reproduction. Didur this month uses his remarkable voice with telling effect in the popular "Porter's Song" from *Martha* and a famous *Ernani* aria. Do not miss hearing this double record.

62027	Martha (Flotow) "Canzone del Porter" Ernani (Verdi) "Infelice e tu credevi" (Unhappy One) Adamo Didur, Basso.	Orchestra Accompaniment	29 C/M (about 12 in.) $2.50

THE famous selections offered by Mme. De Cisneros this month have never been sung more strikingly before. The power and richness of this great mezzo voice and the warmth of color in the orchestral accompaniment are wonderfully reproduced.

62023	Le Prophète (Meyerbeer) "Ah! Mon Fils" Martha (Flotow) "The Last Rose of Summer" Eleonora de Cisneros, Mezzo-Soprano.	Orchestra Accompaniment	29 C/M (about 12 in.) $2.50

NEW BAND AND ORCHESTRA NUMBERS

A NOVELTY is offered this month in the waltz from Richard Strauss' opera, *The Rosenkavalier*. This waltz, together with a new intermezzo by Onivas, is played with great feeling and resourceful orchestral effect.

20110	La Coquette (David Onivas), Intermezzo. The Rosenkavalier (Strauss), Waltz.	Pathé Concert Orchestra Imperial Symphony Orchestra	27 C M (about 10½ in.) 75c

THESE two characteristic numbers, with xylophone and bird effects, played by the Pathé Military Band, are going to be great favorites with lovers of novelty.

35090	In Tunis (Pencat), Polka with Xylophone Effects. Quail and Cuckoo (Fleche), Pastoral Polka.	Pathé Military Band Pathé Military Band	29 C M (about 12 in.) 85c

NEW WHISTLING SOLOS

HERE are two more novel selections, whistling solos by a man who stands alone in his particular art, and recorded with great naturalness on this Pathé disc.

20119	Sphinx Valse (Francis Popy) Chaffinch Mazurka (Julius Becht) Joe Belmont, Whistling Soloist.	Orchestra Accompaniment	27 C M (about 10½ in.) 75c

THE NEWEST POPULAR MUSIC

PATHÉ has captured another unique artist in Miss Ruth Roye, who is one of the best-known headliners in vaudeville. For the new Pathé list Miss Roye has recorded two of her favorite songs. Other selections this month cover the range of the most popular hits.

20104	When They Go Through a Tunnel (Lewis, Kalmar and Cottler) Ruth Roye, Soprano.	Orchestra Accompaniment	27 C M (about 10½ in.) 75c
	How's Every Little Thing in Dixie? (Yellen and Gumble) Joe Remington, Baritone.	Orchestra Accompaniment	
20105	Since Maggie Dooley Learned the Hooley Hooley (Kalmar Leslie and Meyer) Ruth Roye, Soprano.	Orchestra Accompaniment	27 C M (about 10½ in.) 75c
	Take Me To My Alabam' (Dillon & Tobias) Joe Remington, Baritone.	Orchestra Accompaniment	
20106	Hello! I've Been Looking for You, from N Y Hippodrome Show (Golden and Hubbell) Louis J. Winsch, Baritone.	Orchestra Accompaniment	27 C M (about 10½ in.) 75c
	Naughty! Naughty! Naughty! from "Show of Wonders," Tracey and Vincent) Louis J. Winsch, Baritone.	Winter Garden (Goodwin, Orchestra Accompaniment	
20115	Hawaiian Sunshine (Wolfe, Gilbert and Morgan) Sam Ash, Tenor, with Chorus	Louise and Ferera Hawaiian Orchestra Acc	27 C M (about 10½ in.) 75c
	Samoa (Halsey K. Mohr) Joseph Phillips, Baritone.	Louise and Ferera Hawaiian Orchestra Acc.	
20100	There's a Little Bit of Bad in Every Good Little Girl (Grant Clarke and Fisher) Justice Lewis, Baritone.	Orchestra Accompaniment	27 C M (about 10½ in.) 75c
	My Skating Girl, from New York Hippodrome Show (Golden and Hubbell) Justice Lewis, Baritone.	Orchestra Accompaniment	
20050	Mississippi Days (McDonald and Piantadosi) Peerless Quartette.	Orchestra Accompaniment	27 C/M (about 10½ in.) 75c
	Whose Pretty Baby Are You Now? (Kahn and VanAlstyne) Roy Randall, Baritone.	Orchestra Accompaniment	

NEW PATHÉ "DE LUXE" DANCE RECORDS

THE Van Eps Trio, the Pathé Dance Orchestra and the American Republic Band present new selections which are full of that swingy rhythm, which immediately excites dance desire. The "Dance o' the Dollys" was written especially for the Dolly Sisters for use in their comedy, "His Bridal Night."

20107	Hawaiian Blues (Stanley Murphy) Fox Trot On the Dixie Highway (Leo Friedman) One- or Two-Step	Van Eps-Banta Trio Pathé Dance Orchestra	27 C/M (about 10½ in.) 75c
20041	Dance o' the Dollys (Milton Ager) Fox Trot Volpiano Waltz (Burnett)	American Republic Band Pathé Dance Orchestra	27 C M (about 10½ in.) 75c

Dealers Everywhere are Equipping Other Phonographs to Play Pathé Discs

(Continued from Page 57)

The following figures indicate the future divisions of Lord Louis' check for two thousand pounds:

The Duke of Bethincourt—after paying Caleb forty per cent		£1200
Caleb—after paying all expenses		300
Palliser—twenty-six weeks at £5 a week	£130	
Twenty-five per cent on Caleb's profits	130	260
Higgery—whose beautiful work made the above profits available		100
Materials, and so on		50

"Everything is ready, Your Grace," said Caleb.

"Excellent!" said the duke.

"It will have to come back in two journeys," said Palliser, "because the motor lorry will only hold half. I didn't like to go to furniture people for a bigger one, for fear they might talk. Question is which lot you want back first."

"The reproductions," replied the duke. "We can then get our client round to see them and pack them off before the other lot comes in."

Three days later Mr. Higgery's reproductions were arranged in the same order as the originals were when Lord Louis had first seen them. The Duke of Bethincourt was delighted.

"They are marvelous!" he exclaimed. "I will let our client know that he can have them at once. You, Mr. Palliser, might return to Dartmoor to-morrow to superintend the loading of the genuine set. As soon as I have received the check I will send you yours, Mr. Caleb."

In response to a letter from the Duke of Bethincourt, Lord Louis drove to the Avenue early next morning. He instructed his chauffeur to bring up the large luggage car and to take the gardener with him to help pack the furniture.

The Duke of Bethincourt met him in the Queen Anne Room and spoke feelingly about his sorrow at parting with the set. Lord Louis paid the check, pocketed his receipt and drove away, the larger car, containing the furniture, following behind.

Arrived home, he had all the pieces placed in a small room on the ground floor, which had been cleared for their reception. When this was done he lit a cigarette and feasted his eyes on his new acquisition, and felt good.

He was so employed when Mr. Russell Yorke put in an appearance and joined in the examination. He expressed the greatest admiration, pulled out the drawers of the writing table, and generally had a field day among the different pieces. Indeed, had it not been for his irritating habit of fussing about with things it is probable this story would never have been told. He was prying into the second drawer of the tallboy when he gave an exclamation of surprise.

"This is odd!" he said. "You remember my telling you I had made a finger mark on that tallboy the old fellow on Dartmoor showed us?"

"Well?" said Lord Louis.

"There is a mark in exactly the same place on this one."

Lord Louis crossed and examined the spot to which his friend was pointing.

"How very curious!" he said, and a puzzled expression came over his face. "Yorke, would you oblige me by wetting your thumb, rubbing it on your boot, and making an imprint on this piece of paper?"

When this was done Lord Louis compared the two carefully. Then he straightened up and looked very serious.

"That young blackguard has swindled me," he quietly observed. "I have paid two thousand pounds for an imitation set."

Mr. Yorke whistled.

"What are you going to do?" he asked.

"I am going to Dartmoor to have a little conversation with our old friend," he replied. "I shouldn't wonder if there is trouble ahead for somebody before very long."

Lord Louis Lewis' motor car entered the village of Mary Tavy and drew up before Mr. Higgery's door at four-forty-five the same afternoon.

Receiving no answer to his knock, he walked round to the back of the house. Across the yard stood a barn, with wide-open doors, into which Lord Louis stepped. He had hardly crossed the threshold when he caught sight of something that caused him to catch his breath violently. Arranged along one wall of the barn was the genuine set of Queen Anne furniture. He was moving forward when he heard the sound of a step behind him, and, turning round, he saw the old man.

"Eh! Why, if it isn't the gentleman who was down here last spring!" exclaimed Mr. Higgery.

"Sir," said Lord Louis coldly, "I should be glad of some private conversation with you."

"Come on, then," said Higgery. "My work's done. We'll step into the house."

They had entered the little sitting room before Lord Louis spoke again.

"Last time I was here, Mr. Higgery," he said—for the old man had mentioned his name as they crossed the yard—"you assured me you were an honest man."

"And so I am. What do you mean?" demanded Higgery with some heat.

"You said you were copying a set of furniture for a titled gentleman. Will you be good enough to tell me his name?"

"Certain'y! There's no secret about it. His name's Lord Louis Lewis."

"Ha! Then you knew these imitations were coming to me."

"Be you Lord Archibald Marmaduke Lewis, then?"

"I am Lord Louis Lewis."

"That you're not," exclaimed Higgery, "for 'twas with Lord Louis I made the arrangements!"

"Come, come, sir!" said Lord Louis sharply. "This is nonsense. I have never done business with you, directly or indirectly. Please be good enough to explain what you are talking about."

"I will," replied Higgery. "No man shall take away my character."

And he launched into a description of how he had met the spurious Lord Louis and consented to work for him, because he was a nobleman and a person to be trusted.

"I am afraid," said Lord Louis, "you have been shamelessly imposed upon. If you will listen to me I will explain how."

Systematically he reconstructed the details of the swindle.

Old Mr. Higgery shook with indignation.

"Sir," he said, "if your words are true it is the angriest man alive you see before you. You shall have your chance of proving them, for Lord Louis himself is coming here to-night to see the genuine set packed in the van for to-morrow's journey."

"Then, with your permission, I will wait till he arrives."

It was a quarter to six when the sound of Mr. Palliser's footsteps was heard in the lane, followed immediately by a jaunty knock at the door.

Mr. Higgery admitted him with every show of respect, and invited him to enter the parlor. A gentleman was sitting there, who rose as Palliser came in. The pink light of the setting sun fell on his face.

"Good Heavens! It's Palliser!" exclaimed Lord Louis.

Palliser turned as white as a sheet.

"Lord Louis Lewis!" he gasped.

That was sufficient for Mr. Higgery. With a bound, he seized Palliser by the throat and flung him sideways against the table. Under the shock the table collapsed and a pot of geraniums crashed to the floor beside the struggling pair. Mr. Higgery's disengaged hand came into contact with the main stem of the plant. He gripped it and brought down the mass of earth and roots into Palliser's open mouth. Then Lord Louis intervened and wrenched the combatants apart.

"Come, come!" he said. "Let us discuss this matter temperately."

Palliser rose from the floor, spitting out mold and trying to extricate a large piece from his eye.

"My lord," said he, "how did you come to be mixed up in this affair? When Caleb asked me to take a hand he swore solemn you had nothing to do with it."

"You were not aware these imitations were for me?"

"I swear I wasn't!" said Palliser.

"Then why," demanded Lord Louis, "did you masquerade under my name?"

Palliser shuffled uneasily.

"He wouldn't work for the trade," said he, jerking a thumb toward the indignant Mr. Higgery; "and as I was using your lordship's manner I made so free as to borrow the title as-well."

Lord Louis concealed a smile.

"The penalty for that offense is very severe, Mr. Palliser," he said.

"Your lordship is always generous," he faltered.

"Silence!" said Lord Louis. "Do not speak again unless I address you. I understand a van is calling here to-night for the genuine set, which is to return to Bristol to-morrow." Palliser nodded. "Then, Mr. Higgery, will you please superintend the loading up and let me know, at the Inn, what time they propose to start in the morning? Palliser will come with me."

Taking Palliser's arm, he led him to the waiting automobile, which was concealed farther up the lane. As they drove down the village street they met a covered motor lorry.

"Is that the van?" Lord Louis asked.

"Yes," said Palliser.

Lord Louis addressed the driver.

"You will load up and be ready to start by five in the morning," he ordered.

"Very good, sir," said the man.

"Thanks," said Lord Louis, and started his car again. "By leaving at five, Mr. Palliser, we should be at Bristol in time for a late lunch. You have a room at the Inn, I suppose?"

"Yes, my lord."

"And a parlor too, maybe?"

"Yes, my lord."

"Good! I will share both with you. Your title will make it easy to persuade the landlord to put up an extra bed. By the way, I have no intention of destroying the illusion you have created among these simple folk; so I beg you to sacrifice none of the manner which, I understand, you have patterned from me."

Together they entered the Inn and the private parlor beyond the bar.

"If you will sit away from the door," said Lord Louis, "I will ask you to excuse me while I write a letter. Have one of these cigarettes—I am assured Lord Louis smokes no other."

The letter he wrote was addressed to Mr. Russell Yorke and contained some very minute instructions. Inside the envelope he placed a second letter, sealed, but addressed to no one.

"The last post for the first delivery at Bristol leaves here at seven, Mr. Palliser. To make quite sure this letter shall arrive in time we will register it and have it expressed. Will you accompany me as far as the post office?"

As they were walking back through the village Palliser plucked up courage to ask:

"My lord, what are you goin' to do with me?"

Lord Louis gave his arm a friendly pressure.

"I shall be guardian of your slumbers for one night," he replied. "In the morning you will occupy a seat in my car. We shall follow the furniture van to Bristol, where you, the driver and myself will lunch together at the King's Head. After that, Mr. Palliser, I think it unlikely we shall meet again."

"Did you pay for the imitation set, my lord?" asked Palliser tentatively.

"Alas, yes!" replied Lord Louis.

It may be imagined that to share a bedroom with a nobleman of such integrity as Lord Louis Lewis would have been most gratifying to a person of humble origin; but Palliser has since confessed that the night was the worst he ever spent. It is probable, had Lord Louis shown any disposition to sleep, Palliser would have left him in undivided possession of the room. But Lord Louis did not sleep; he sat up, smoking cigarettes and making the tenderest inquiries whenever his stable companion showed a disposition to move.

Shortly after two the following day a furniture van and a motor car entered the outskirts of Bristol. Lord Louis drove abreast of the van and said to the driver:

"We will leave the cars at Curzon's Garage while we have lunch. We are well ahead of time and you can deliver the furniture at the duke's during the afternoon."

They entered the garage a few minutes later.

"We shall be back in about an hour," said Lord Louis to a man in a suit of dungarees. "Give me your arm, Palliser. The King's Head is only a moment's walk."

As they passed through the doors of the hotel the motor lorry they had left at the garage was winding up the hill toward Clifton. Lord Louis' chauffeur was at the wheel and Mr. Russell Yorke sat beside him.

Lord Louis made himself more than charming at lunch, and fully an hour passed before they made their way back to the garage.

Palliser could not for the life of him fathom what Lord Louis' game had been. There was the van, with its contents, in exactly the same position they had left it. It would have taken a very keen eye to detect any difference between Mr. Higgery's copies and the originals, and Mr. Yorke had paid particular attention to Lord Louis' written instructions with regard to reloading the van. Even a wisp of straw which had projected beneath the foot of the chest of drawers was in exactly the same place after the transposition had taken place as it had been before.

"Good-by, Mr. Palliser," said Lord Louis, climbing into the driving seat of his motor car. "I trust so much of my society has not proved irksome."

He took a sovereign from his pocket and gave it to the driver of the van, then engaged his gears and was off.

Palliser returned home, sat on the bed, and wondered what had happened—or what was going to happen. Lord Louis met Mr. Yorke in the hall of his house.

"Very nicely done!" he applauded.

"It was a happy thought of yours," Yorke said. "I venture to say I carried it out in the spirit as well as the letter."

"The letter," said Lord Louis, "I trust, you placed in a drawer of the tallboy which has gone to His Grace the Duke."

Mr. Yorke nodded; then pointed to where the genuine set of Queen Anne was lined up in the hall.

"You have won," he said; "and I congratulate you."

"Yes," said Lord Louis; "but, after all, I have got what I paid for."

The Duke of Bethincourt was standing by a window when the van containing the furniture drew up.

"Don't unload," he said. "I want you to take it round to 37, The Vale."

Mr. Edgar Salmon, of 37, The Vale, cast a roving eye over his new possessions.

"Fine!" he remarked.

He pulled out the drawers of the writing table and the tallboy, and in one of the latter he came upon an envelope. Being addressed to no one, he broke the seal. The letter ran thus:

Dear Bethincourt: Dissipation, they say, rots the intelligence; I fancy this must be the case with you, as otherwise you would hardly have been so ill-advised as to attempt to foist upon me a set of reproductions.

The genuine Queen Anne suite is now in my possession; and I return you these excellent imitations, with every expression of contempt for your dishonorable failure.

I urgently suggest that you wind up your affairs in England and seek a different portion of the atlas for the exercise of your unique talents. A refusal to do this will result in having to face the public reproaches for your action.

Yours faithfully,
LOUIS LEWIS.

Mr. Salmon thrust the letter into his pocket, grabbed a hat, and rushed round to the duke's abode.

"You young swine!" he shouted. "So you thought to do the crooked on me, eh?" And he flung the letter on the table.

The Duke of Bethincourt was very white about the lips when he had finished reading.

"How—how did he change the stuff over?" he gasped.

"Damn that!" yelled Mr. Salmon. "Where's my three theousand peounds?"

The money was gone; but Mr. Salmon salvaged Lord Louis' check from the wreckage and stuck to the imitation set, which thereby cost him a thousand pounds, for all it was made for a hundred.

Having received no letter from the Duke of Bethincourt, Simon Caleb presented himself at the house in the Avenue the following afternoon. All the blinds were down and there were three cabs laden with servants' luggage at the door.

"Where is the duke?" he asked of a lady who had once been the cook.

"Went abroad this mornin'—all in a hurry," she replied.

That was all the information Caleb could obtain. No address—nothing! People who saw him returning from the Avenue thought the poor old man was quite mad.

Palliser lay low for a week, then curiosity and avarice got the upper hand of his discretion. Simon Caleb looked up with an awful expression as he entered the shop.

"Simon," said Palliser, "what about my commission on that Bethincourt deal?"

The Famille Verte jar which Simon Caleb threw caught Mr. Palliser full on the side of the head.

The local newspapers, commenting on the wedding of Lord Louis and Miss Jill Marston, observed that the bride's distinguished relative, the Duke of Bethincourt, was not present. He had gone abroad for an indefinite period.

Among the beautiful wedding gifts, they said, was a Queen Anne bedroom suite, at one time the property of that sovereign herself, from the bridegroom to the bride.

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NONE BUT THE BRAVE

By Philip E. Hubbard

NUMBER 047316, Private Steevens, A., formerly of the Line, and now, by the grace of need, of the Mechanical Transport, who is a cunning worker of metals, gave a last shrewd blow to the glowing steel, tink-tinked his hammer twice on the face of the anvil, lifted the once crumpled, now straightened axle on which he and his "striker," Private Drake, had been toiling for the last twenty minutes, squinted along its length and, being apparently satisfied with its appearance, laid it aside to cool.

I stop my work and stroll over to the forge while Private Steevens busies himself with preparations for the manufacture of a "Souvenir," such as he is wont to turn out in his spare time.

From odd pieces of Hun shell, aluminum nose rings, or cases of French .75's, he makes the most engaging ornaments; and, provided he uses no British cartridge or shell case, and so keeps within the letter of the law, I have nothing to say against his doing so.

He is a wizard with metals. I have seen him draw down a most unpromising chunk of German steel, once part of a shell, into a fine rod, and of it fashion a most ornamental toasting fork. And I remembered that the Padre attached to our Field Ambulance had asked me to remind my craftsman that he had promised a replica of this fork for the use of the Church Militant.

Now the first fork had taken about four hours of Steevens' spare time; so I was a little surprised, on placing my order, to see my smith turn to a corner of his forge and from it produce a second fork, even more elaborate than the first.

"You've been pretty quick over this one," I remarked.

I had a momentary suspicion that Private Steevens must have been making souvenirs in the forbidden hours of the day's work; but reflection told me that this was unfounded, since I had not left the camp that day. And, to do my smith justice, it must be said that he is punctilious in his obedience.

Private Steevens solemnly, but quite respectfully, shut one eye.

"Can yer keep a trade secret, sir?" he asked.

"Yes—if you wish to confide one to me."

The Ingenuity of Mr. Nickalls

"I finished 'arf a dozen o' these 'ere forks larst night, arter I finished that one fer yer, sir."

"Half a dozen! But the first one took you four hours."

"Ho, yes, sir; but it wos the drorin' aht took orl that time."

"But isn't this drawn out?"

"Yes, sir; to a cert'in hextent—but it ain't made aht o' shell."

"Then what is it?"

"D'yer remember that time at Eastoutre, sir, w'en we run short o' steel an' couldn't get none, an' 'ad them brackits ter make—an' yer found the church railin's wos all good wro't iron, sir?"

"Yes; what of it?"

"Well, sir, we used up abaart 'arf one side o' the fence making up them brackits fer the cars, an' it seemed a pity ter leave the job 'arf done; so I 'ad the rest o' the rails aht an' brought 'em wiv us w'en we moved, sir."

"But this is something rather like a swindle, Steevens."

"W'y, sir? The Padre won't never know it ain't made aht of a nice bit of 'Un shell w'at 'as tore a poor British soldger all ter bits. 'E fair makes me sick, sir!—no offense ter yer, sir—the questi'ns 'e arsks abaart these 'ere sooveneers: Am I sure this 'ere bullet wos the one w'at went through the 'Un's stummick? or, Did I reely get that bit o' shell aht o' the lootenant's cranyhum? 'E's a fair vampire, 'e is, wiv 'is 'orrors."

"Oh, well," I said; "it's none of my business—provided you don't go pinching the government stuff for your fakes. I shall never believe in your souvenirs again, though."

"W'y not, sir? I ain't never sold yer a fake; I ain't lookin' fer trouble, sir. An' this is fair tradin' stan's ter reason, sir. I couldn't make a profit on me work if I 'ad ter spend four hours on every sooveneer—I ain't got so much spare time as orl that, sir. Besides, yer mark w'at I sez: in anuvver six munfs there'll be factories up, an' workin' overtime, puttin' aht 'undreds an' thousan's o' sooveneers o' the war w'at ain't never been nearer a battlefiel' than Birmingham."

"Very likely," I replied. "We live in a commercial age."

"Ye're right, sir. Yer'd 'ardly believe, sir, the numbers of men w'at's practicin' their trades an' gorn inter business 'ere in Flawnders! There mus' be thousan's of 'em, one way an' anuvver. Fer instance, there wos a bloke down Lillers way, workin' on the 'orspital barges—ever see 'em, sir?"

I was able to reply in the affirmative, and Private Steevens continued:

"Yer remember that woopin' great canal w'at runs from Lillers down ter G. H. Q.? Well, this bloke—Nickalls, 'is name wos—wos skipper o' one o' the tugs they use ter tow the 'orspital barges wiv, an' 'e wos carstin' abaart fer suttin' ter do in 'is spare time. An' one day a farmer bloke, w'at 'ad a farm close by the cana., comes an arsks 'im if, nex' time e' goes down ter G. H. Q. wiv a string o' barges, would 'e mind 'avin' a small scow, w'at belonged ter the farmer bloke, tied on be'ind an' towin' it down, an' bring it back empty nex' time 'e come up?

"Well, this bloke, Nickalls, 'e wosn't doin' any free trawnsport fer no French blokes, though the canal wos, in a way, the French blokes' own country; so 'e makes a arrangement wiv 'im ter tow the scow down an' back fer ten francs—five down an' five back—an' ter drop it at the wharf down there fer a pal o' the farmer's to unload an' take the stuff ter market. An 'e done it ter rights, an' no questi'ns arsked—nobody 'oo's a landsman ever does know w'ether things is right or wrong on any kind o' waterman's job; an', any'ow, the Naval Reserve bloke w'at commanded the barges didn't know nothink abaart boats, bein' a serliciter, or somethin', w'en there wosn't no war.

"So Nickalls, 'e sees as 'ow 'ere's a way o' makin' a bit on the quiet; an' 'e requisitions a ole barge w'at didn't seem to 'ave no owner jus' then—probably servin' wiv the French Awmy—an' in 'is spare time 'e paints er the same as the 'orspital barges, an' paints 'Stores' on 'er bow an' stern. An' 'e makes an arrangement wiv the farmer blokes round abaart ter cart all their stuff down ter G. H. Q. for 'em. The farmers wos at their wits' end ter know 'ow ter get their stuff carried, becos' the railroads wos all 'ung up wiv troop traffic, an' the French bargees 'ad gone aht o' business ter go scrappin'; an' Nickalls, 'e gets a fair monopoly o' the job.

"'E 'ad ter take a partner in down at G. H. Q., becos' o' gettin' the stuff unloaded; but 'e 'ad the sense ter go ter one o' the French blokes down there an' take 'im as a partner. An' Nickalls useter drop the stores barge at a wharf jus' outside the town on 'is way down, an' by the time 'e come back on the return trip the French bloke 'as the barge ready ter sling a line ter Nickalls, an' 'e tows 'er up ag'in, an' nobody ain't none the wiser."

Lending a Helping Hand

"'E an' the French bloke wos makin' a pot o' money aht o' the business w'en I come away—pretty nigh all pront, yer see, w'at wiv our gover'mint providin' the tug an' payin' fer the coal. They didn't pay no lock dues on the canal, neither, bein' 'orspital barges; the on'y out-o'-pocket expenses wos squarin' the bargee on the last barge ter make the line fast an' cast orf at the right place; an' 'e wos a simple sort o' cove w'at 'adn't got any ideas beyond a gallin o' beer."

"But suppose somebody had asked questions and found out?"

"Serpose somebody 'ad started ter arsk questi'ns o' Rockefeller w'en 'e started in business? 'E'd 'ave 'ad 'is tale ready ter pitch; an' so 'ad this bloke, Nickalls. E'd on'y gotter say as 'e didn't know there wos any 'arm in givin' the French farmers a 'elpin' 'and on account o' the entong cordial; an' orl as would 'a' been said would be 'Don't do it any more!' At the worst 'e'd 'ave 'ad ter close down the business; an', as it wos, 'e wos doin' so well that 'e reckoned that if the war on'y 'ung on fer abaart five years 'e wouldn't 'ave ter work any more so long as 'e lived."

"Still," I said, "that's rather an exceptional case."

"I dunno, sir," said Private Steevens, filling his pipe from my offered pouch. "There wos anuvver bloke up 'ere that run quite a big business openin' a shop w'at didn't belong to 'im. Yer reckolIec', sir, arter Wipers was shelled aht, all the people cleared aht o' this town for a time, becos' it looked mos' remarkable as if the 'Uns'd start on it next?"

"Yes; I remember—it was deserted for nearly six weeks."

"That's right, sir—it was; an' this bloke wos put in on perlice dooty, an' found 'isself a billet in a little shop on the Square. W'en things quieted down a bit an' troops begun ter come through ag'in, this bloke sees 'is chawnce ter do a bit o' business; so one night 'e goes round on perlice dooty an' collects all the likely stuff 'e can lay 'is 'ands on from other shops—seegars an' fags, an' note paper an' fag papers, an' anythink w'at 'e knew our chapses'd be likely ter buy. An' w'en 'e'd got the shop stocked up proper 'e opens the shutters one mornin' an' sticks up a big card, w'at 'e'd written, ter say the shop wos open; an', sure enough, there wos a fair run on the bank by Tommies w'at thort they could get things cheap from the hunsuspectin' Belgi'ns.

Smith's Private Graft

"They didn't know so much abaart the Belgi'ns as they does now; but, instead of a poor Belgi'n refugee, all they finds is this perlice bloke, sittin' in the shop, 'oo tells 'em the owner 'as just run aht fer sutthink, but if they wants a packet o' cigarettes, they're a franc a packet; an' 'e'll take the money an' give it ter the woman w'en she comes in. 'E even sold some seegars to 'is own orficer—the Town Major—and told 'im the same tale an' never got so much as serspected—I always did think they picked orficers w'at wos soft in the 'ead fer Town Majors—beggin' yer pardon, sir, for speakin' so free.

"Well, this bloke told me 'e took fifteen pounds the first week an' a bit more than that the next, an' no expense w'atever! 'E 'ad to close down the third week becos' the people begun to come back, an' 'e couldn't take a chance on the real owner turnin' up. 'Owever, 'e made a matter o' thirty pounds aht o' nothin' at all—w'ich ain't so bad."

"That is another exceptional case," I objected.

"Well, sir, there wos a bloke—Smith, 'is name wos—used ter be howner of a garage down Isleworth way—an' w'at a garage bloke don't know abaart makin' charges ain't worth considerin', as yer know, sir. 'E was a 'eadquarters dispatch rider on a motorbike down near Bethune, 'oo made quite a tidy bit by collectin' charges on every telegram 'e delivered."

"Oh, nonsense!" I said. "You don't expect me to believe that?"

"W'y not, sir? It wos w'en the Territorials an' the first lot o' K.'s come aht; an', as yer know, sir, most of 'em 'adn't been long enough on the job to know much abaart the awmy, or to know that the awmy don't pay fer anythink if it can 'elp it. 'E got the idea, first, from a bran'-new second lootenant, 'oo wos so pleased at gettin' a real dispatch on a real battlefiel' all to 'isself, that 'e up an' gives this bloke, Smith, a couple o' francs an' tells 'im to get a drink. That gives 'im the nod; an' for abaart a month 'e collected anythink from a franc up to five francs fer what 'e called porterage, an' the poor blighters paid up like lambs.

"'E might 'a' been doin' it now, on'y 'e made a bloomer an' tried ter get three francs' pay-on-delivery charge aht o' w'at 'e thought wos a Terrier second lootenant just aht from 'ome. 'E wos, too; on'y w'en 'ee wos at 'ome 'e 'appened to be a feenanceer on the Stock Exchange, 'oos name wos Ikestein; so, o' course, 'e ain't payin' away no three francs without a argyment about it. An' w'ile they wos flappin' their mouths abaart it up comes a wanderin' general an' wants ter know w'at it's all abaart; so Smith collects a court-martial an' gets abaart fifty-six days' Field Punishment, Number One, instead of 'is three francs. Serve' 'im glad, too!"

"Still, that's another exceptional case, Steevens. The ordinary man in the ranks doesn't get these opportunities."

Marrying for a Living

"I dunno, sir; 'e can always marry fer money. There's blokes aht 'ere marryin' fer a livin', an' doin' well at it."

"Marrying!" I exclaimed, aghast.

"Yes, sir. W'y not? You often 'ears o' English lords marryin' rich Hamerican hairesses—w'ere's the 'arm in a Swaddy doin' the same? There wos a bloke in my old battalion w'at 'ad spent quite a lot of 'is time gettin' married. 'Owever, 'e overdid it w'en we come aht 'ere. Yer reckollec' me tellin' yer 'ow we 'ad a munf's rest back at [illegible] be'ind the Lines, sir?"

"Yes."

"Well, the very fust day we wos back there, Bill—I won't tell you 'is other name—'e spots a little caffy doin' a rourin' trade wiv our chapses; so 'e goes in ter 'ave a drink. The howner wos a widder woman 'oos 'usban' 'ad got 'isself killed at the start o' the war, an' Bill sees as 'ere's a chawnce fer a good 'ome in France. So 'e makes the runnin' wiv the widder, an' before we'd been there a fortnight 'e puts up the banns, or w'atever it is you does in this country, an' 'e marries 'er. Big, lusty wench she wos, too.

"Well, they lives very 'appy fer abaart a fortnight; an' the caffy does a bigger trade than ever on account of all our blokes goin' there w'enever they could, in the 'opes that Bill'd stand 'em free beer, like 'e did the night 'e got married—on'y 'e never lorst 'is 'ead ag'in like 'e did that night; an' then we wos pushed up ter the Front Line ag'in.

"Then comes the big gas attack, an' our Line gets pushed back a lot, an' that brings the village w'ere Bill's caffy wos within range o' the 'Uns' shellin'; but, o' course, Bill didn't know abaart that. So, w'en things quiets down a bit, Bill manages to get a pass to go an' see 'is brother in anuvver ridg'mint—w'at's been dead abaart five years, as a matter o' fact—an' 'e goes down ter this villidge an' finds the 'Uns 'ad been shellin' it an' 'ad registered one slap on 'is caffy.

"'E wos fair upset abaart it. Yer see, 'e wos fond o' the widder, an' the caffy 'ad looked like bein' a good thing fer 'im all the time 'e wos aht 'ere; an', as it wos, 'e not on'y wasted a day's pass, an' dug up 'is brother fer nothin', but 'e 'as all the trubbel o' goin' down ter this place only ter find that one blessed 'Un crump 'as made 'im a French widder man an' knocked 'is caffy out o' business at one go."

"It doesn't seem to be quite the game," I said.

"I dunno, sir. It'll bring a bit o' new blood into the country. They'll get to hunnerstan' English a sight better'n w'ot they do now. In abaart fifteen years' time, w'en the families is growed up a bit, yer'll 'ardly 'ave to shout at 'em at all to make yerself hunnerstood, like you do now. An' then, look at the flip it's goin' ter give the cross-Channel traffic w'en the war's over! Those blokes w'ot don't settle down 'ere oritergether 'll be poppin' acrost now an' ag'in to see their wives an' families, an' collec' a bit to go on wiv from the caffys an' businesses w'ot their French wives is runnin'—do a lot o' good, I should say, one way an' anuvver."

"But suppose, Steevens, that the wives should take it into their heads to come to England and look their husbands up?"

"Ferget it, sir—they won't be allowed to land. W'at's Parlymint been an' passed a Aliens' Act fer? Besides, these French women ain't so fond o' gaddin' abaart. They're 'ard-workin' women w'at'll stay at 'ome an' look arter the business."

"I hope you are not contemplating marriage with Mathilde?" I said.

"Me, sir? No bloomin' fear! I ain't a marryin' man; besides, I can earn all I wants at me trade."

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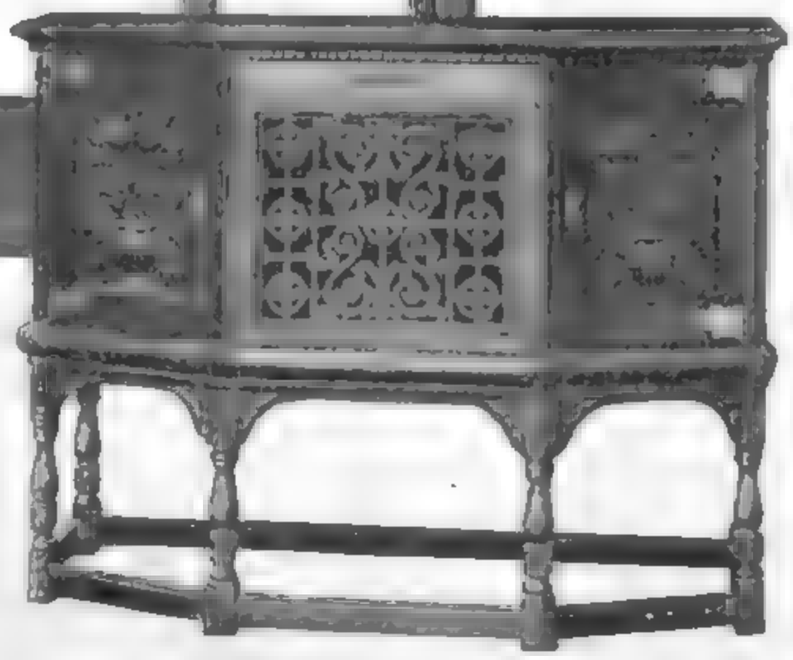

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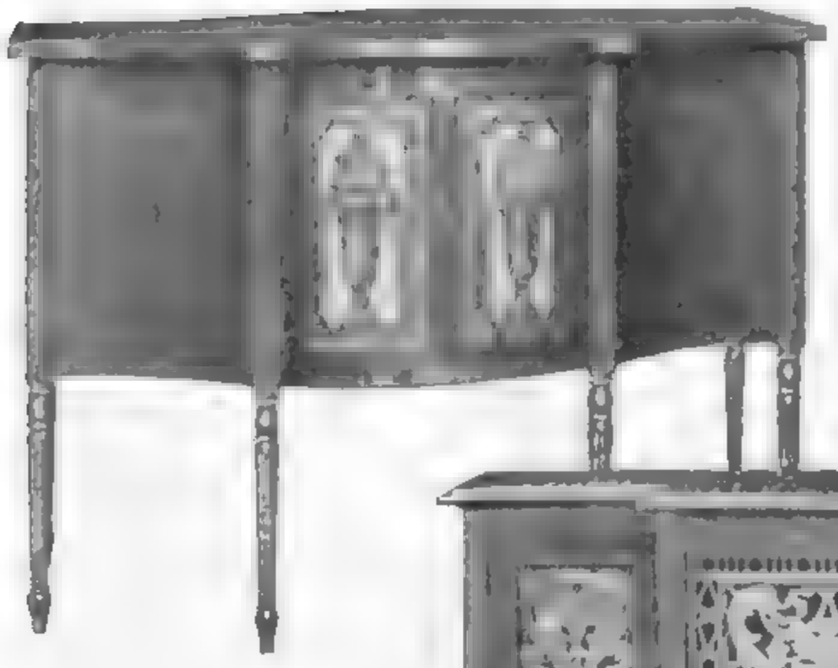

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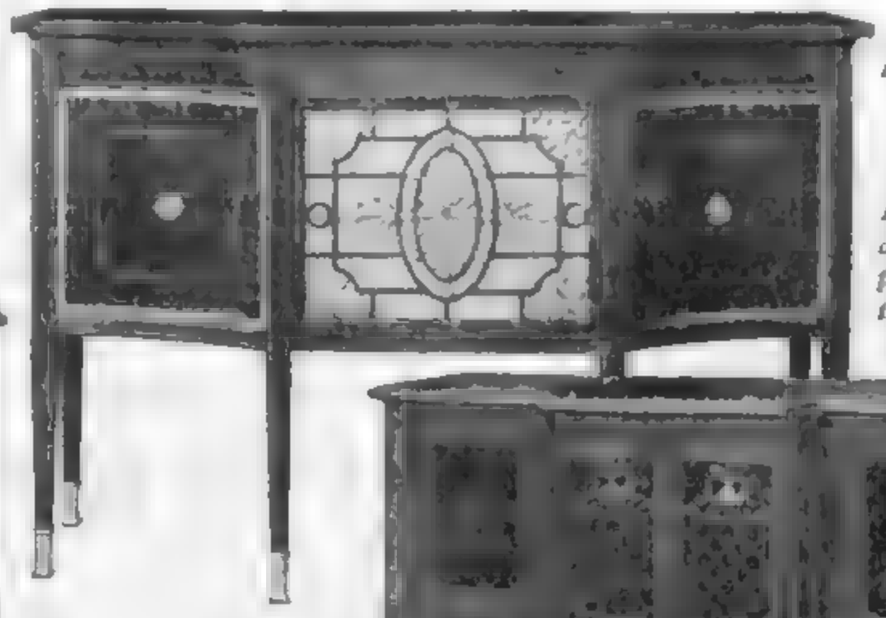
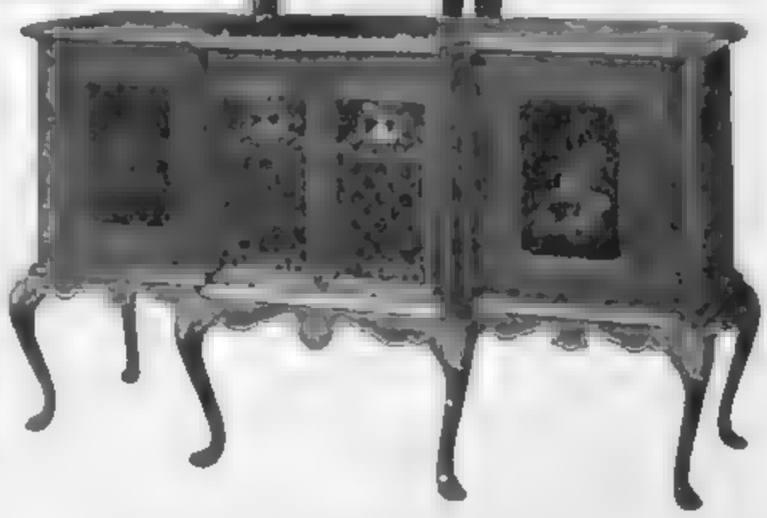


QUEEN ANNE
(WALNUT)
5 feet 8 inches long and 3 feet 2 inches high

Typical commode formation of the time of Queen Anne. Decorated with Chinese motifs, a form of embellishment much in favor at that time



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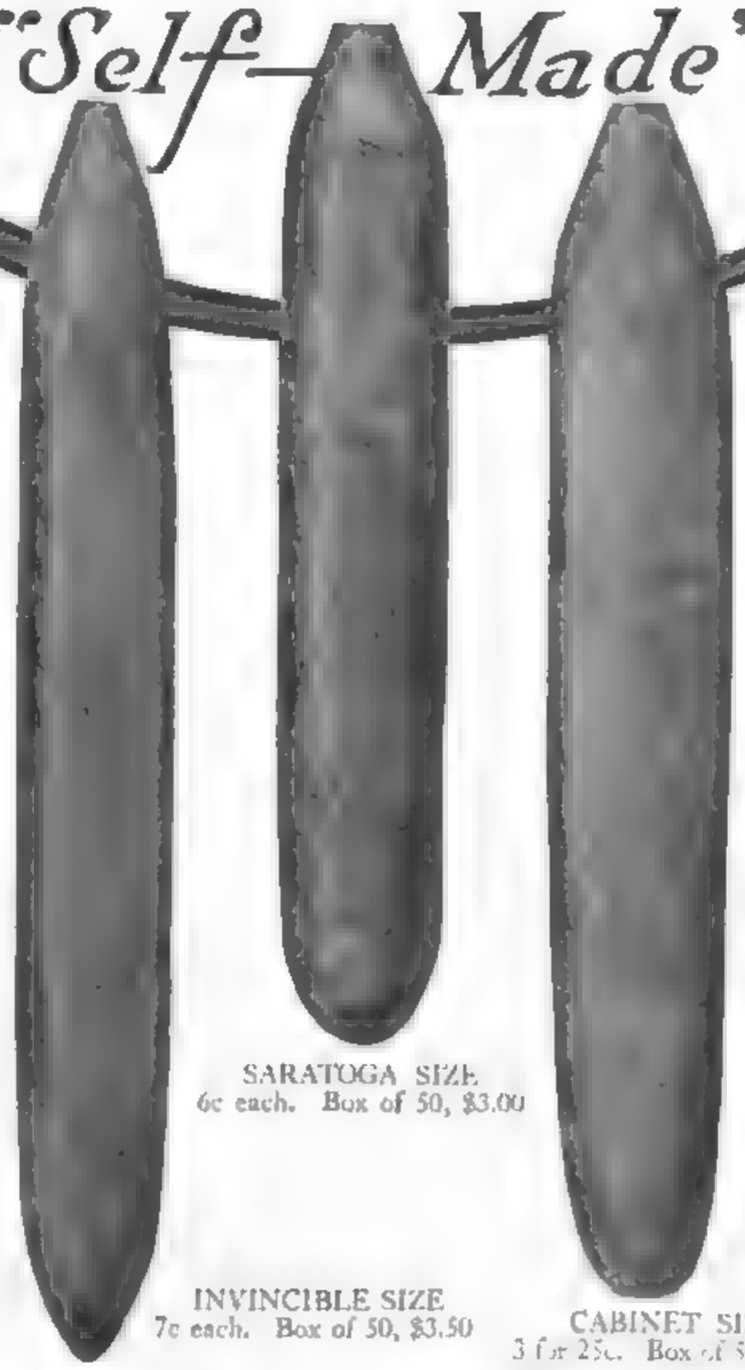

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SAVING IT FOR DAD

(Continued from Page 16)

"He's got six-seven year run off his own holdings, but he's got to have twenty-thirty year to charge off that mill he's got. And he figgers he's got it. He figgers all that timber's as good as bought at his own price. Now looky!" Mark drew his finger from the top of the map to the bottom, between Barnes' major holdings and his two sections that stood isolated. "What you calc'late would happen if somebody went and grabbed up that strip—eh? Cuttin' Barnes off from all the rest to the west. Huh? Tickle him, eh?"

"Dad," said Luke, "I hate to say anything that may hurt your feelings; but any notion like that is insane!"

"Sure!" agreed Peter.

"G't back to your cribbage!" Mark said gruffly. "What you lack hain't so much brains as nerve."

Down the line Mark's finger had indicated were, first, a number of small timber lots—quarter sections and up. Below them was a rectangular limit of eight sections, four sections from north to south and two sections wide. Below that was an irregular-shaped piece, roughly taking the form of an L, which dropped just below Barnes' land and swung slightly under it. In all, these pieces contained about thirty thousand acres of hardwood and spruce. To the west of them lay fifty to sixty thousand more—and upon the whole ninety thousand acres hung the destiny of the lumber company and of Mr. Barnes.

Mark went to his superintendent, gave him minute directions for the running of the mill, and said:

"I'm goin' away for a few days. If anybody asks you where, say you forgot."

He then went to the bank, where he drew out in currency twenty-five hundred dollars of money that it was impossible his company could spare. It was blood from the heart. Following that, he rented a rig at the livery and drove northward.

In three days he was back; and, taking down his atlas, he blocked off in red the sections of timber along his line of attack. The lands so marked extended from the northern end of the valley southward through the tract of eight sections. The largest piece at the bottom remained in white.

"Got 'em, all but that," he muttered. "And them options cost me twenty-one hundred too. No options for old Purdy, though. Cash deal or nothin'. Seventy-two hundred acres that old coot's got, and he wants twelve-fifty an acre; and that's ninety thousand dollars. Twenty-five thousand down—the rest on mortgage. Huh!"

He went to the door and called Luke.

"Son," he said, "I'm going to the city. Want you along."

"What are you going for, dad?"

"Goin' to borrow a trifle of twenty-five thousand dollars."

"Dad—why, dad, we've tried that. It can't be done."

"It's got to be done! Git your bag packed."

Luke went hurriedly into Peter's office.

"I'm afraid," he said with his voice breaking, "that this thing's got dad hard. It looks like—like ——" He couldn't go on, but tapped his brow with significance. "He wants me to go to the city with him while he borrows a mere nothing of twenty-five thousand."

"Better go with him, Luke, to keep an eye on him. If he's set on going—why, he'll go, hell or high water!"

So it came about that Mark Sawyer boarded the early morning train in company with his son, arriving in the city shortly after noon.

They went to the identical bank that had declined to loan to the boys because their moral risk was an unknown quantity. Luke was accompanied by sensations of a nature so unpleasant as to make him no desirable companion. They were shown at once into the office of the president.

"Mark Sawyer, eh?" said that gentleman. "Never met you before, but often wanted to. That timber deal you pulled off back in ninety-six—remember that? Say, that was doing business!"

"Met my son, though, hain't you? Tried to borrow money from you a while back."

"Surely. He and his brother are active in the business now, I understand, and you've retired."

"Do I look retired? No, sir; I'm up without the aid of an alarm clock, with my pants on, ready for trouble. Just now I'm running the business, such as it is, and the second generation's playing cribbage for a spell."

"Indeed! . . . And what can we do for you?"

"Money. Want twenty-five thousand. Not on the plant—on a deal I'm figgerin'. Here's the idee."

He spread before the bank's president his map, laid before him the sheaf of options, and outlined tersely the situation.

"I've got to have the cash to pay Purdy. The whole thing hangs on that. . . . Don't seem quite friendly to Barnes to slice into him that way; but he's tryin' to bust me!" Old Mark's eyes snapped and his clenched fist threatened the equilibrium of the president's inkwell. "Do you get the notion of it?"

"Yes," said the president; "but—it's purely speculative."

"Purely fiddlesticks! If somebody gets your finger in a pair of pincers you'll holler. Can't dispute it. I've got Barnes in somethin' worse'n pincers, and he'll holler, too; but when he's done hollerin' he'll pay within reason to get that land. Maybe he wouldn't, knowin' I held it. But he won't know. If this loan goes through, our paper'll print a story about a new lumber outfit that's bought up the land and is goin' to start buildin' a mill to cut out two hundred and fifty thousand feet a day. And that company, Barnes'll see, is between him and that other sixty thousand acres, shuttin' him off from it for good. He's got to buy!"

The president sat back, with closed eyes, for five minutes.

"If you weren't a known man," he said finally, "I wouldn't even bother to listen to such a yarn; but you're Mark Sawyer, who pulled off that deal in ninety-six. You know timber. You never backed a loser. You've always been a success—and no man ever lost a dollar by you. Moral risk, A Number One. I'll call in enough of the board to talk it over."

Luke gazed at his father with bewildered eyes. He himself had come for a legitimate loan and had been refused; his father, a back number, whom he had come to look after and protect, was listened to with respect when he described a proposition that sounded to Luke like wildcatting of the highest order. And that phrase "moral risk" sat heavy on his mind. It was something his father had, and apparently had in merchantable quantity. Luke's education made a remarkable advance in a few seconds.

Presently three members of the board appeared and to them Mark again outlined his plan.

"I'm for it!" said a stout man called the "Judge."

"Me too!" said his neighbor on the right. "I'm glad to have Mr. Sawyer for a customer of this bank. And I'm glad to see him getting a bit of Barnes' hide. I wouldn't loan that man a dollar on a government bond! All you'd be loaning on would be the bond—with nothing back of it."

Again Luke felt the impact of the moral risk.

"You can take the deed in the bank's name if you want it that way," said Mark.

"Not necessary. Fix it some other way."

"Rather you would," said Mark. "You'll notice these options run to the Judge, here. If he'll handle it for me I want him to oversee this end—look after the law, and sich-like. I don't appear, you know."

"We'll take the deed in his name, then."

And so it was settled.

That afternoon incorporation papers for the Palmer Lumber Company were filed with the Secretary of State. Mark Sawyer's name did not appear among the incorporators.

On Thursday the local paper carried a full account of the transaction, as it saw it, and an accurate description of the new sawmill, to be erected at once. Then followed two days of waiting.

The third day Mr. Barnes appeared in Judge Palmer's office; and the Judge could not see him, but wired for Mark, who arrived next morning. After that Mr. Barnes had no difficulty in obtaining an interview with the Judge.

"What's this about a lumber company you're heading?" he blustered.

"You have the facts, I guess."

"I know you, Palmer. You're not a timber man. You haven't the money or the backing. You can't swing it."

Speed, the Truck Cost Saver

Business increases. More deliveries must be made. Customers complain that they do not get the goods quickly enough.

But your trucks are loaded to capacity now and the drivers working overtime.

What shall be done?

Either put on more trucks or increase the efficiency of trucks now in operation.

The latter is the better way.

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For if you need greater speed and greater cushioning qualities than the solid tire affords—or if you want freedom from those pneumatic tire troubles due to unusual road conditions—the Motz Cushion Tire offers you these things.

On light, high speed trucks carrying medium loads, at speeds up to 25 miles an hour, the Motz Tire frequently adds 50 per cent to the efficiency of a given delivery unit.

It does this by combining the resilience and speed capacity of the pneumatic with the trouble-proof qualities of the solid tire.

Perhaps Motz Tires would save *you* a lot of money. Your Goodyear Motz Service Station Dealer can give you expert and final advice on this important question or ask the nearest Goodyear Branch.

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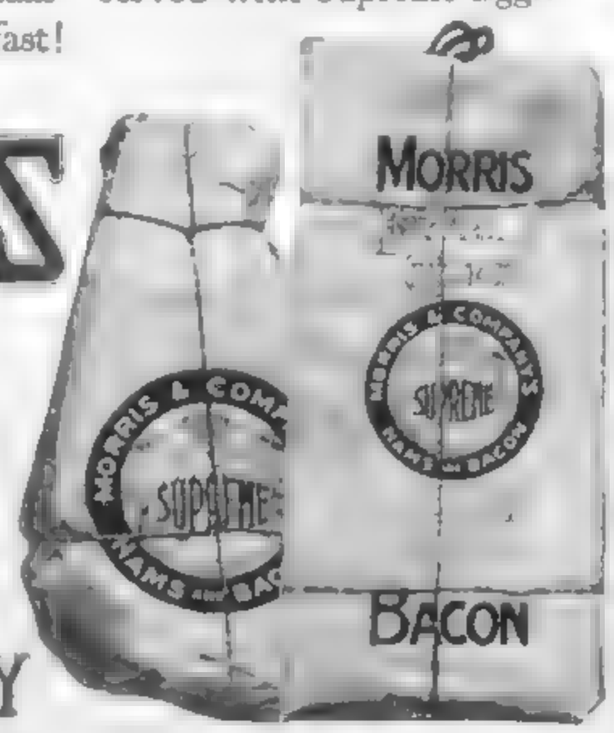
Supreme Breakfast Bacon

is the food of foods for little folk. It has the "heat units" good bacon should have—the fine digestibility. It is Morris-cured. That means quality. It passes the Morris Supreme Test. That means uniform flavor and fineness—just the right proportion of lean and fat. Tender, mouth-melting, satisfying Morris Supreme Bacon or Supreme Ham—served with Supreme Eggs. That's SOME breakfast!

MORRIS TESTED FOODS

Write for new Morris Cook Book—"The Supreme Test"—a wealth of recipes for dainty menus and sturdy meals. Address



MORRIS & COMPANY

CHICAGO E. ST. LOUIS OKLAHOMA CITY ST. JOSEPH OMAHA KANSAS CITY

"It's swung," said the Judge succinctly.

"That timber was as good as mine," said Barnes.

"Not quite," said the Judge suavely.

"Morally it was mine."

"Hum!" said the Judge.

"I've got to have it!"

"Sorry. We see a legitimate profit there; we have the timber and we're going ahead."

"I'll take it off your hands at what you paid and take care of the expense you've been to."

The Judge smiled. Barnes threatened, blustered, begged; but the Judge maintained a courteous firmness.

"I'll tell you what we'll do," he said finally, as though in disgust. "We have thirty thousand odd acres. They cost us twelve dollars and a half an acre. If you want them you may have them for fourteen—if not, why, we're satisfied as things stand."

Again Barnes had much to mention; but, though he roared loudly, he thought deeply. The land was a bargain at twelve dollars and a half; it was reasonably cheap at fourteen. And he was caught. He was caught as he had never been caught before.

"How long does your offer hold?" he asked in capitulation.

"Till two o'clock this afternoon," said the Judge, and got to his feet, indicating that the interview was at an end.

At ten minutes to two Mr. Barnes was again in Judge Palmer's office. In his pocket was a certified check for seventy-two thousand one hundred dollars. He laid it on the Judge's desk.

"Just a moment," said the Judge, getting up and going to the door of the adjoining office. "Mr. Sawyer!" he called.

Mark came in, with Luke in attendance—respectful attendance.

"Give it to him," said the Judge. "It's his . . . And, Mr. Barnes, my advice to you is, hereafter when you enter into contractual relations with an individual, do not use them in an effort to wreck his business—especially an individual of the known potentialities of Mr. Sawyer. The check to Mr. Sawyer, please."

The boys and Mark Sawyer were going over matters in Mark's dining room next morning.

"It gives us forty-five thousand dollars, cash," said Luke, the amazement not yet lost from his voice.

"Leaves us owing less than fifty thousand. Why, it puts us clean on our feet!"

"Calc'late so," said Mark. "And now I guess I can step down again. You'll go better from now on. Throw away your cribbage board and grab hold."

Neither Luke nor Peter replied, but a significant glance passed between them.

"Let's get down to the office, dad," said Luke.

They walked down through the village streets, and the two young men breathed more deeply of the forest-scented air; perceived more homely beauties in the place; looked upon the world and found it good. Into the office they went, pushing their father ahead to his door, the door on which had been the ornamental but purely complimentary title of "President."

Now freshly added below it were the pregnant words: "and General Manager"!

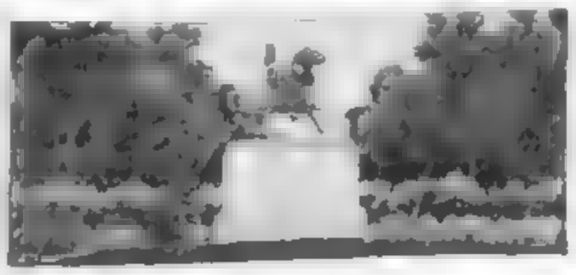
No Drawing Power

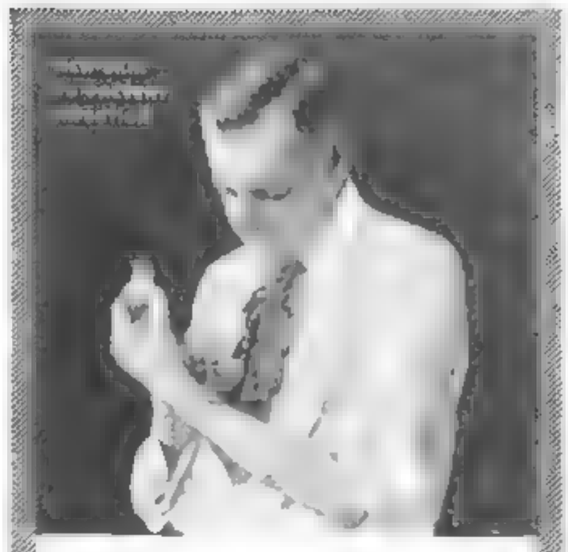
A THEATRICAL producer in New York, whose education was not acquired from books but in the University of Hard Knocks, put on a new farce by a well-known writer of dramatic comicalities. Somehow the play did not seem to go very well on its first night. After the performance the manager met another playwright in the lobby.

"Well, what did you think of the show?" he asked anxiously.

"I'm afraid it's salacious," admitted the dramatist.

The producer fetched a deep sigh, as though his own forebodings had been confirmed. "I guess you're right," he said. "I don't believe it's got a chance to make money, neither."





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How would you like to be told by your repair man that your radiator repair job bill came to $25? It will, if you neglect this message. In time, the small leak you notice now will get worse. It's bound to. The corroding elements of the water in your radiator are gradually eating away its thin metal walls. You can save an expenditure of many dollars. You can put your radiator in perfect condition, make it scale proof, rust proof, leak proof by the use of "X" Radiator Liquid. Yes, and you can do a $25 repair job yourself in ten minutes with one can of "X" by simply pouring it into the radiator. It works automatically by closing the leak. It makes no difference whether it is in the radiator, water pump, water jacket, hose or hose connection around packing, "X" goes directly to the spot. "X" cannot clog the radiator. It is not a compound, not a cement, contains no glue, meal or other harmful dope to ruin your car. "X" is a scientific process recommended by radiator manufacturers, endorsed by automobile engineers.

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"X" Radiator Liquid is backed by men big in enterprise. They are sure of the product, know beyond question that it is going to benefit hundreds of thousands of motorists, so it will be advertised to the limit. Just as it has attracted intense interest, made thousands of dollars of sales when demonstrated at the big Automobile Shows in New York and Chicago, so will this advertising make sales, create interest and a demand that means sales and profit for you. Every wise car owner will carry a can of "X" as regular equipment in his tool kit. Every radiator should have "X" liquid in use as a preventive against leaks. There is a jobber who carries "X" in your district. Write him. Use the coupon shown below. It contains a special time offer to make it doubly profitable for you to act now—today. Use the display stand for reinforcing our broadcast advertising. Every motorist will be reminded when he sees your display that he needs "X." And he does. And so you do.

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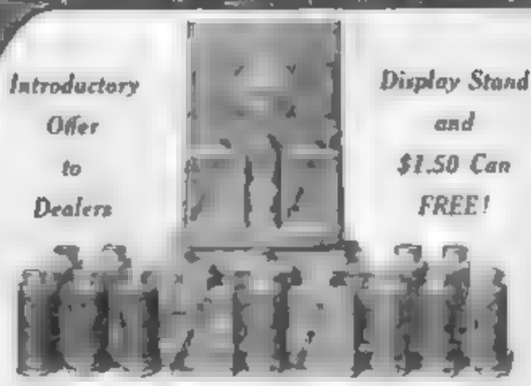

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THE SAFE WINTER TREADS

THE ENCHANTED CAPTAIN

(Continued from Page 7)

off the enemy so that he might escape, a woman and an ancient man of the neighborhood carried the bandit on a stretcher into a dry arroyo. There he was found later by his followers, who took up the stretcher and headed into the dense forests that have their beginning near Bustillos.

They climbed up into the Sierra Madre and left him in charge of Indians. He remained concealed near the Chihuahua-Durango line and then changed his hiding place to the Nonoava region, northwest of Parral.

At this time Villa's condition was really serious. Gangrene had set in. But the Indians undertook to cure him with herbs, and he had faith in the treatment. The Tarahumaras of the region have a tremendous reputation for healing with boiled herbs. They even claim to possess a cure for cancer.

Recovery in Villa's case was slow and painful.

He had several relapses. A Jap, who had been a cook in Villa's official family when he was at the pinnacle of his power, nursed him under direction of the Indian herb specialists.

That the treatment failed to come up to expectations is proved by the fact that Villa realized toward the end of April that he would need skilled medical attention to save his leg—and perhaps his life.

One day a physician of Parral was called to Pilar de Conchos, ostensibly to attend the wife of a man employed by the Boquillas Electric Company. He was taken to a small house, where he found a wounded soldier, wearing a thick beard. The doctor recognized him as Pancho Villa. He had been shot below the knee in the right leg, which was in bad shape, as the bone had been shattered and he had apparently gone a considerable time without the attention it needed.

The wounded man asked the doctor to make regular visits. This he could not afford to do, since the distance from Parral was too great. Accordingly Villa was moved to the village of Minas Nuevas, not far from Parral, and lay there in a tiny ranch house until the latter part of May, the physician making frequent trips to dress his wounded leg.

He was in hiding there, and a helpless cripple, when the force under Major Frank Tompkins, of the Thirteenth Cavalry, had their fight with the Mexicans at Parral. Carranza forces were close to his retreat constantly. At the time the American troops passed from Balleza back to Parral, Villa was watching their movements as they went along the road.

Villa Comes to Life Again

Then the American pursuit was halted and the bandit breathed easier. He seems never to have feared capture by the Carrancistas to any extent; whether from contempt of them or through an understanding, is hard to say.

Under proper medical care Villa gradually improved. He gained strength and weight, and immediately he began to chafe for action.

He sent a couple of couriers to scout for information and sound the sentiment among the people. They came back with word that most of the population of the region believed Pancho Villa was dead. The Carrancista campaign to this end had been successful. The bandit was furious.

"Go back and tell them I'm alive. Here is my signature," he commanded.

Immediately the news spread, his old followers began to flock to him. Bunches of ten and twenty and thirty came in under their own *jefes*. They were amazed and transported with delight. They looked upon their chief's recovery as a sort of miracle. From that moment he was The Enchanted Captain.

Pancho quickly recovered his spirits. He is at his best against difficulties and there was work of the hardest sort ahead. He sent messengers to all the ranches and small towns of the region, announcing that the time had arrived for the resumption of operations and summoning the men to his flag. This was in the latter part of June.

Evidently he had been thinking hard during his illness and had come to the conclusion that some new stuff was required to attract adherents. At any rate he produced it. Pancho flung a new standard to the breeze. His was now El Partido Democratico—the Democratic Party.

Volunteers appeared in large numbers. A lot of them came on the run, of their own volition, and some were brought at the end of a rope. Villa set to work on the task of mounting and equipping his forces.

For this purpose he moved toward the Bustillos district in order to dig up his buried stores of rifles and ammunition. And when all were armed he marched against San Andres, whose garrison fled in panic. San Andres is Pancho's lucky town. It was there he got his first start against Huerta, in 1913; and it was there he married Luz Corral. So now he made the place his headquarters, from which he kept couriers galloping in all directions day and night. Soon he had nearly four thousand men.

Captured by Strategy

Though various bands under Villista chieftains were operating early in the summer, they kept in small bodies, on account of difficulty in securing food, until their chief ordered a concentration. His first action of any consequence was on the Corralitos Ranch, southeast of Jimenez; and in this Pancho showed that he had been studying tactics to advantage during his long rest.

One of the Ramos brothers was his opponent. Villa sent a small bunch of men against these Carrancistas, as though ignorant of their strength. They advanced confidently to the attack and drew the full enemy fire. Then the bandits beat a retreat. It was skillfully executed. Ramos' force came pouring in pursuit, sure of victory; and Pancho with his main body fell like an avalanche on their rear, utterly routing them. He took about a thousand prisoners and a considerable quantity of ammunition.

His foe is always Villa's chief source of supply.

"Why should I worry about weapons?" he has often boasted. "I can get them from my enemies."

Up to date he has done so whenever his needs became pressing. Villa's problem is not to find men, but to equip them; and he will be able to do even that if the United States shall lift the embargo on ammunition so that the Carrancistas can import it. Nothing would suit the bandit better. To permit shipment of arms to Mexico is the same thing as sending them to our sworn enemy. The bulk of them will fall into his hands, either by capture or desertion; for a Carrancista to-day is a Villista to-morrow.

Having disposed of Ramos, he occupied Jimenez without opposition and obtained there supplies and recruits. Then he moved on to concentrate his bands at Santa Rosalia. His strength was growing hourly. Eight hundred Yaquis from Sonora joined him and accessions from the ranks of the First Chief's army were considerable. At this time Villa traveled in a buggy on the march. In walking he used a crutch, but he could mount a horse with assistance.

While all this was going forward, Trevino had large forces scattered over the state. They were seemingly reluctant to fight Pancho, however, and it was common talk among the natives that an understanding existed between certain Carranza *jefes* and the brigand they were supposed to be hunting. It seems difficult to explain their apathy in any other way.

From Agua Puerca, near Santa Rosalia, he sent out detachments into all the surrounding country to rustle up horses and supplies, and then struck for a small mining town called Santa Gertrudes. A Carrancista garrison held Satevo, his old home; he fell upon the place like a thunderbolt and wiped out the entire force.

San Andres, only fifty miles from Chihuahua City, was his headquarters; and one day, without announcing his name, Pancho got General Trevino on the long-distance telephone.

"Hello!" he bellowed. "This is me—Villa—the bandit. I am waiting here for your generals. Why don't you send them out to meet me?"

Trevino replied:

"Whom do you want most to meet?"

"Nobody better than yourself."

The Carranza commander sent General Cavazos, who was feeling warlike and declared an intention to eat Pancho alive, crutch and all. The bandit ambuscaded him not far from Santa Ysabel, and out of

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Leading educators say that every American boy should know how to swim, to box, and to handle a gun and shoot straight. He should also be able to play well at least one good outdoor game—football, baseball, or tennis.

The two newest Daisy models, the Daisy Pump Gun and the Military Daisy, have changed the ideas of the entire country about air rifles. Hundreds of thousands of boys and young men are using these rifles to study the sport and art of marksmanship. Nothing so attractive or so safe has ever before been offered to the American boy and his parent.

Orders came in to us so fast just before Christmas that we couldn't keep up with the rush, and many boys were disappointed. But don't give up your plan of owning a Daisy. We are catching up now, and if your dealer hasn't the Daisy model you want right in stock, he will be glad to send and get it for you.

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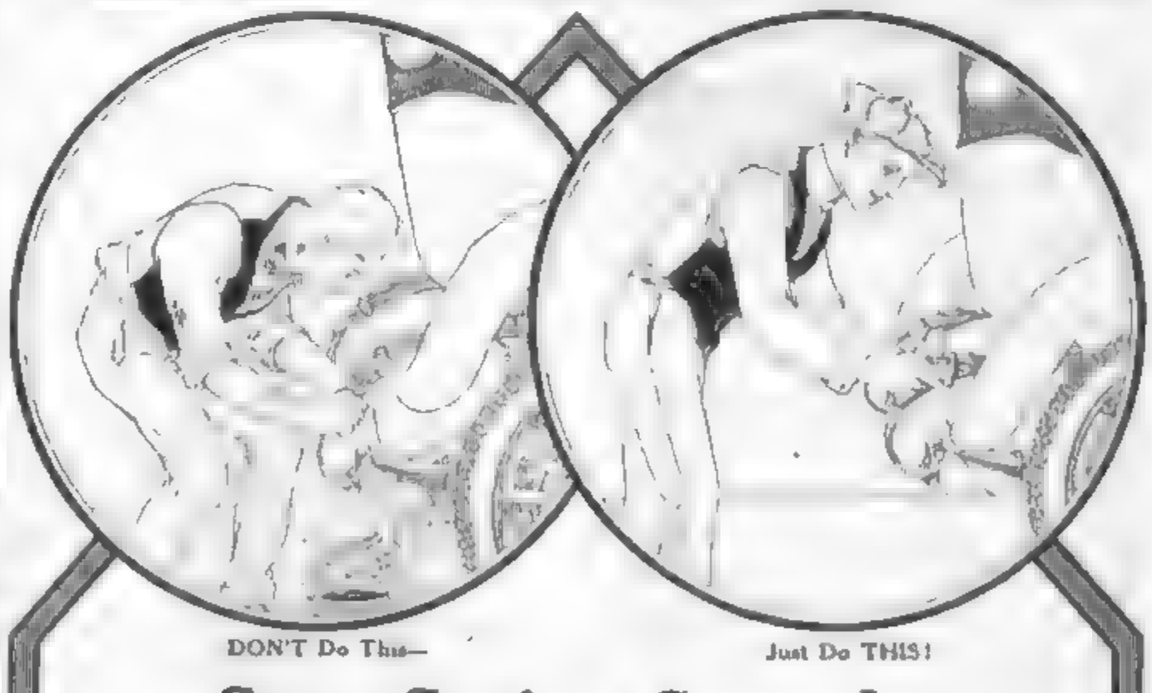

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3-in-One

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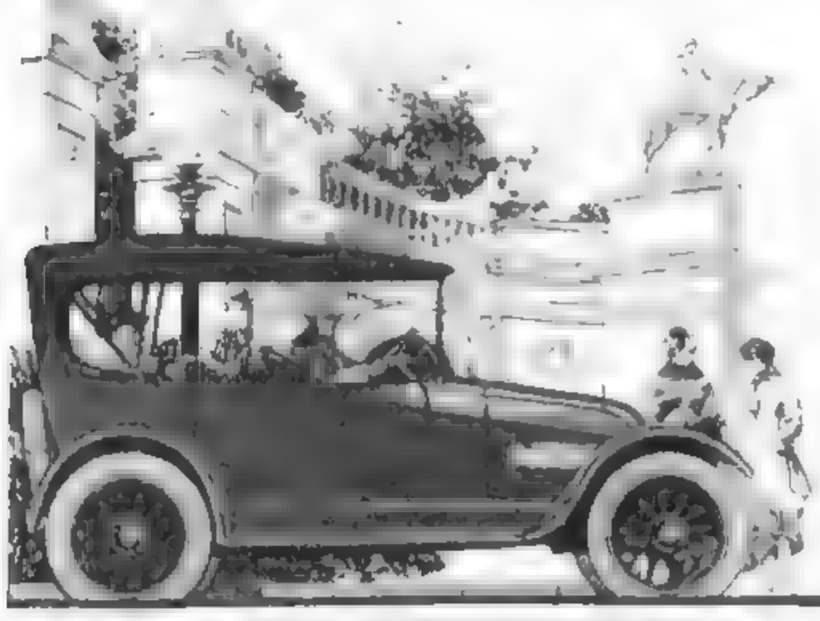

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AGENCY DIVISION

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

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the entire Carrancista command Cavazos, one captain and four soldiers escaped.

Pancho is always doing dramatic things: he would make a fine stage director. Witness his raid of September sixteenth on Chihuahua City. It was perhaps the most picturesque event of his entire campaign of 1916.

He had scattered his troops round San Andres and Bustillos, as far as Madera, to which point he was already operating trains. Suddenly he ordered a small force toward El Fresno, a ranch seven miles from Chihuahua City, which Villa owns personally. He bought it at the height of his power for thirty thousand dollars. His men engaged the small Carrancista garrison there and drove them in panic.

Pancho then moved in and occupied his own home. There was an enemy force of about six thousand in the city, within plain sight; but the fact did not seem to give the bandits any concern. They held cockfights and went happily about their business.

On September fourteenth Villa sent a letter to Trevino, announcing that he would be in Chihuahua City on the sixteenth to shake hands with him. He added that he might be hungry, in which case he would require something to eat. Therefore, he hoped General Trevino would prepare a suitable reception.

Now September sixteenth is the Mexican national holiday. It is equivalent to our July Fourth, and the natives celebrate it with bands and jubilation.

Of course Trevino considered this message a bluff. It had been his experience that Villa usually did the opposite to the plans rumor credited him with; and yet—and yet—the garrison grew uneasy.

At nine o'clock on the night of September fifteenth the Enchanted Captain entered the capital, heavily cloaked, accompanied by Martin Lopez and several other *jefes*. Bands were playing and the streets were thronged.

They went to La Partida, a gambling house, and there mingled with the men, attracting no particular attention. Pancho wished to hear what the city was saying, to sound out the sentiment. He was rewarded with much favorable talk.

"Pancho is coming. He'll be here soon," said one.

And his companion replied with a cautious glance all round:

"I, for one, shall be glad to see him."

Satisfied in his own mind that the civil population would welcome him, Villa returned to his camp and issued final instructions to his commanders. About eleven o'clock he gave the signal; and as the chimes of the churches were ringing out El Grito de Dolores the first shouts of "Viva Villa!" apprised Chihuahua that the bandits were upon them. Indescribable confusion ensued.

Villa took with him for this attack only five hundred men, divided into four columns, under Martin Lopez, Baudelio Uribe, José Beltran, Nicolás Fernandez and Tarango. He himself remained with one of these *jefes* in a little house in the residential section; the others led the fight.

Villa's Force Grows

The Carrancistas were paralyzed with fright. Their officers had been at a banquet and some were asleep; they could not find their commands amid the tumult. Consequently the Carranza forces fired volleys into each other. General Trevino ran out to direct the defense and a man of his own bodyguard blazed away at him. The fellow was a former Villista. The bullet caught Trevino in the arm.

The bandits seized the penitentiary, the governor's palace and the federal building. Thereupon Villa went to the palace, stepped out on the balcony and made a speech to the crowd below.

"Viva Mexico!" he shouted. "You do not have your liberty. I will give you your liberty, for I am your brother. Do not be afraid; I am going to return in a few days."

Of course they yelled; and Pancho went briskly to work collecting plunder. He held the city until almost nine o'clock in the morning. Meantime Trevino had made his way to Santa Rosa, where his artillery was stationed. About daylight he opened up on the palace and the theater. Tarango, one of Villa's commanders, sent to take the palace, was caught there by this fire. It became a question of surrender or death. Tarango chose death. He leaped from the roof to the ground, dying instantly. Some followers imitated him.

The fire growing hotter, Villa resolved to withdraw. He sounded the retreat and his forces moved out, taking with them sixteen automobiles filled with arms and ammunition, and some artillery under escort of Carranza troops. Villa had entered the capital with about five hundred men. He lost about sixty in the fighting, and departed with nearly two thousand! The difference represented desertions from the garrison to his flag.

He also took with him a bunch of prisoners from the penitentiary. Among them were José Inez Salazar, Flores Maller and José Rochin. Pancho seemed very glad to see Salazar, a former chief of Red-Flaggers who had fought against him more than once. The bandit embraced José warmly and promised to give him command of an army.

Some months previously to this, Salazar had gathered about two hundred followers and sent a manifesto broadcast, announcing that he was affiliated with no faction and recognized no chief, but that he proposed to conduct a revolution on his own hook for the relief of stricken Mexico.

The new movement did not get very far. Salazar fooled round for a month and found pickings so meager that his men deserted in disgust. The country was swept clean; there was no loot worth the name. Therefore he sent word to General Gavira, a Carranza commander, that he was willing to surrender, with all his force, if granted amnesty; and Gavira, who had a wholesome respect for Salazar's military prowess, and was ignorant of his strength, readily promised it. The formal surrender took place at Guzma. Salazar's army consisted of himself, El Mudo, El Tuerto and El Tito—in other words, he had three men, known as The Mute, The One-Eyed and The Little One. All were nearly starved and mounted on wrecks of horseflesh.

A Deal in Ammunition

Salazar was very grateful to Gavira and presented him with a pair of field glasses. He appears to have enjoyed his liberty until August, when he was thrown into prison at Chihuahua for alleged complicity in a plot with Colonel Tames. It was from that prison Villa released him on September sixteenth. By last accounts in command of four thousand troops. For all I know, The Mute, The One-Eyed and The Little One may be among them.

Another recent stunt of Pancho's, and very characteristic of him, was directed against General Gonzales, at Juarez. The bandit needed ammunition for his warfare. In some manner he obtained Trevino's code—from a captured staff officer, it is said—and forged a telegram in cipher from Trevino to Gonzalez, asking for the speedy dispatch of a supply of ammunition to Chihuahua. Gonzalez sent what was asked. Villa thereupon captured the train and wired Gonzalez in his own name, thanking him courteously for the shipment.

The stroke of September sixteenth increased his prestige enormously. Men laughed over it and applauded. Hundreds hurried to join his army.

Next he sent a formal notification to General Elizondo, at Cusihuiriachic, that he would make an assault on the town at eight-thirty A. M., September twenty-seventh. He did so, completely routing the enemy and then occupying Cusi. While there he received word that another Carranza army was moving against him, under command of a brother of that Ramos he had previously beaten. Pancho resolved to meet him in the open; and luck favored the bandit, as it has a way of doing. Ramos, encountering his own allies, retreated from Cusi, mistook them for Villa's men, and attacked.

A brisk engagement began. At the height of it the bandit swooped down and finished the business for both. Only a remnant escaped to Santa Ysabel. Ramos himself fled to Chihuahua City, badly wounded.

And now it was Ozuna's turn. Up from the South he came, with three thousand men and eleven trains of provisions and ammunition. Villa gave him battle near Palomas. His tactics were the same as at Corralitos. Two hundred of his force engaged Ozuna's army, which drove them back. The Villistas fought vigorously as they retreated. Ozuna pressed his advantage hotly, which resulted in his forces becoming strung out. The main body of Villistas contrived to get round in his rear and cut the railroad.

(Concluded on Page 77)

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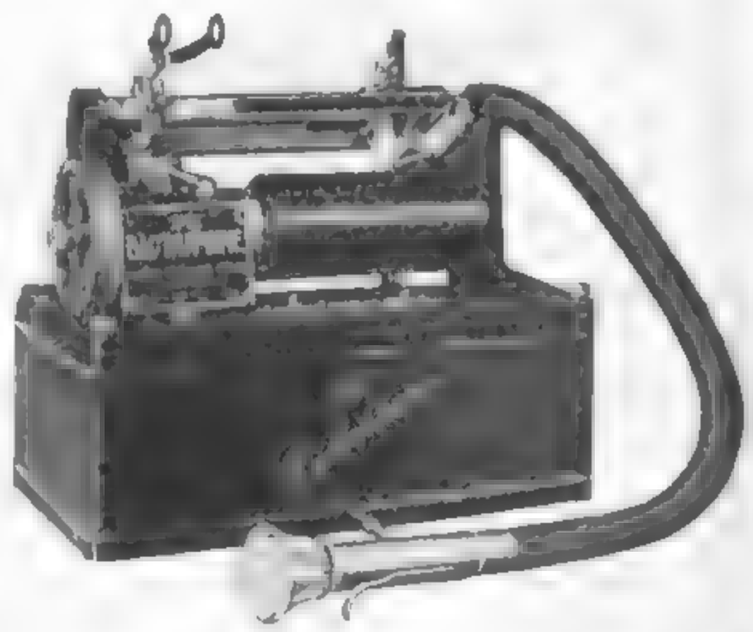

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"The Known Foe of 'Acid-Mouth'"

(Concluded from Page 74)

Ozuna's men pursued the fleeing Villistas into a cañon of the foothills, along whose sides Pancho had stationed twenty men every hundred yards for ten miles, under command of José Inez Salazar, late of the Chihuahua prison. When they began to pour volleys into the enemy a panic broke out. Villa then attacked from front, rear and both sides; and Ozuna's men fled like scared sheep. He lost all his trains and ammunition.

The bandit took the loot toward San Andres, from which point he began to organize for an attack on Chihuahua City. He occupied Santa Rosalia and there received advices that General Maycotte was advancing against him, with five thousand men, over the Mexican Central Line. So once more Pancho disposed his forces for battle; and he gave Maycotte an awful drubbing.

"I have the bandits beaten!" Maycotte wired, during the battle, to the Arrieta brothers, who were at Jimenez with a considerable force to support him. "Come to my aid, to repel reënforcements."

The Arrieta brothers replied:

"We are moving instantly."

So they were—they moved back to Torreon as fast as they could go.

El Capitán Encantado seized all of Maycotte's trains and returned in triumph to Santa Rosalia. He did not execute the prisoners. He seldom does now. It was formerly his custom, whenever he captured any Carrancistas who would not immediately join his cause, to order a firing squad; but he had been thinking things over while he lay sick.

"A weapon can be easily bought," he said severely to Baudelio Uribe, one of his commanders, "and a cannon can be snatched from the enemy. Everything artificial can be secured by money, or by making it. But when we kill a man it takes a long time to reproduce him."

Therefore he now takes a less destructive method of identifying his foes to the world. He brands them with acid on the cheeks or forehead; and the mark he puts there is V. C., the initials of Venustiano Carranza. Hundreds of these burns have been treated at Juarez. Another method of marking his enemies is by cutting off their ears. After the battle with Maycotte, Villa sent eighty-three mutilated men back to Trevino to assure him that the reports of Pancho's demise were unfounded.

With Maycotte out of the way, the victorious rebel turned his eyes toward Parral, where General Luris Herrera was intrenched with an army. Once, during the summer, he had made a feint at it, only to be driven off through the eagerness of Uribe in attacking before Villa's arrival with the main body. Parral is naturally defended and a hard nut to crack, but he was determined to do it. Leaving only a small garrison in Santa Rosalia, he announced he would go to the hot springs in the mountains, and sent his forces out, himself preparing to follow in a buggy. Instead of going there, however, he headed for Parral, which he reached on the morning of November fifth.

The Assault on Chihuahua City

Tidings of this reaching him, Herrera got cold feet and withdrew in the direction of Santa Barbara, about eighteen miles away; but the bandit caught up with him that same afternoon and battered his army to pieces. Villa captured all his ammunition, a pack train of two hundred mules, and more than fifty thousand dollars of silver bullion.

Then he returned to Santa Rosalia. The bandit was now in complete control of that part of the state. His troops held all the region from Santa Ysabel to Madera, which is not far from the base of Pershing's army, and his trains operated from Ortiz and Jimenez to Parral.

But his hardest task was still ahead. He was going to tackle Chihuahua City itself.

Gathering his forces, he started from San Andres toward the capital with from ten to twelve thousand men, and early on the morning of November twenty-third the first shots were fired. His men broke up barbed-wire entanglements with bombs and gained a line of trenches during the next two days; then pretended to retreat—only to return to the assault with added fury.

After four days of tough fighting the Villistas stormed Santa Rosa Hill, the key to the city. It was there Trevino had his artillery, and when that was lost Chihuahua was doomed. The bandits rushed triumphantly through the streets, while the disbanded Carrancista troops fled toward Ojinaga and other points. Trevino was wounded a second time, and his men received a warm reception from their own allies in Aldama, who declared for Villa.

By this victory Pancho obtained thirty-two cannon of the 75-millimeter kind, five of which were disabled, however; seventy-five machine guns; and seven thousand rifles. He also dug up a great quantity of ammunition that had been buried in the cellars of the Federal Building.

The bandit was in his glory. He worked like a ninety-horse-power engine and soon had Chihuahua organized. There was some promiscuous looting and he had five of his followers executed. Any looting there may be he wants done systematically and in order, and proposes attending to it himself.

"You're not a German," he said sharply to José Bovio when the latter lined up with a bunch of German residents.

Bovio said he was an Italian mining man.

"All right," said Villa. "You go and fetch all the storekeepers to me."

"Suppose I can't get them all, General?"

"Any you can't find don't own stores—they'll belong to me, *hombre*," was the reply; and it produced a fine attendance of foreign merchants to meet the conqueror.

Attack Better Than Defense

Villa looked them over and demanded three hundred thousand pesos. They responded with less than two hundred thousand, claiming it was all they could raise. But he got his hands on a large quantity of bullion.

"General," Bovio announced, "the consuls in the city wish an audience with you to intercede for the Chinese."

"I don't want to see them," answered Villa. "Consuls are only fellows who can't stay in their own countries, anyhow."

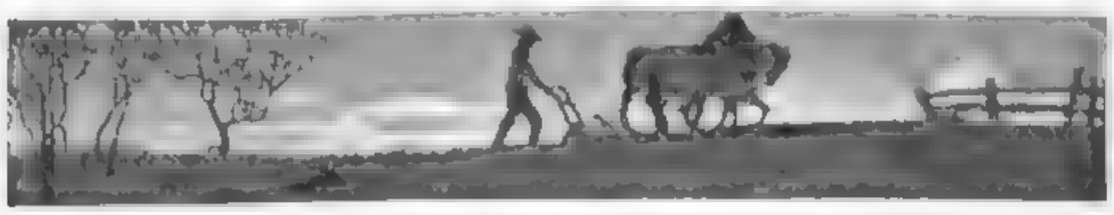
During the few days he held Chihuahua City nearly a hundred Chinamen were murdered. And Villa looted like a medieval freebooter. Whole trainloads of food and medical supplies, hay, forage and gasoline were sent out daily. One of them was recovered. The last to leave before he evacuated the city was captured by Murguia, who came up from Torreon and reoccupied Chihuahua for the First Chief.

He did not arrive in time to take any part in its defense under Trevino, and it has been charged that failure to get reënforcements to the capital was due to treachery in Mexico City; but the fact of the matter is that Salazar was holding Murguia off with four thousand men somewhere north of Bermejillo, and keeping him extremely busy. They clashed at Jimenez and the Villista commander was obliged to fall back, but not before accomplishing the destruction of the railroad track, which delayed Murguia's advance. Indeed, Pancho utilized reports of Murguia's approach to fool Trevino, and thereby got close to the city before the Carrancistas realized it was an enemy army and not the expected relief.

Though the reasons for his evacuation are not known, it is probable that the bandit's rooted antipathy to defending a place prompted him to move out. He distrusts that method of fighting. His theory is that the advantage lies with the attacker, and, unless in overwhelming strength, he prefers to let the other fellow hold a town; then when he needs it he will take it.

By withdrawing to Fresno, only seven miles distant, he enticed Murguia into the capital, which is exactly where he wants him. At this writing Villa is striving to wipe out Murguia's force there. That done, he will have all clear behind him for a march on Torreon, which he will very likely take before this is printed.

Where will he end up? One guess would be as good as another. But it is certain that he will dominate the Mexican situation while he lives, and that when Villa dies he'll die with his boots on.



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DOUBLOON GOLD

(Continued from Page 10)

easily have come with him—the ship was Spanish. It probably did come with him! He may have owned this gold; he may have held it, clinked it, gambled with it! And now to be flung up out of the wreck, more than five hundred years afterward, not for the first comer to find, not for just anybody, but for you—at your feet! Do you get that?"

"It figures out to fifteen generations, doesn't it?" was all the answer he made.

"And the place—the place! The book says they still call it Machico. Was it there—is it possible it was there you found the coin?"

"Within a stone's throw of the village itself."

I could only stare at him.

"Coincidence — what?" said Robert Matcham grimly.

He folded up the little book and put it away without haste, and pressed his hand over his eyes again; and suddenly the simplicity and passion of that action hit me like a blow. The man was seething. Within the stolid bulk of him lay pent a pit of emotion. He could not vent it; as he said himself, he had no skill. But I saw how each casual word had come molten from its source and how immeasurably that very lack of art had added to its stark sincerity.

I sat back with a long sigh.

"Go on telling in your own fashion, please," I begged.

"There's little left to tell. I was rather muddled at first—I don't know that I'm much better now. But, all the same, it was stupid of me to flash the doubloon when I got back to Funchal. I didn't even know what the thing was, you see; and so I asked the first shopkeeper with an English sign at his door. You should have seen the rascal's eyes bulge.

"It's clear enough I touched off a regular blessed conspiracy with that coin. What it means you can guess as well as I. I've had a pack of penny detectives on my trail ever since—the maestro here was dogging me all last night. I squeezed all I could out of one lad—how their head devil is called Number One. And that's all I know."

"But why should they be so eager after one doubloon?"

"I don't believe they are so eager after one doubloon," he answered with slow emphasis.

"And what do you propose to do about it?"

"Well, it's some time since I got any good of proposing anything much." I saw the lean muscles tighten along his jaw. "But I'm not dead yet." He glanced at his watch. "It's now eleven o'clock. I can get a horse up to midnight at the hotel. Before dawn I propose to take my morning plunge off the rocks, not far from the village of Machico."

"Alone?" I demanded.

He looked at me oddly.

"Suppose you answer that yourself."

I sprang to meet his grip across the table, and thereby almost lost the use of my fingers.

"Come," he said as he rose, with his compelling smile on me; "you're about the best coincidence I've met yet."

▼

IT WAS still raining when we climbed into a curtained bullock shed, one of those public conveyances that snatch the visitor over the pebbled streets of Funchal at a slithering speed of two miles an hour. The *carro* is hardly a joyous vehicle at the best of times. We sat in close darkness, oppressed by an atmosphere of wet straw and leather, listening to the mimic thunder on the roof, the gibbering of the yoke pin and the wail of the driver, a goading fiend in outer space. Possibly these melancholy matters heightened the dour mood of my new friend, who stayed silent. To me they were nothing, for I hugged myself in a selfish content.

Gold! It was all gold—real gold of romance; sunken treasure; mystery; legend; and a most amazing and veridical trick of Fate that had cast back five centuries—no less!

I sought to conjure up that other Robert Matcham from the long past; that "lover of a too beautiful woman," who ran across the sea with his heart's desire in the old wild way. A bold and gallant figure, I was pleased to fancy; an adventuring squire or swaggering free companion in those red, rude times; a traveler by the sword; perhaps a follower of the Black Prince to the Spanish Wars, wherein he might have made such stout allies as the "pilot captain" who served him for his flight.

I pictured him on the deck of his tempest-tossed galley against a strange and savage coast, standing among the hard-lipped sailors, with the woman at his side, facing death as one of that breed would know how to face it; but defiant, clinging to life and to love with grim tenacity, with a tremendous will to survive. He would be hard to kill—such a man—elemental; desperately resentful of the mischance. And I thought I could almost fix the image of him; and he was big-bodied, full-blooded, with arching great chest and tangled hair and fierce Saxon blue eyes.

The *carro* drew up with a sudden jolt; the curtains parted on a dazzling flood of light.

"Would the gentlemen kindly to step down?"

The gentlemen would, both somewhat surprised at having reached the hotel so soon, but rather more surprised the next moment at finding that this was not the hotel at all.

We were in an open, wind-blown street on the water front, where the rain and salt spray drove in our faces and the few lamps showed neither house nor garden. Beside the sea wall lay an automobile; we could hear the churn of its engine, and its headlight split the dark in a sharp wedge and threw a bright zone against the high stone embankment across the road. Midway, and just before us, stood the one who welcomed us so suavely.

It was the roulette banker, he of the spade-cut beard and the superior clothes. He was still superior, in a topper that shone like varnish and a long cape tucked most jauntily over one arm. And he smiled and smiled, like a villain downstage with the spot full upon him.

"Now w'ere," he inquired—"w'ere are that damn doubloon?"

He was effective—the sartorial rogue; and doubtless he knew it. He stroked his beard and thrust his hand to his hip; and behind him on the embankment his huge shadow moved alike, as if some monstrous power there was pulling puppet strings upon him.

"Gentlemen, you been kidnap'," he was good enough to explain. "We are sorry; but it was of a necessitate. If you got away with that gol'piece you are—'ow you say?—leaving us dished up. Therefore"—he waved a ringed hand—"therefore, we arrange' to 'esitate you here, so nize and comfortable."

He would have passed in comic opera anywhere; but the dart of his black eye was keen, his voice crisp and assured. I admired him—with reserve; aware that we were lost in a strange city and that this amiable brigand seemed to know quite well what he was about. Aware more particularly of the forward-drooping shoulder and lowering gaze of Robert Matcham.

I felt rather like a man who travels with a box of dynamite—in no position to kick very hard at any incidental pocket picking along the road.

"Is this a holdup or only the request of a loan?" I asked.

"We are many enough to make it whatever we please," he said with a gleam. "I think maybe you bes' call it a public ex'bition of rare and valuable coins."

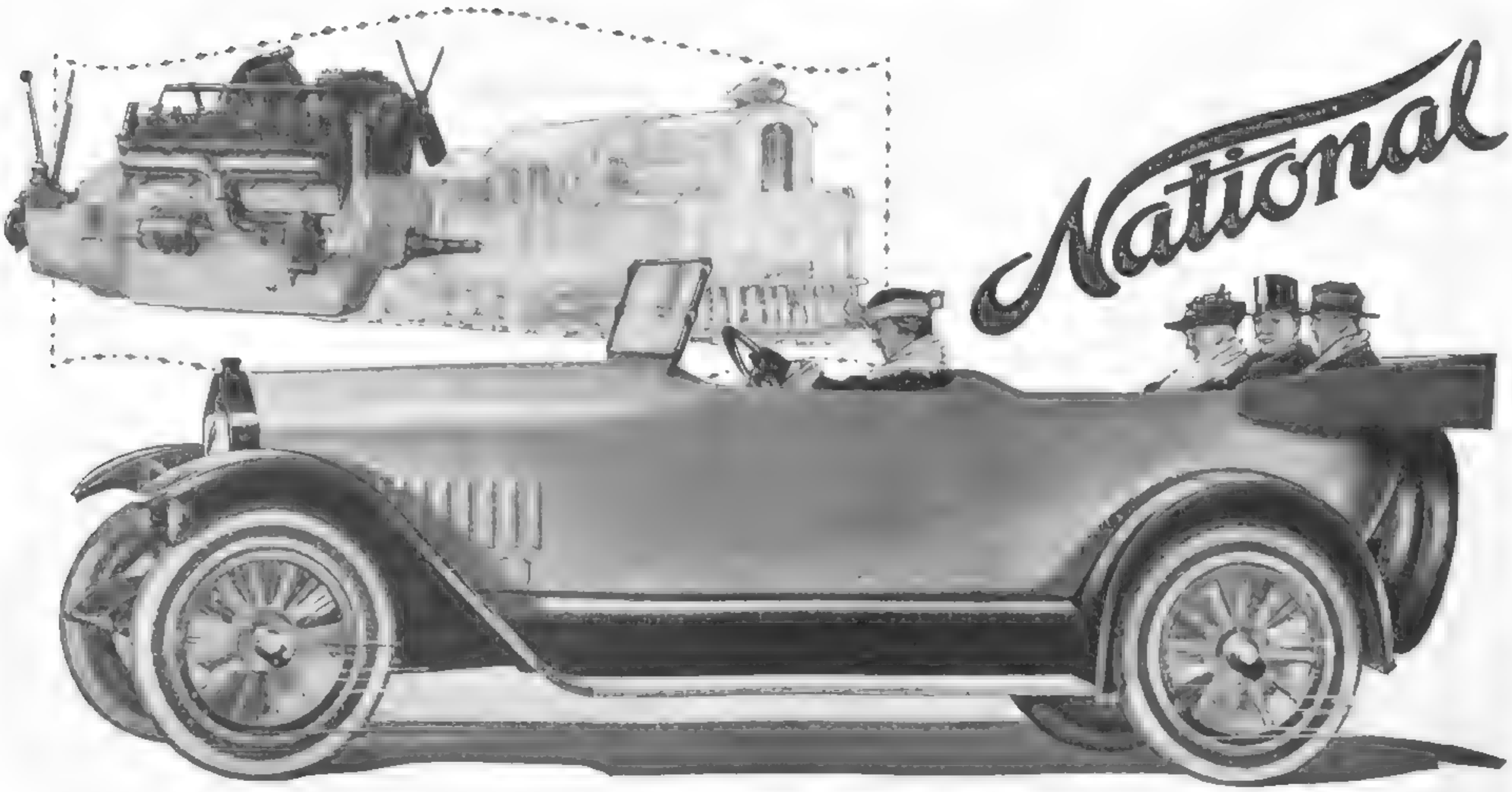
I thought so too. He was not bluffing. I could detect the scrape of feet all about us in the dark. It seemed to me the one needful thing was to bring Robert Matcham through in safety. I certainly did not intend that there should be any explosion on my behalf or for the sake of any single doubloon. From which considerations I made haste to submit with the best possible grace.

"Allow me," I said, "to contribute to such a worthy design."

Robert Matcham took a lurching step, but I caught him by the sleeve and forestalled any other answer by tendering my prize.

There was no pose about the banker when he grabbed it, held it to the light and loosed a shrill Portuguese yelp of triumph. The whole street seemed to echo and then fell as suddenly quiet. It was daunting to feel that lonely place alive with unseen

(Continued on Page 81)



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(Continued from Page 78)

watchers. I hoped that now they might let us by; but I had not understood their purpose.

"Sir, I give you kindes' thanks." The banker was bowing, in character again. "Your intelligence are only equal', I 'ope, by that of your frien'. Jus' one more little, so little favor."

He turned to Robert Matcham and held up the doubloon between finger and thumb, so that his eyes blazed over it in the light; and I knew then, with a springing pulse, that the affair had passed quite beyond me and must take its own fateful course.

"You will inform us please w'ere you fin' this."

"Me?" said Robert Matcham with concentrated vehemence. "I'll see you fry in hell!"

The other's suavity fell away from him like a disguise. His teeth showed white in his beard; he gesticulated and the shadow behind him danced with fury.

"In 'ell! In 'ell? Look out! Tha's a place—tha's a place w'ere people speak out of their mouths the way they are told! They make you talk in 'ell, mister, whether you like or not!"

He controlled himself with a strong effort.

"Sir, why you should demand so peevish to be sorry? You got no business with that coin—no; not one damn little affair. What does it make to you? Be nize, now."

Robert Matcham only glowered at him.

"It was by Machico. Yes? Tell me anyways it was near Machico. It must 'ave been. Tell me that."

"No!" said Robert Matcham.

"No?" But once again he clutched his beard. "You want money to tell? Put your price."

"No!" said Robert Matcham; and the word came hot as an oath.

One instant I saw the banker toss his arms like a semaphore; the next we were overborne. Of that I retained chiefly a bewilderment at the force of our captors and the ease with which they dealt with us. Shy with the gun they might be, and indeed it is no natural weapon of their race; but these operators knew the use of trip and hamstring—the hugger-mugger arts; none better. My feet were driven from under me; my wrists paralyzed; I was caught and wound like a cocoon; and when I dropped it was on the cushions of the automobile. And, though this might be a slight-enough feat regarding myself, it was the measure of their cleverness that I found Robert Matcham already there, packeted in a helpless bale. I believe he had no chance so much as to lift a hand.

"You won' be nize with me?" The banker's chuckle floated back to us. "Then you can try being not nize with our Number One, and see 'ow you like it!"

He left us that threat to ponder during our journey to Macnico. For it was Machico. Where else? As soon as they whisked us away toward the eastern coast road I knew it must be Machico. Where else should they take Robert Matcham, whose five centuries looked down on him this night? The rain had ceased; the clouds were lightening and shredding out to sea when we arrived.

VI

THERE stands a tiny ruined *fortaleza* on a hill near the southeast point of Madeira, whereof I know more than most folks. You may seek and never find it, for it is now quite lost among the sugar fields, overtopped by the rank cane. Its square tower, whence the first lords of the soil used to keep stern ward against the Moorish marauder, was long ago shorn to the lowly uses of husbandry and built about with arbors; but its walls are a yard thick under the plaster, thick enough for a dungeon—or an inquisition chamber. No place could be more secret, and a man might lie hid there, like a toad in a hollow rock, never to be traced.

This was the obscure and really sinister prison to which they brought Robert Matcham and myself by tortuous ways along the terraces. And here they carried us in from the forecourt to a low-ceiled hall and set us up for judgment, where many another unhappy captive must have stood before.

It was dim and chill as a vault, relieved only by a hanging iron lamp, which shed one yellow splash of light in the center. For some time I could discern nothing outside that wavering radiance on the deep-worn flags of the floor, though conscious of shifting figures in the gloom, of whispered stir and preparation.

For myself I had no great fear. The thing was so remote, and in itself so certain, sure, inexorable; a play of issues that held no part for a trifler like me. I was only a supernumerary, who had blundered on at the climax; a spectator who, having bought a stage seat, finds himself hustled into the riot. I had "come asking": and it was hard for me to take our picturesque knave and his plottings and struttings quite seriously.

But how of Robert Matcham? The case was very different with him. When I glanced at his face I knew the possibilities for that harried giant to be just exactly as serious as life and death.

Throughout the long run he had spoken only once; and of all the comments he might have made!

"It was wrong of me to let you in for this," he had said very quietly; one of those phrases that throw a lightning glint on a whole nature.

He would yield no more. Circumstance could prod him no further. I swear the fellow was volcanic to the touch. Heaven help the first brigand within reach if ever they loosed him again!

A door opened behind us and closed again with a heavy jar, and quickly we were aware of a new presence. The waiting hush took an electric quality, a tension. Someone was standing there, across; and I peered nervously, for this could only be the chief of the band, the "head devil," on whose will or whim we must suppose ourselves to hang. I scarcely know what I expected; what image I had formed of that mysterious Number One, who had put such strange events in motion. Something very alarming and formidable, at least, and certainly very far detached from the sort of greeting that reached us now. Its words came rippling like notes of music:

"I am sure there must be some meestake. It could not be theese who rafuse a kindness to a stranger! Pedro—theese are zaintlemen! Pedro—Pedro—you shall answer to me! Oh, stupid-head—always to bungle some more!"

I despair of conveying that trick of speech, subtly exotic—like the tang in some rare wine. But the voice! Each has heard such a voice for himself, once or twice perhaps, and felt his blood leap to answer, singing. It was a woman's voice, mellow-throated as a bird's.

Robert Matcham raised his head at the first sound of it; but still we could see nothing to distinguish the speaker—only a vague apparition, nebulous, tall and slim. She moved before us, and presently sank half-reclining on some divan or deep settle midway of the room.

A hurried, anxious mumble seemed to show that the unfortunate Pedro made his excuses; but she waved them away.

"*Messieurs,*" she said—"*Senhores*—I must truly apologize to r'ceive you so. My friend' have exceed' their instruction. I would not that they should treat you with such rudeness. I would not have you sink us *criminel*. Believe me—no!"

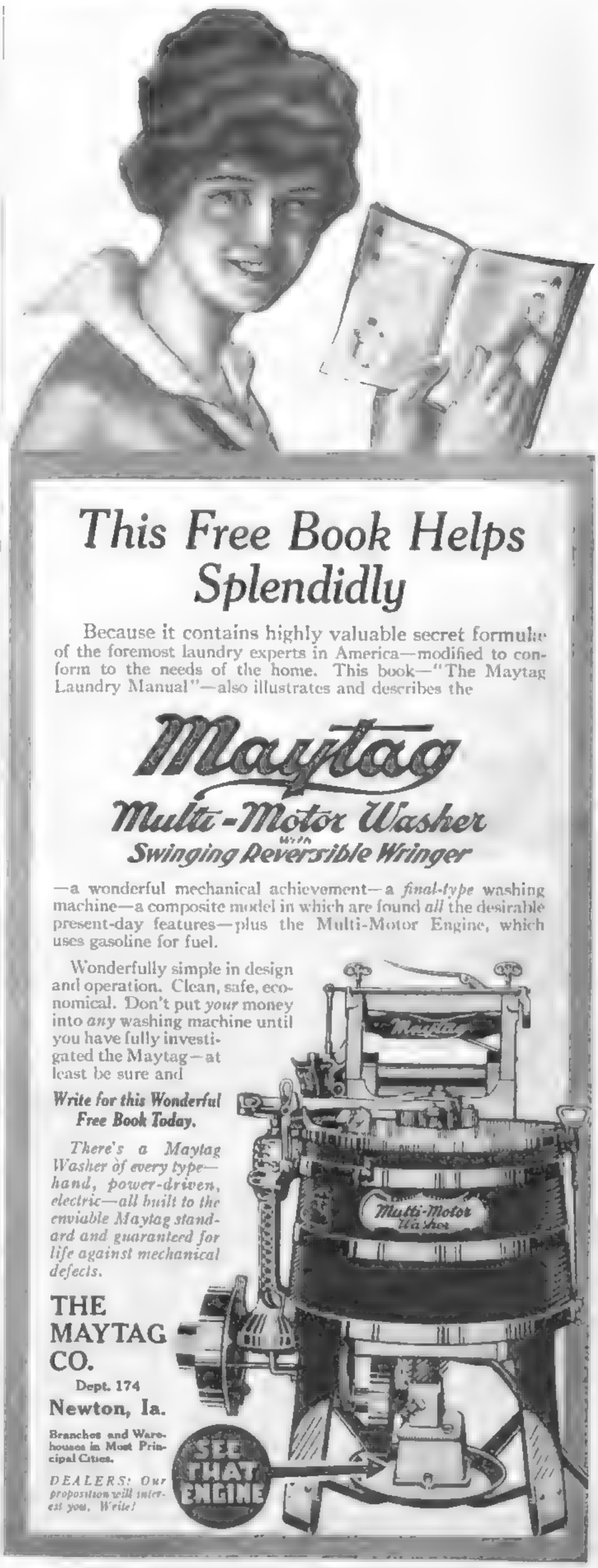
But, though she protested warmly, I could not observe any offer to release us.

"And English too!" Her soft drawl was a caress. "See how *bête* is that Pedro—to sink he could make you tell anysing to a r-robber in the street! Of course you would not tell! But me—I shall ex-plain so clear and so simple; and then you shall understand. Attend me, please:

"There is a great treasure on the shore of these island. A gr-reat treasure wrecked with a ship long taime bifore. Always, always it is known—only where? Thad nobody can know! By Machico, they say—yes. But z' waters by Machico are deep and cruel, and thad ship has went all to li'l' piece' hundreds years ago; and only the gold—the heavy, heavy doubloon gold r'main down there; and to find it is not possible. So at last thad story is nearly forgot! You see?

"But listen now: Only three mon's ago a poor fisher boy finds a one coin on the rocks. Somewhere—somewhere he finds it, and quick the news shoots to Portugal, to Spain. My friends and me, we heard thad news. We are very much excite'; for w'ere thad coin is—you comprehend—there z' rest must also be! So we make a company among us; and me, bicause—oh, bicause I am not quite unknown in several co'ntries and I have some little hinfluence, it may be—I am bicome the Madame Presidente—ze Number One. Yes.

"We hurry to Madeira. And what do you sink? Thad boy—thad poor fisher boy—he don' know w'ere he find thad coin!



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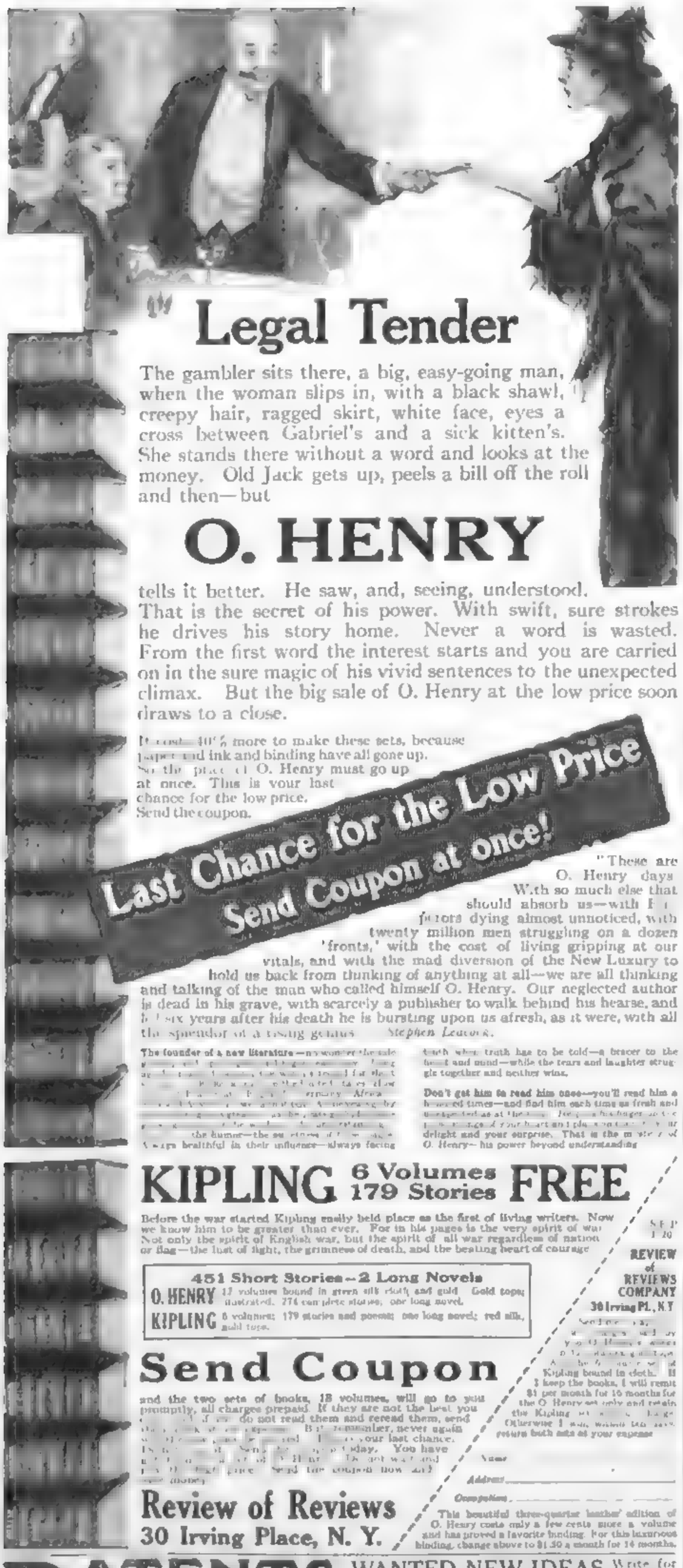

Legal Tender

The gambler sits there, a big, easy-going man, when the woman slips in, with a black shawl, creepy hair, ragged skirt, white face, eyes a cross between Gabriel's and a sick kitten's. She stands there without a word and looks at the money. Old Jack gets up, peels a bill off the roll and then—but

O. HENRY

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True, I tell you! We take him here; we take him there—no good! He never can remember w'ere he found it. He is so stupid a li'l' fool' in the head, thad poor João, who now makes drinks in the Casino. *Pobreeito! Pauvre gars!* And so our treasure is lost again.

"Until you come along—you big zaintleman there. You are a stranger, a foreign'—knowing nothing of all this. You take yourself for a walk by the beach and, very first thing—what? You pick up another one coin of this treasure! Ah, thad is so remark-able! Thad is a wonderful, truly! But what can we do? We must know w'ere you pick it up—thad is es-sential to us. And nobody knows but you. So now you understand why my friends should make you all this trouble."

The red dot of a cigarette glowed to life between her lips, and by that tormented spark we glimpsed a face that seemed to advance out of the darkness and to retreat again as swiftly—the merest fleet vision of an exquisite and roseate loveliness.

She waited for an answer; but Robert Matcham made none.

"Perhaps," she said, with the gentlest concern, "perhaps I do not make myself yet quite clear. You will r'mark thad we are going to know! Somehow or another we are going to know. Thees is a too ancient claim of ours—writ' on ancient parchmen'—and nobody can kip us from it now, when we are so close. *Voilà!*"

The stillness weighed again and I saw Robert Matcham's great chest heave and fall.

"I, too, have a claim," he said, his full, deep tone rolling under the roof like an organ pipe.

She drew herself up to stare toward him.

"How?" she breathed.

And it was given Robert Matcham then to have his say out.

"Either that or nothing!" he declared quite simply. "Either I have a claim or there's no sense to life. Lady—look at me! Do you see a fool, a weakling or an imbecile? None of these, I think.

"When a man has been knocked blind and silly by his luck; when he's been hammered out of all hope and pride in himself—what can he do, lady? Well, there's one of two things for him: He can lie down and curl up like a worm, and confess he's only a lump of flesh, with no more control over his destiny than a bit of flotsam on the sea. He can do that—or else he can sink teeth and claw on the first hold and make it have a meaning; stick to it, and die sticking!

"I've had enough. I call enough! I'm half a world out of my place. I've lost everything I ever wanted; stood every mock and failure—a plaything for events. And now there's got to be a meaning: I'm going to put a meaning to it. If there's a treasure, as you say, it's mine; it must be mine; it's got to be mine—and it's going to be mine or nobody's! And all hell can't make me speak!"

The fellow seemed to swell beside me; I heard the ropes creak about his limbs; and heard, too, the sharp-drawn gasp of the woman in the shadow.

"No! And how do you think you can privent?"

"Well," said Robert Matcham—and his voice rang with high exultation at last—"I can begin this way!"

His bonds snapped from him like thread; his fist went to his breast and came away armed with glitter—João's revolver, which he had hidden there. It spat saffron, twice and thrice, toward the door. He followed on and met a rush of opposing figures. I saw the fat croupier fall. I myself was bowled over, deafened by the bursting clamor, trampled, kicked in the head. Half-stunned, I writhed round to watch the struggle, adding my feeble pipe to the din.

"Go on, Robert Matcham!" I yelled. "Go on! Smash through! Oh, smash 'em!"

They swarmed upon him, reaching for their deadly holds. Three had him about the waist; another clung to his feet; still others barred his path. So I saw him for the click of a shutter; and then, roaring with battle, he broke away, stripped them off like rats, waded on—plucked up the last one bodily and used him like a flail.

He was free! Free long enough to tear the door open and step back for a dash—and there she met him.

A bright bar of light cut in from the outer court and shone full upon her—a splendor of beauty to stop a man's heart in his breast. She was dark, like some tinted pearls dark as he was fair—and ripe as her own lips. Her eyes, heavy-lidded, were slightly lifted to him with an amorous languidness. She did not flinch, save for a tiny quiver of nostril, thin and clear like a roseleaf, and the rise of her bosom, and when her little hand crept up to her throat.

So she stayed, and so he stayed, while the uproar died and fell away into the void—long and long; while time lost all count; while these two exchanged such a message as five centuries could not change, but no man can guess or words declare. And then——

"Robert," she said, "this is your treasure!"

"Anna!" said Robert Matcham. "Anna!"

I heard them—I, myself; I heard them.

VII

IT WAS the spade-bearded banker who brought me to.

"So," he nodded, with an amazing grin, "you are not a daid? Tha's nize! Now there are not any daids at all, and everybody being much pleased."

I blinked up at him from the divan on which I lay, and then round the room, gray and bare in the dawn, which had stolen in by opened door and casement. The banker sat down at a little table near by and beamed at me. I noticed that he carried one arm in a sling, but otherwise he was still the model rogue, jimp and smiling. There was no one else in sight.

"They are all down 'elping to fish up that box of gol'pieces," he explained. "You didn' know that, eh?"

"Where?"

"Below the beach. Your frien' showed the place; and, sure enough, there we dived and foun' it. But him—— Oh, *là là!*" He chuckled. "Him and her, what do they care? They 'ave gone off together by their lones to see the sunrise—those dears!"

"Who was she?" I cried, starting up dizzily.

"What? You not know that divine *ballerina*, that dancer so sublime, that singer so sweet?" He kissed his finger tips. "Anna Darfetho, of Lisbon, and Paris, and Madrid! Only now—good-by! It is finish'! She are going with him to Australia. Imagine! And what for, do you think? To spend their share—'Oly Virgin!—in raising little woolly sheeps together!"

"Share?"

"Oh, we all share—that is agree'. Only me—you understand, I am—'ow you say?—the tiger for eat the mos'. Yes, I get the mos', because truly it should belong all mine. Be'old—for this our fazers used to cut the throat."

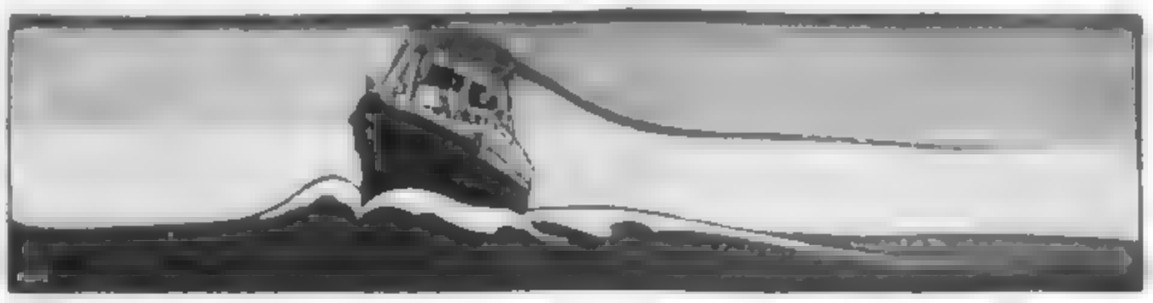
He took up from the table one of several blackish, common-looking lumps, like slag, and weighed it; and smiled his smile of the gentlemanly brigand who gloats upon the fortune won. And as I stared at that superior knave the whole stupendous marvel closed up with a final click.

Pilot? Pilot? I remember the quaint phrase of the chronicle: "Great fighting pilot of Spain"—pilot? Pirate, rather. Pirate, of course!

"Then you must be Pedro Morales?" I gasped.

"Ah, you know my name?" he twinkled pleasantly. "What, another coincident?"

But I had had enough—enough of coincidence, of romance and adventure and authentic thrill to last me for some time, and rather more than I had bargained for with my ten pounds. I groped my way out into the open and the brisk morning breeze; and there, looking down to seaward through an alley in the cane, I saw the new sun come up, as round and broad and ruddy as—as a doubloon.

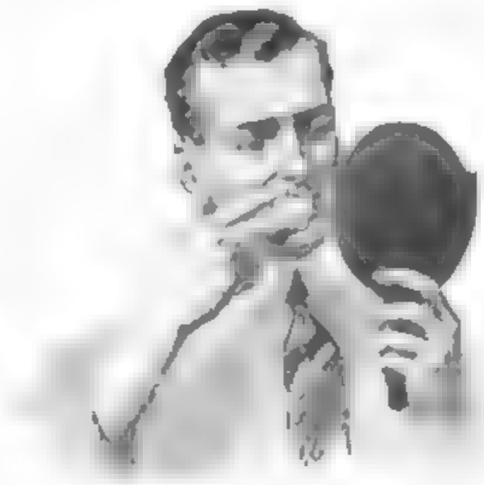


New Facts About Teeth

Which Supplant All Former Theories

By Wm. M. Ruthrauff, A. B., A. M.

All Statements Approved by High Dental Authorities



The Source of All Tooth Troubles

Is a Slimy, Albuminous Film

Now it is known that a film on the teeth is the basic cause of all tooth troubles.

That discovery has upset many former theories. Now it is known that tooth preservation demands that film's removal.

You can feel the film, with your tongue—a slimy film—even after brushing. But you cannot see it, for the film, unless stained, is transparent. That is why teeth look clean.

It absorbs stains—nicotine stains in particular. That is why teeth discolor.

That film is albuminous. Therefore it forms a perfect breeding place for germs. And germs are a cause of pyorrhea.

It clings to the teeth, grows thicker and firmer, and finally hardens into tartar. And tartar is another cause of pyorrhea.

It holds food particles which shortly ferment, forming lactic acid. And that's the cause of tooth decay.

So that film causes all tooth troubles.

The most common is tooth decay. That is caused by an acid which that film holds in contact with the tooth. The film protects it where it can't be reached by neutralizing alkalies.

The most dreaded is pyorrhea. That is a disease caused by tartar and germs. Both are the result of that film.

Tartar is hardened film. Stains and discolorments are in the film.

Thus clean teeth mean filmless teeth.

Brush them as often as you will in your present way. While that film exists your teeth remain unclean. They remain unsafe. Germs are bound to breed around them. Decay cannot be avoided. Teeth will not long stay white. New-day dentistry is founded on this fact.

Feel your teeth now. That film is there, no matter when you cleaned them. Your dentist will assure you that it must be kept away.

Brushing Does Not Remove It

Many Applications Harden It

That film resists the tooth brush, and in crevices escapes it. So ordinary brushing does not clean the teeth.

Many applications have alkali in them. And alkali hardens albumen.

That is why our old methods proved ineffective. That is why tartar formed. That is why teeth discolored and decayed. That is why they bred germs, despite all our attention.

We brushed them, but did not dislodge all the film. A stain like iodine will prove this.

Three years ago a way was found to keep rid of this film by the aid of a digestant. Five governments already have granted patents on it.

The way is called Pepsodent. The basis is pepsin, the digestant of albumen.

But pepsin alone won't do. It must be activated by an acid. And the usual acid—hydrochloric—is destructive to the teeth.

The solution was found in an acid salt—a neutralized acid which will activate pepsin. That discovery made Pepsodent possible. And with it came this revolution in the use of dentifrice.

Pepsodent brings activated pepsin in contact with that film. The object is to digest and dissolve it, so brushing can remove it. Two or three applications will show its amazing results. Your teeth will feel as though just cleaned by a dentist's polisher. You will know that the film has met a dentifrice which it can't resist.

Send this coupon for a One-Week Tube to prove this. We will mail it free. Use it, and let the clear results argue for themselves. You will never go back to a method which leaves your teeth coated with film. Please act today. Clean, white, filmless teeth are too important to delay. Cut out the coupon now.

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The New-Day Dentifrice

Sold by Druggists in Large Tubes

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One-Week Tube Free

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Chicago, Ill.

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m-m!

HOW do you know where the honeysuckle grows?

"Your Nose Knows"

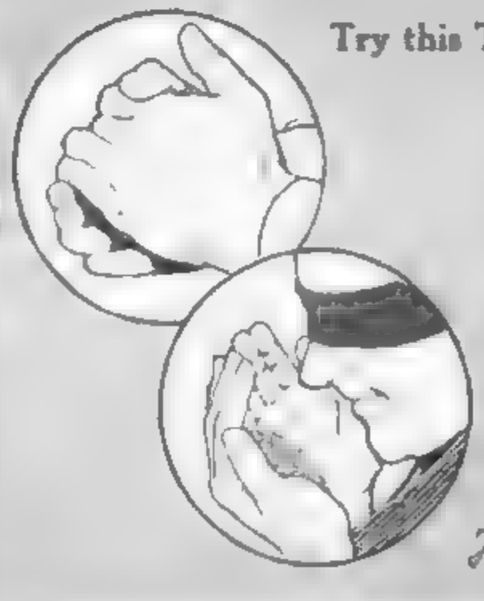
and your memory holds always dear the places of your childhood that were so purely *fragrant* with the yellow and white blossoms. You can't forget anything that has impressed its pure fragrance upon you. Pure *fragrance* is the *Soul* of things. A tobacco with a pure, satisfying *fragrance* is *a smoke with a Soul.*

Such a tobacco is

Tuxedo

The Perfect Tobacco

made, as it is, from a blending of rich, ripe Burley leaves, grown in the Blue Grass section of Old Kentucky, TUXEDO has a pure *fragrance* that is all its own.



Try this Test:—Rub a little Tuxedo briskly in the palm of your hand to bring out its full aroma. Then smell it deep—its delicious, pure fragrance will convince you. Try this test with any other tobacco and we will let Tuxedo stand or fall on your judgment—

"Your Nose Knows"

Guaranteed by
The American Tobacco Co.

READY! ACTION! CAMERA! GO!

(Continued from Page 13)

Not from choice, however, as the dual rôle was too strenuous; but the fact was I had become better known as a lead than as a director, and the Eastern office wanted me in the former rôle.

By this time, too, I had entirely lost my sniffy attitude toward the pictures and I rather proudly permitted my identity to become known. True, I received many letters and occasional visits from the co-stars of my legit days, and they usually expended much interest, but more pity, to see me sunk so low; but I had only a few years' waiting to find them, one after the other, rapping at the door.

I have said that the power of the director in the early days was almost absolute, and this was true in his relation to his producing force; but he had one serious check upon him, and that was the manufacturer. With us, this overlord usually lived in the East; so the friction was often most exasperating. The owner demanded a certain type of picture, and he, in turn, got his taste from the exhibitor. Of course the exhibitor got his point of view from his picture fans and was loath to try anything new.

These men insisted that their patrons demanded the rough stuff; so our bosses spent our artistic lives in every kind of violence imaginable.

It was a most hopeless inertia and conservatism that well-nigh made some of us give up in despair. I recall our first efforts to put over a two-reel story. The exhibitors fought us tooth and nail, and it was only after a most threatening controversy that we were finally permitted to make one. Then, as now, the manufacturers and exhibitors underestimated the public taste, for the two-reelers went famously—then three-reelers—four—five; and now we have them in ten, twelve and fourteen.

With the beginning of the multiple reel we had to begin actual stories—two thousand feet of action was not enough to sustain interest; and we began to buy scenarios and to dramatize popular magazine tales.

Within a very short time the public taste had so changed, and the fans had become so sophisticated, that more and more care had to be exercised in all our productions. Painted scenery gave way to solid sets built of real material, and the cost of productions went up and up. Also, with the feature picture there came into the business the stars of the stage—at first the lesser lights and finally the greatest of them all. Some of the stars drew much bigger salaries than even the directors; nevertheless, we made money. Notwithstanding the fact that the stars drew more than we did, our powers were still supreme.

Artistic Work Mangled

Though we were all-powerful, our troubles were manifold. We were, as yet, either writing most of our own stories or adapting those we bought; and often I would lie awake until the small hours of the morning, organizing in my mind the continuity of my scenario. Then I had to order and supervise all sets, choose my casts, and often seek my locations.

We might get a picture half made, when the weather would change, and we would have to dismiss the cast for a week or more, and then renew the taking of the picture. This was always dangerous, for costumes or props might be mislaid, or the set struck so as to make room for some studio stuff that could be taken in the rain. Then came the task of rebuilding the first set exactly as it was before; or, to cap the climax, the second lead would get his hair cut; or some other idiot would pi the picture in some outrageous way.

Perhaps we would employ some outside person for a certain character, because of his type, and he would do very well at first, and fall down entirely in the big scene; then we would either have to employ a new person to do the previous scene all over, or skin down the part to nothing, with the chance of spoiling the story. Often, after we sent the film East, we got most of it back for retakes, because the Eastern laboratory would claim that the film was weak or scratched—there was always a feud on between our Eastern and Western laboratories; or because the big boss couldn't see the feet of the hero in a certain scene; or somebody else couldn't read a street number a block away.

Never, by any chance, did we see our pictures run in positive or with the titles. These were made in the Eastern laboratory.

When, finally, we went to the theater to see our child projected on the screen, we would find that certain scenes had been cut or new titles substituted. As if this was not enough to break our hearts, careless projectors would tear the film, cut out the torn parts and splice the ends together again, with the result that a person sitting at a table would suddenly jump way across the room. Projectors often even deliberately cut several feet out of a film if they happened to be enamored of the girl in the picture.

Remember this, girls: Whenever your friend Harry, who projects down at the Excelsior Theater, gives you three feet of film of your favorite actor, the chances are that he has all but ruined a scene that was the result of infinite pains and labor.

Usually the whole artistic effect of a picture depends upon the tempo, and we would make and take our scenes with the utmost care that this might be correct. Imagine our æsthetic joy in going to a theater and seeing our people go through their scenes as though the whole cast was on casters! This would be accomplished by projecting the picture faster than the standard speed, and was done for two purposes—one to rush through the program in order to corral a new handful of nickels; and the other to put pep into the show. Punch and pep—how I hate those words! I firmly believe they have been the greatest curse to our art. Think of putting pep into Hamlet!

Some Early Troubles

Another of our earliest troubles was in getting permission to use certain locations. Before the films became "respectable," people were very tight across their chests about allowing their estates to be used as backgrounds for violence and rough-stuff comedies. It was almost impossible to get public officials to appear publicly or to gain their consent for any picture purposes. Ex-President Taft helped immensely in this respect. Seeing the historical possibilities of the films, and being too genial to refuse, he permitted the first official pictures to be made; and during his Presidency he often permitted directors to use the White House. Since then, the respectability he lent our business has opened the way to every reasonable demand we make.

But there are certain locations that are becoming harder and harder to get. At present it is the saloon exterior in California. When the wet-and-dry agitation began there some months ago the saloon men realized that it was mighty bad for their cause to permit the use of their places for moving pictures, for the reason that they were almost invariably made the background for some form of crime or intemperance. Now we have to build our own saloons.

The success of the feature story soon began to make the one-reeler less popular, and almost every studio turned to the manufacture of the multiple reel. A feature story, at first, was intended to dramatize some well-known popular novel or stage success, or to exploit the personality of a famous star; but it soon grew to mean any film that was more than two or three reels long. Many of the so-called feature films of to-day are nothing more than the old one-reeler padded out; in fact, many of them are retaken from one-reelers the companies hope you have forgotten. But the exhibitors are feature-crazy, and it's pretty hard now to sell a one-reeler, no matter how good it is.

The feature film, however, gave the director the chance that he always longed for—a fine story, good actors, unlimited money, and time in which to make the picture. These were the grand old days for the reckless producer and still more reckless director.

Money was pouring in so fast that the cost of production was hardly considered. Great companies of expensive actors were kept on salary, and often would work but a few days a month. Furniture was bought, huge sets built, and armies of men employed with almost insane recklessness. Trains were wrecked, real ships sunk; aëroplanes, touring cars and great buildings were tossed into the dump just to get a few feet of realism.

Any Weather Is Billiard Weather!

And Any Home Has Room for a BRUNSWICK TABLE

Carom and Pocket Billiards are a captivating sport, and nowadays the Brunswick Home Table is the family playground. *When school lets out it quickens home-bound footsteps.*

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Our plan lets you test any Brunswick 30 days at home and *pay while you play*, if you keep the table. Prices are low because we are selling to thousands.

High class equipment given with every table—Balls, Cues, Markers, Tips, etc., and Expert Book of 33 games.

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Full information, color-pictures and letters from owners contained in our latest catalog—"Billiards—The Home Magnet." Thousands of requests are coming for it. The coupon brings a copy free by return mail—send today.

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BEECH-NUT PACKING COMPANY, CANAJOHARIE, N.Y.

I recall one instance of a fellow, directing in one of the largest studios here, who employed more than two hundred people for a ballroom scene. The script called for the tango, or some new dance; but when the orchestra struck up it was found that only a few could dance modern steps. Rather than change to a waltz, which everybody could do, the director lost his temper, ordered the scene stopped, and then announced that the company was to report at the studio daily for a week, as he was going to have that scene if it necessitated employing a dancing master to teach the whole cast! This he did; and that one little thirty-foot piece of film cost the company six thousand dollars.

Another chap ordered thirty-six tons of coal for a mine picture. His assistant, hoping to save money, bought six tons for the foreground and thirty tons of crushed rock for the rest. This, when washed with lampblack, looked exactly like coal. When the director was told of the deception—he never would have noticed it—he ordered the scene stopped and everybody away until he had real coal, by heck! That kind of realism is pretty expensive.

This condition couldn't last, for the sheer spending of money had its limits. Only companies of unlimited resources could finance the huge productions; and sooner or later the fans would cease to marvel at the big stuff and would demand quality rather than quantity. Even the comic fellows are beginning to feel the reaction from useless expenditures, and are more bent now upon real comedy than the destruction of valuable property.

The Custard-Pie Motif

After the "pursuit" picture, directors were at their wit's end until the most famous impresario of knockabout fun invented the motif of the custard pie. A custard-pie bombardment has two very strong elements of humor concealed in its action—one is surprise; and the other is messiness. There are lots of "nice" people who think it is vulgar and outrageous to laugh at such elemental humor; yet there is something fundamentally funny in seeing a body's face projected through the soft goo of a custard pie.

If you do not believe this, try it some day on your neighbor when he pushes his head over the fence to say good morning or to borrow the lawn mower. Hit him full-on, butter side out, with a custard pie, and see whether the result is not funny—or tragic; a hair often divides the two. If you try this experiment you will learn that only a complete bull's-eye is funny. If the pie should hit on the edge, or only partially break, the joke is held in suspense and spoiled; but if you "moon him," I assure you the neighbors for miles round will all laugh. My, the number of custard pies that we have wasted while one of the comedians perfected his technic and aim! A good custard-pie thrower is invaluable in the comics. It is queer that the pie must be custard.

This same director also invented the comedy police, who have had more trouble with the real police than any actors on the screen. The humor of the wild exploits of these volatile officers of the law is based upon two motifs—one is the collapse of dignity; and the other is a kid desire in the hearts of nearly all of us to see authority get it in the neck.

There has been no great comic inspiration in the last few years—we can't laugh forever at the pursuit, the pie, or the police. So the comic studios, taking their contagion from the drama, have gone in to spend huge sums on sets.

The money blown in on a few feet of film is incredible. Only a month ago one of our directors was going to do a comic in which the fellow on horseback chases a girl; and just as he gets to the edge of a cliff she ducks, and the horse with his man rider jumps over the cliff into the ocean. At first they couldn't find a jumping horse; and, as the authorities wouldn't permit pushing the horse off, they had to train one. It took two weeks in the big studio tank—going up a few feet each day, until the horse got to the high dive.

There is an old rumor that once upon a time a mouse ran up a clock. Our comic director, believing that the clock in question was on a lady's stocking, attempted to repeat the feat for a two-reeler he was making. For three days a camera man stood at alert attention while the lady sat in receptive horror and a foolish little mouse ran everywhere except up the clock. Every inducement was resorted to, so that the mouse might fulfill the nursery rime. Even a piece of cheese—the kind that mice are reported to relish—was balanced on the lady's knee; yet he preferred the lower altitudes. After all this labor and expense the result was finally attained by trickery.

The Dearth of Comedy Material

Bears and monkeys are sometimes put through months of training to get but one or two scenes. The sets necessary to show the flooding of a hotel from top to bottom, where the guests are all washed out into the sewer, are also very expensive.

And now in the comics comes the same reaction, from great expenditures and startling destruction to something less expensive, but with more brains. Comedies of situation are superseding the slapstick and the custard pie. Our greatest difficulty is in getting stories. We have the plants and we have the comedians; but where, oh, where is our boasted national humor? A perusal of the scenarios sent to the comic studio is one of the saddest and most lugubrious experiences I have ever undertaken.

It is difficult enough, heaven knows, to get good dramatic stories. One reason, no doubt, is because situations are fairly limited, and the output of the studios in the last five years has been so enormous that there is mighty little left which has not been done. Good plays for the legitimate drama are difficult to get, and our problem may perhaps be appreciated when it is known that one studio will sometimes turn out in a month as many plays as New York produces upon the stage in a year.

But, if dramas are hard to get, comedies are even harder. Every script that comes in is put into all the test tubes in the laboratory to find even the germs of a good comic situation; if, perchance, one is discovered the author is encouraged with enthusiasm, hope and money. Yet, because our comedians either do not understand the needs of the comics, or because their humor finds expression in some other way, the stuff sent in is almost hopeless. It therefore devolves upon the poor, worked-out director to frame most of his own stories.

Now that my place as an actor has been taken by any one of the great army of film favorites, and I have become only a publicly inconspicuous director, Mrs. Barryworth is anxious that I shall seek fresh immortality as a comic-scenario writer; but—alas!—I fear I am just like the rest of my countrymen, whose wits seem brighter in repartee, exaggerated metaphor and whimsical observation than when they take their pens in hand.

Editor's Note—This is the first of two articles by Mr. Wagner. The second will appear in an early issue.

The talk has turned to equipment

"Now, gentlemen," said the General Manager of a large motor-car factory, "the success of our car has been built up by sincerely studying where improvements could be made in efficiency, durability and quality refinements that mean so much to the prospective buyer.

"We are here, this morning, to talk about our new models What about bearing equipment?"

"I am convinced that this matter of bearings is vitally important," replied the Sales Manager. "I have been looking into it thoroughly, from the standpoint of the purchaser of the car, and as a selling proposition, ball-bearing equipment—a full-jeweled job, giving every rotating part in the chassis the frictionless movement of a full-jeweled watch—has a decided selling advantage. I submit that we equip throughout with ball bearings."

"I second that recommendation," said the Advertising Manager. "For ball bearings throughout will be an added and convincing publicity feature in the sale of our car."

"What do you say, Mr. Engineer?" inquired the General Manager.

"It certainly follows the best engineering practice," replied the Engineer, "that ball bearings reduce frictional resistance and wear to the vanishing point, give longer life to every part of the machine, successfully resist shocks, thrusts, stresses, from any and all directions. In my opinion, ball bearings in our car mean chassis perfection where the wear comes and the weight is carried."

And the Master Mechanic added: "Yes, and ball bearings are a complete, self-contained unit that never require adjustment, are absolutely trouble-proof, and offer the advantage of comparatively inexpensive installation, car assembly, and upkeep."

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Where thru tremulous hands,
Lie the threads from
An old-fashioned distaff unfurled.
And those three blind old women
Sit spinning the world."

Whatever the FATES may have in store for YOU in 1917 you will want your Family Protected

RIGHT NOW, at the beginning of the year, stop and think — how are you prepared for whatever the Fates will bring to you and yours?

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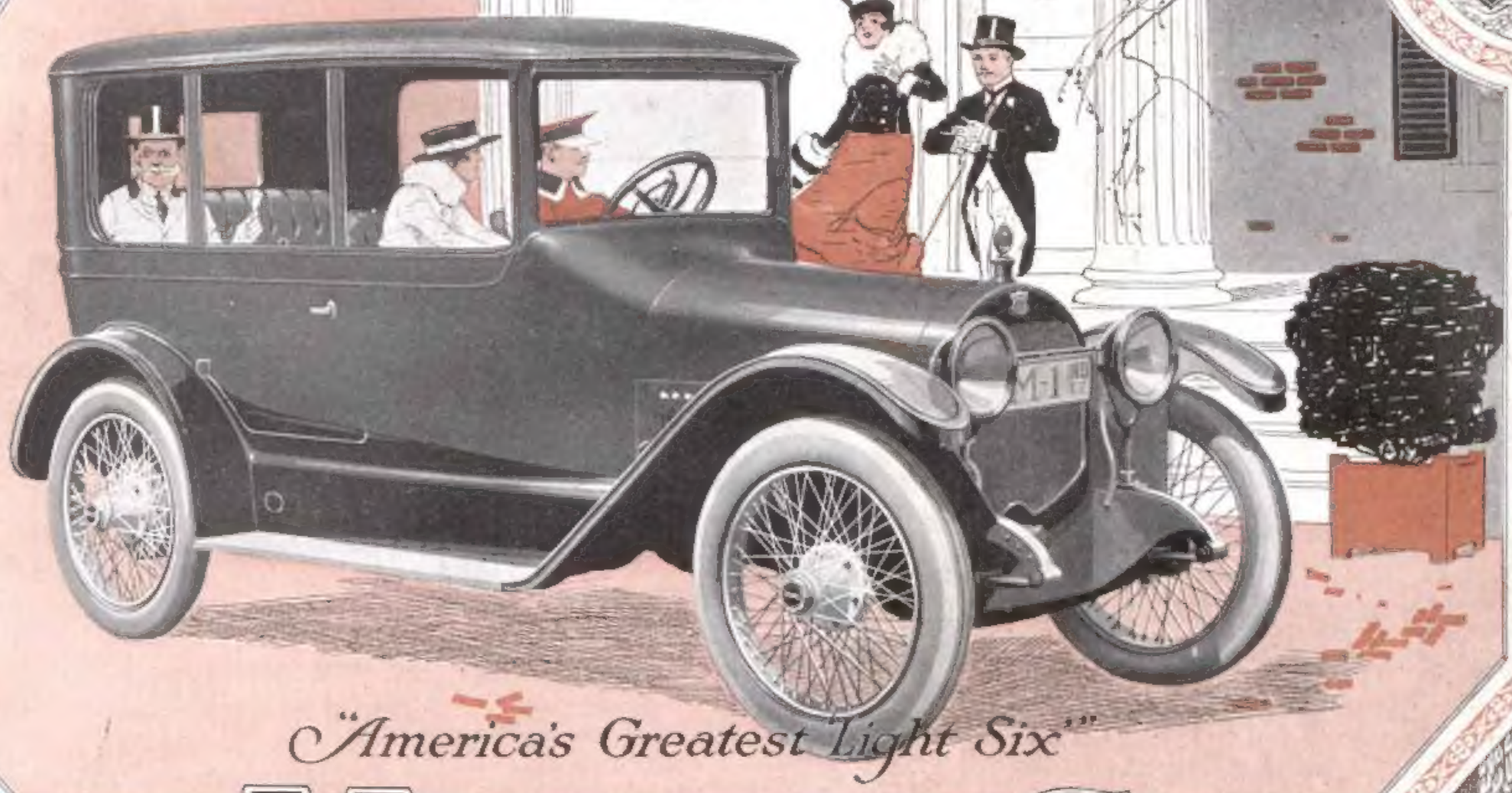
Ask any man why he joined The Maccabees, and he will tell you it was for the complete protection of his home and because **a Maccabee certificate is as good as gold.** In short, if you are a Maccabee, you have the kind of insurance protection you want.

Present members may transfer to the new plans without cost, and receive credit for all accumulations.

You will find a local Lodge or "Tent" near you. You want its open door, its protection, for yourself and your loved ones; its fellowship, its influence for you and the youth of your family. Write headquarters or any branch manager for complete information as to plans and benefits.

THE MACCABEES — General Offices, 1021 Woodward Avenue, Detroit, Michigan

D. P. MARKEY, Supreme Commander L. E. SISLER, Supreme Record Keeper



"America's Greatest Light Six"

HAYNES

"America's Greatest 'Light Twelve'"

The lower priced car really costs more!

Lower *after* cost! Longer life! That's why many a buyer who expected to pay $1000 or $1200 for a car has bought the Haynes at $1485.

Study after costs—look ahead a few years—and you, too, will buy a Haynes. Your Haynes will be in tip-top shape—running better than ever—at a time when the cheaper car will be getting worn out and a frequent visitor to the repair shop.

The Haynes you buy now will be *thoroughly modern* for years—*in design and in mechanical features.*

The Haynes design never has followed fads or freakishness. It is distinctly and distinctively Haynes. The Haynes of two years ago is a modern car today. The Haynes of today will be a modern car for years—a car you'll *always* be proud of.

The Haynes high-speed motor has seen no change of any consequence in thirty-two months. *It develops more power than any other engine of equal bore and stroke.*

With ordinary road conditions and regular gear ratio, the Haynes gives you sixty miles per hour on high. It throttles down to one mile per hour on high. Inside of seven and a half seconds, you can mount up to a speed of thirty-five miles an hour. It takes the longest hills on "high."

The Haynes gives real comfort. The springs are long, cushions are deep and packed plump with finest quality curled hair. There is abundant room for a full quota of passengers.

Haynes upkeep is surprisingly low. Tires average 8,000 miles or better. Oil and gasoline give surprising mileage. Trouble or incidental expense runs very small.

You get this extra comfort, this extra power and speed—you enjoy this big car of good reputation for a moderate extra first-cost investment. You *save* much or all the extra cost in low upkeep. You get the additional cost back several times over in the end.

If you will *thoroughly investigate* the Haynes, it *will sell itself* to you.

THE HAYNES AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, 40 So. Main St., Kokomo, Ind.

"Light Six"—Open Cars

Five-passenger Touring Car	$1485
Four-passenger Roadster	1585
Seven-passenger Touring Car	1585

Closed Cars

Five-passenger Sedan	$2150
Seven-passenger Sedan	2250

F. O. B. Kokomo

Prices advance on February 1st. See your Haynes dealer quick

Our factory has been running day and night all winter long. For the first time in months, some of our dealers have cars on hand.

If your dealer has any cars, you can save at least a hundred dollars by ordering your Haynes now.

"Light Twelve"—Open Cars

Five-passenger Touring Car	$1985
Four-passenger Roadster	2085
Seven-passenger Touring Car	2085

Closed Cars

Five-passenger Sedan	$2650
Seven-passenger Sedan	2750

F. O. B. Kokomo

MAKES THE BREAD THAT MAKES THE MAN

GOLD MEDAL FLOUR
contains all of the twelve
elements necessary to
the human body.